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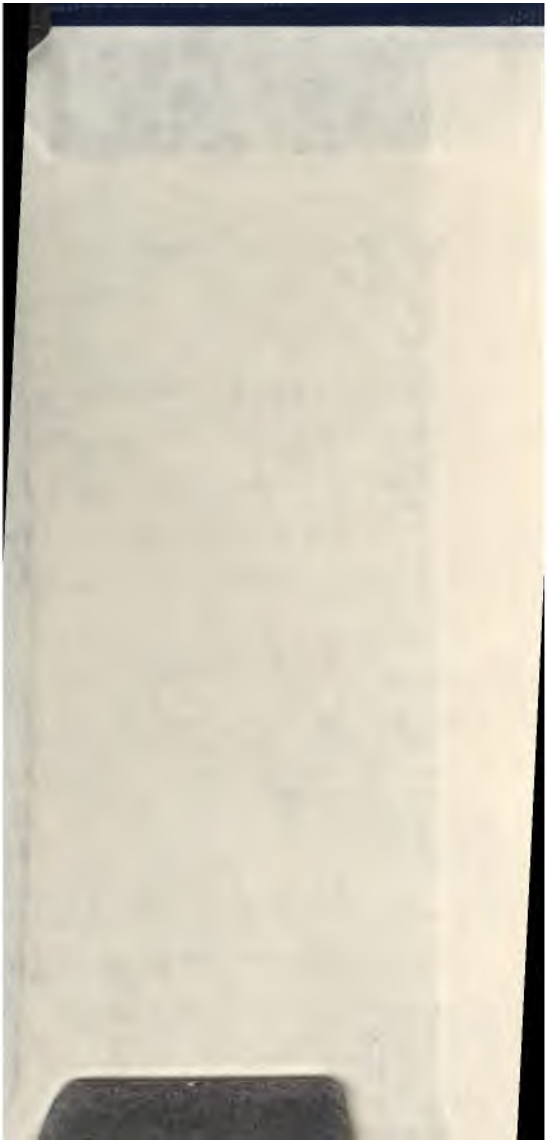

THE

BRITISH THEATRE.

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

THE

BRITISH THEATRE;

OR,

A COLLECTION OF PLAYS,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE, COVENT GARDEN, AND HAY-MARKET.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOKS.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL REMARKS,

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

IN TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. VIII.

CONSTANT COUPLE.
INCONSTANT.
RECRUITING OFFICER.
BEAUX' STRATAGEM.
CATO.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1808.

110360

WILLIAM SAVAGE, PRINTER,
BEDFORD BURY.

CONSTANT COUPLE

THE

CONSTANT COUPLE;

OR,

A TRIP TO THE JUBILEE;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY GEORGE FARQUHAR, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

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REMARKS.

George Farquhar, the author of this comedy, was the son of a clergyman in the north of Ireland. He was born in the year 1678, discovered an early taste for literature, and wrote poetic stanzas at ten years of age.

In 1694 he was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, and there made such progress in his studies as to acquire considerable reputation. But he was volatile and poor—the first misfortune led him to expense; the second, to devise means how to support his extravagance.

The theatre has peculiar charms for men of letters. Whether as a subject of admiration or animadversion, it is still a source of high amusement; and here Farquhar fixed his choice of a profession, in the united expectations of pleasure and of profit—he appeared on the stage as an actor, and was disappointed of both.

The author of this licentious comedy is said to have possessed the advantages of person, manners, and elocution, to qualify him for an actor; but that he could never overcome his natural timidity. Courage is a whimsical virtue. It acts upon one man so as to

make him expose his whole body to danger, whilst he dares not venture into the slightest peril one sentiment of his mind. Such is often the soldier's valour. —Another trembles to expose his person either to a wound or to the eye of criticism, and yet will dare to publish every thought that ever found entrance into his imagination. Such is often the valour of a poet.

Farquhar, abashed on exhibiting his person upon the stage, sent boldly thither his most indecorous thoughts, and was rewarded for his audacity.

In the year 1700 he brought out this comedy of "The Constant Couple; or, A Trip to the Jubilee." It was then the Jubilee year at Rome, and the author took advantage of that occurrence to render the title of his drama popular; for which cause alone it must be supposed he made any thing in his play refer to that festival, as no one material point is in any shape connected with it.

At the time Farquhar was a performer, a sincere friendship was formed between him and Wilks, the celebrated fine gentleman of the stage—for him, Farquhar wrote the character of Sir Harry Wildair; and Wilks, by the very admirable manner in which he supported the part, divided with the author those honours which the first appearance of the work obtained him.

As a proof that this famed actor's abilities, in the representation of the fine gentlemen of his day, were not over-rated, no actor, since he quitted the stage, has been wholly successful in the performance of this character; and, from Wilks down to the pre-

sent time, the part has only been supported, with celebrity, by women.

The noted Mrs. Woffington was highly extolled in Sir Harry; and Mrs. Jordan has been no less admired and attractive.

But it must be considered as a disgrace to the memory of the men of fashion, of the period in which Wildair was brought on the stage, that he has ever since been justly personated, by no other than the female sex. In this particular, at least, the present race of fashionable beaux cannot be said to have degenerated; for, happily, they can be represented by men.

The love story of Standard and Lurewell, in this play, is interesting to the reader, though, in action, an audience scarcely think of either of them; or of any one in the drama, with whom the hero is not positively concerned. Yet these two lovers, it would seem, love with all the usual ardour and constancy of gallants and mistresses in plays and novels—unfortunately, with the same short memories too! Authors, and some who do not generally deal in wonders, often make persons, the most tenderly attached to each other, so easily forget the shape, the air, the every feature of the dear beloved, as to pass, after a few years separation, whole days together, without the least conjecture that each is the very object of the other's search! Whilst all this surprising forgetfulness possesses them, as to the figure, face, and mind of him or her whom they still adore, show either of them but a ring, a bracelet, a mole, a scar, and here remembrance instantly occupies its place, and both are

immediately inspired with every sensation which first testified their mutual passion. Still the sober critic must arraign the strength of this love with the shortness of its recollection; and charge the renewal of affection for objects that no longer appear the same, to fickleness rather than to constancy.

The biographers of Farquhar, who differ in some articles concerning him, all agree that he was married, in the year 1704, to a lady, who was so violently in love with him, that, despairing to win him by her own attractions, she contrived a vast scheme of imposition, by which she allured him into wedlock, with the full conviction that he had married a woman of immense fortune.

The same biographers all bestow the highest praise upon poor Farquhar for having treated this wife with kindness; humanely forgiving the fault which had deprived him of that liberty he was known peculiarly to prize, and reduced him to the utmost poverty, in order to support her and her children.

This woman, whose pretended love was of such fatal import to its object, not long enjoyed her selfish happiness—her husband's health gradually declined, and he died four years after his marriage. It is related that he met death with fortitude and cheerfulness. He could scarcely do otherwise, when life had become a burden to him. He had, however, some objects of affection to leave behind, as appears by the following letter, which he wrote a few days before his decease, and directed to his friend Wilks:—

" DEAR BOB,

" I have not any thing to leave you to perpetuate my memory, except two helpless girls; look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was, to the last moment of his life, thine,

" GEORGE FARQUHAR."

Wilks protected the children—their mother died in extreme indigence.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	DRURY LANE.	COVENT GARDEN.
SIR HARRY WILDAIR	*Mr. Elliston.*	*Mr. Lewis.*
ALDERM. SMUGGLER	*Mr. Dowton.*	*Mr. Quick.*
COLONEL STANDARD	*Mr. Barrymore.*	*Mr. Farren.*
CLINCHER, JUN.	*Mr. Collins.*	*Mr. Blanchard.*
BEAU CLINCHER	*Mr. Bannister.*	*Mr. Cubitt.*
VIZARD	*Mr. Holland.*	*Mr. Macready.*
TOM ERRAND	*Mr. Wewitzer.*	*Mr. Powell.*
DICKY	*Mr. Purser,*	*Mr. Simmons.*
CONSTABLE	*Mr. Maddocks.*	*Mr. Thompson.*
SERVANTS	*Mr. Fisher, &c.*	
LADY LUREWELL	*Mrs. Powell.*	*Miss Chapman.*
LADY DARLING	*Miss Tidswell.*	*Miss Platt.*
ANGELICA	*Miss Mellon.*	*Mrs. Mountain.*
PARLY	*Mrs. Scott.*	*Miss Stuart.*
TOM ERRAND'S WIFE	*Mrs. Maddocks.*	

SCENE—London.

THE

CONSTANT COUPLE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Park

Enter VIZARD *with a Letter, his* SERVANT *following.*

Vizard. Angelica send it back unopened! say you?

Serv. As you see, sir?

Vizard. The pride of these virtuous women is more insufferable than the immodesty of prostitutes—After all my encouragement, to slight me thus!

Serv. She said, sir, that imagining your morals sincere, she gave you access to her conversation; but that your late behaviour in her company has convinced her that your love and religion are both hypocrisy, and that she believes your letter, like yourself, fair on the outside, and foul within; so sent it back unopened.

Vizard. May obstinacy guard her beauty till wrinkles bury it.—I'll be revenged the very first opportunity.——Saw you the old Lady Darling, her mother?

Serv. Yes, sir, and she was pleased to say much in your commendation.

Vizard. That's my cue——An esteem grafted in old age is hardly rooted out; years stiffen their opinions with their bodies, and old zeal is only to be cozened by young hypocrisy. [*Aside.*] Run to the Lady Lurewell's, and know of her maid whether her ladyship will be at home this evening. Her beauty is sufficient cure for Angelica's scorn.

[*Exit* SERVANT. VIZARD *pulls out a Book, reads, and walks about.*

Enter SMUGGLER.

Smug. Ay, there's a pattern for the young men o' th' times; at his meditation so early; some book of pious ejaculations, I'm sure.

Vizard. This Hobbes is an excellent fellow! [*Aside.*] Oh, uncle Smuggler! To find you at this end o' th' town is a miracle.

Smug. I have seen a miracle this morning indeed, cousin Vizard.

Vizard. What is it, pray, sir?

Smug. A man at his devotion so near the court—I'm very glad, boy, that you keep your sanctity untainted in this infectious place; the very air of this park is heathenish, and every man's breath I meet scents of atheism.

Vizard. Surely, sir, some great concern must bring you to this unsanctified end of the town.

Smug. A very unsanctified concern, truly, cousin.

Vizard. What is it?

Smug. A lawsuit, boy—Shall I tell you?—My ship, the Swan, is newly arrived from St. Sebastian, laden with Portugal wines: now the impudent rogue of a tide-waiter has the face to affirm it is French wines in Spanish casks, and has indicted me upon the statute——Oh, conscience! conscience! these tide-waiters and surveyors plague us more than the war—Ay, there's another plague of the nation—

Enter COLONEL STANDARD.

A red coat and cockade.

Vizard. Colonel Standard, I'm your humble servant.

Colonel S. May be not, sir.

Vizard. Why so?

Colonel S. Because——I'm disbanded.

Vizard. How! Broke?

Colonel S. This very morning, in Hyde-Park, my brave regiment, a thousand men, that looked like lions yesterday, were scattered, and looked as poor and simple as the herd of deer that grazed beside them.

Smug. Tal, al deral. [*Singing.*] I'll have a bonfire this night as high as the monument.

Colonel S. A bonfire! Thou dry, withered, ill-nature; had not those brave fellows' swords defended you, your house had been a bonfire ere this, about your ears.——Did we not venture our lives, sir?

Smug. And did we not pay for your lives, sir?—Venture your lives! I'm sure we ventured our money, and that's life and soul to me.——Sir, we'll maintain you no longer.

Colonel S. Then your wives shall, old Actæon. There are five and thirty strapping officers gone this morning to live upon free quarter in the city.

Smug. Oh, lord! oh, lord! I shall have a son within these nine months, born with a leading staff in his hand.——Sir, you are——

Colonel S. What, sir?

Smug. Sir, I say that you are——

Colonel S. What, sir?

Smug. Disbanded, sir, that's all——I see my lawyer yonder. [*Exit.*

Vizard. Sir, I'm very sorry for your misfortune.

Colonel S. Why so? I don't come to borrow money of you; if you're my friend, meet me this evening at the Rummer; I'll pay my foy, drink a health to my

king, prosperity to my country, and away for Hungary to-morrow morning.

Vizard. What! you won't leave us?

Colonel S. What! a soldier stay here, to look like an old pair of colours in Westminster Hall, ragged and rusty! No, no——I met yesterday a broken lieutenant, he was ashamed to own that he wanted a dinner, but wanted to borrow eighteen pence of me to buy a new scabbard for his sword.

Vizard. Oh, but you have good friends, colonel!

Colonel S. Oh, very good friends! My father's a lord, and my elder brother, a beau; mighty good indeed!

Vizard. But your country may, perhaps, want your sword again.

Colonel S. Nay, for that matter, let but a single drum beat up for volunteers between Ludgate and Charing Cross, and I shall undoubtedly hear it at the walls of Buda.

Vizard. Come, come, colonel, there are ways of making your fortune at home—Make your addresses to the fair; you're a man of honour and courage.

Colonel S. Ay, my courage is like to do me wondrous service with the fair. This pretty cross cut over my eye will attract a duchess—I warrant 'twill be a mighty grace to my ogling—Had I used the stratagem of a certain brother colonel of mine, I might succeed.

Vizard. What was it, pray?

Colonel S. Why, to save his pretty face for the women, he always turned his back upon the enemy.—He was a man of honour for the ladies.

Vizard. Come, come, the loves of Mars and Venus will never fail; you must get a mistress.

Colonel S. Pr'ythee, no more on't—You have awakened a thought, from which, and the kingdom, I would have stolen away at once.——To be plain, I have a mistress.

Vizard. And she's cruel?

Colonel S. No.

Vizard. Her parents prevent your happiness?

Colonel S. Not that.

Vizard. Then she has no fortune?

Colonel S. A large one. Beauty to tempt all mankind, and virtue to beat off their assaults. Oh, Vizard! such a creature!

Enter SIR HARRY WILDAIR, *crosses the Stage singing, with* FOOTMEN *after him.*

Heyday! who the devil have we here?

Vizard. The joy of the playhouse, and life of the park; Sir Harry Wildair, newly come from Paris.

Colonel S. Sir Harry Wildair! Did not he go a volunteer some three or four years ago?

Vizard. The same.

Colonel S. Why, he behaved himself very bravely.

Vizard. Why not? Dost think bravery and gaiety are inconsistent? He's a gentleman of most happy circumstances, born to a plentiful estate; has had a genteel and easy education, free from the rigidness of teachers, and pedantry of schools. His florid constitution being never ruffled by misfortune, nor stinted in its pleasures, has rendered him entertaining to others, and easy to himself. Turning all passion into gaiety of humour, by which he chuses rather to rejoice with his friends, than be hated by any; as you shall see.

Enter SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

Sir H. Ha, Vizard!

Vizard. Sir Harry!

Sir H. Who thought to find you out of the Rubric so long? I thought thy hypocrisy had been wedded to a pulpit-cushion long ago.—Sir, if I mistake not your face, your name is Standard?

Colonel S. Sir Harry, I'm your humble servant.

Sir H. Come, gentlemen, the news, the news o' th' town, for I'm just arrived.

Vizard. Why, in the city end o' th' town we're playing the knave, to get estates.

Colonel S. And in the court end playing the fool, in spending them.

Sir H. Just so in Paris. I'm glad we're grown so modish.

Vizard. We are so reformed, that gallantry is taken for vice.

Colonel S. And hypocrisy for religion.

Sir H. A-la-mode de Paris again.

Vizard. Nothing like an oath in the city.

Colonel S. That's a mistake; for my major swore a hundred and fifty last night to a merchant's wife in her bed-chamber.

Sir H. Pshaw! this is trifling; tell me news, gentlemen. What lord has lately broke his fortune at the clubs, or his heart at Newmarket, for the loss of a race? What wife has been lately suing in Doctor's-Commons for alimony: or what daughter run away with her father's valet? What beau gave the noblest ball at Bath, or had the gayest equipage in town? I want news, gentlemen.

Colonel S. 'Faith, sir, these are no news at all.

Vizard. But, pray, Sir Harry, tell us some news of your travels.

Sir H. With all my heart.—You must know, then, I went over to Amsterdam in a Dutch ship. I went from thence to Landen, where I was heartily drubbed in battle, with the butt end of a Swiss musket. I thence went to Paris, where I had half a dozen intrigues, bought half a dozen new suits, fought a couple of duels, and here I am again *in statu quo.*

Vizard. But we heard that you designed to make the tour of Italy: what brought you back so soon?

Sir H. That which brought you into the world, *and* may perhaps carry you out of it;—a woman.

Colonel S. What! quit the pleasures of travel for a woman?

Sir H. Ay, colonel, for such a woman! I had rather see her *ruelle* than the palace of Louis le Grand. There's more glory in her smile, than in the jubilee at Rome! and I would rather kiss her hand than the Pope's toe.

Vizard. You, colonel, have been very lavish in the beauty and virtue of your mistress; and Sir Harry here has been no less eloquent in the praise of his. Now will I lay you both ten guineas a-piece, that neither of them is so pretty, so witty, or so virtuous, as mine.

Colonel S. 'Tis done.

Sir H. I'll double the stakes—But, gentlemen, now I think on't, how shall we be resolved? For I know not where my mistress may be found; she left Paris about a month before me, and I had an account——

Colonel S. How, sir! left Paris about a month before you?

Sir H. Yes, sir, and I had an account that she lodged somewhere in St. James's.

Vizard. How! somewhere in St. James's say you?

Sir H. Ay, sir, but I know not where, and perhaps may'nt find her this fortnight.

Colonel S. Her name, pray, Sir Harry?

Vizard. Ay, ay, her name; perhaps we know her.

Sir H. Her name! Ay, she has the softest, whitest hand that ever was made of flesh and blood; her lips so balmy sweet——

Colonel S. But her name, sir?

Sir H. Then her neck and——

Vizard. But her name, sir? her quality?

Sir H. Then her shape, colonel?

Colonel S. But her name I want, sir.

Sir H. Then her eyes, Vizard!

Colonel S. Pshaw, Sir Harry! her name, or nothing!

Sir H. Then if you must have it, she's called the

Lady——— But then her foot, gentlemen! she dances to a miracle. Vizard, you have certainly lost your wager.

Vizard. Why, you have certainly lost your senses; we shall never discover the picture, unless you subscribe the name.

Sir H. Then her name is Lurewell.

Colonel S. 'Sdeath! my mistress! [*Aside.*

Vizard. My mistress, by Jupiter! [*Aside.*

Sir H. Do you know her, gentlemen?

Colonel S. I have seen her, sir.

Sir H. Canst tell where she lodges? Tell me, dear colonel.

Colonel S. Your humble servant, sir. [*Exit.*

Sir H. Nay, hold, colonel; I'll follow you, and will know. [*Runs out.*

Vizard. The Lady Lurewell his mistress! He loves her: but she loves me.——But he's a baronet, and I plain Vizard; he has a coach, and I walk on foot; I was bred in London, and he in Paris.——That very circumstance has murdered me——Then some stratagem must be laid to divert his pretensions.

Enter WILDAIR.

Sir H. Pr'ythee, Dick, what makes the colonel so out of humour?

Vizard. Because he's out of pay, I suppose.

Sir H. 'Slife, that's true! I was beginning to mistrust some rivalship in the case.

Vizard. And suppose there were, you know the colonel can fight, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Fight! Pshaw—but he cannot dance, ha!—We contend for a woman, Vizard. 'Slife, man, if ladies were to be gained by sword and pistol only, what the devil should all we beaux do?

Vizard. I'll try him farther. [*Aside.*] But would not you, Sir Harry, fight for this woman you so much *admire?*

Sir H. Fight! Let me consider. I love her—— that's true;——but then I love honest Sir Harry Wildair better. The Lady Lurewell is divinely charming——right——but then a thrust i' the guts, or a Middlesex jury, is as ugly as the devil.

Vizard. Ay, Sir Harry, 'twere a dangerous cast for a beau baronet to be tried by a parcel of greasy, grumbling, bartering boobies, who would hang you, purely because you're a gentleman.

Sir H. Ay, but on t'other hand, I have money enough to bribe the rogues with: so, upon mature deliberation, I would fight for her. But no more of her. Pr'ythee, Vizard, cannot you recommend a friend to a pretty mistress by the bye, till I can find my own? You have store, I'm sure; you cunning poaching dogs make surer game, than we that hunt open and fair. Pr'ythee now, good Vizard.

Vizard. Let me consider a little.—Now love and revenge inspire my politics! [*Aside.*

[*Pauses whilst* SIR HARRY *walks, singing.*

Sir H. Pshaw! thou'rt longer studying for a new mistress, than a waiter would be in drawing fifty corks.

Vizard. I design you good wine; you'll therefore bear a little expectation.

Sir H. Ha! say'st thou, dear Vizard?

Vizard. A girl of nineteen, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Now nineteen thousand blessings light on thee.

Vizard. Pretty and witty.

Sir H. Ay, ay, but her name, Vizard!

Vizard. Her name! yes—she has the softest, whitest hand that e'er was made of flesh and blood; her lips so balmy sweet——

Sir H. Well, well, but where shall I find her, man?

Vizard. Find her!—but then her foot, Sir Harry! she dances to a miracle.

Sir H. *Pr'ythee, don't* distract me.

Vizard. Well then, you must know, that this lady is the greatest beauty in town; her name's Angelica: she that passes for her mother is a private bawd, and called the Lady Darling: she goes for a baronet's lady, (no disparagement to your honour, Sir Harry) I assure you.

Sir H. Pshaw, hang my honour! but what street, what house?

Vizard. Not so fast, Sir Harry; you must have my passport for your admittance, and you'll find my recommendation in a line or two will procure you very civil entertainment; I suppose twenty or thirty pieces handsomely placed, will gain the point.

Sir H. Thou dearest friend to a man in necessity! Here, sirrah, order my carriage about to St. James's; I'll walk across the park. [*To his* SERVANT.

Enter CLINCHER SENIOR.

Clinch. Here, sirrah, order my coach about to St. James's, I'll walk across the park too—Mr. Vizard, your most devoted—Sir, [*To* WILDAIR.] I admire the mode of your shoulder-knot; methinks it hangs very emphatically, and carries an air of travel in it: your sword-knot too is most ornamentally modish, and bears a foreign mien. Gentlemen, my brother is just arrived in town; so that, being upon the wing to kiss his hands, I hope you'll pardon this abrupt departure of, gentlemen, your most devoted, and most faithful humble servant. [*Exit.*

Sir H. Pr'ythee, dost know him?

Vizard. Know him! why, it is Clincher, who was apprentice to my uncle Smuggler, the merchant in the city.

Sir H. What makes him so gay?

Vizard. Why, he's in mourning.

Sir H. In mourning?

Vizard. Yes, for his father. The kind old man in *Hertfordshire t'other* day broke his neck a fox-hunt-

ing; the son, upon the news, has broke his indentures; whipped from behind the counter into the side-box. He keeps his coach and liveries, brace of geldings, leash of mistresses, talks of nothing but wines, intrigues, plays, fashions, and going to the jubilee.

Sir H. Ha! ha! ha! how many pounds of pulvil must the fellow use in sweetening himself from the smell of hops and tobacco? Faugh!—I' my conscience methought, like Olivia's lover, he stunk of Thames-Street. But now for Angelica, that's her name: we'll to the prince's chocolate-house, where you shall write my passport. *Allons.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

LADY LUREWELL'S *Lodgings.*

Enter LADY LUREWELL, *and her Maid* PARLY.

Lady L. Parly, my pocket-book—let me see—Madrid, Paris, Venice, London!—Ay, London! They may talk what they will of the hot countries, but I find love most fruitful under this climate——In a month's space have I gained—let me see, imprimis, Colonel Standard.

Parly. And how will your ladyship manage him?

Lady L. As all soldiers should be managed; he shall serve me till I gain my ends, then I'll disband him.

Parly. But he loves you, madam.

Lady L. Therefore I scorn him;
I hate all that don't love me, and slight all that do;
'Would *his whole deluding* sex admir'd me,

Thus would I slight them all.
My virgin and unwary innocence
Was wrong'd by faithless man;
But now, glance eyes, plot brain, dissemble face,
Lie tongue, and
Plague the treacherous kind.——
Let me survey my captives.——
The colonel leads the van; next, Mr. Vizard,
He courts me out of the "Practice of Piety,"
Therefore is a hypocrite;
Then Clincher, he adores me with orangerie,
And is consequently a fool;
Then my old merchant, Alderman Smuggler,
He's a compound of both;—out of which medley of lovers, if I don't make good diversion——What d'ye think, Parly?

Parly. I think, madam, I'm like to be very virtuous in your service, if you teach me all those tricks that you use to your lovers.

Lady L. You're a fool, child; observe this, that though a woman swear, forswear, lie, dissemble, backbite, be proud, vain, malicious, any thing, if she secures the main chance, she's still virtuous; that's a maxim.

Parly. I can't be persuaded, though, madam, but that you really loved Sir Harry Wildair in Paris.

Lady L. Of all the lovers I ever had, he was my greatest plague, for I could never make him uneasy: I left him involved in a duel upon my account: I long to know whether the fop be killed or not.

Enter COLONEL STANDARD.

Oh lord! no sooner talk of killing, but the soldier is conjured up. You're upon hard duty, colonel, to serve your king, your country, and a mistress too.

Colonel S. The latter, I must confess, is the hardest; for in war, madam, we can be relieved in our duty;

but in love, he, who would take our post, is our enemy; emulation in glory is transporting, but rivals here intolerable.

Lady L. Those that bear away the prize in arms, should boast the same success in love; and, I think, considering the weakness of our sex, we should make those our companions who can be our champions.

Colonel S. I once, madam, hoped the honour of defending you from all injuries, through a title to your lovely person; but now my love must attend my fortune. My commission, madam, was my passport to the fair; adding a nobleness to my passion, it stamped a value on my love; 'twas once the life of honour, but now its winding sheet; and with it must my love be buried.

Parly. What? disbanded, Colonel?

Colonel S. Yes, Mrs. Parly.

Parly. Faugh, the nauseous fellow! he stinks of poverty already. [*Aside.*

Lady L. His misfortune troubles me, because it may prevent my designs. [*Aside.*

Colonel S. I'll chuse, madam, rather to destroy my passion by absence abroad, than have it starved at home.

Lady L. I'm sorry, sir, you have so mean an opinion of my affection, as to imagine it founded upon your fortune. And, to convince you of your mistake, here I vow, by all that's sacred, I own the same affection now as before. Let it suffice, my fortune is considerable.

Colonel S. No, madam, no; I'll never be a charge to her I love! The man, that sells himself for gold, is the worst of prostitutes.

Lady L. Now, were he any other creature but a man, I could love him. [*Aside.*

Colonel S. This only last request I make, that no title recommend a fool, no office introduce a knave,

nor red coat a coward, to my place in your affections; so farewell my country, and adieu my love.

[*Exit.*

Lady L. Now the devil take thee for being so honourable: here, Parly, call him back, I shall lose half my diversion else. Now for a trial of skill.

Enter COLONEL STANDARD.

Sir, I hope you'll pardon my curiosity. When do you take your journey?

Colonel S. To-morrow morning, early, madam.

Lady L. So suddenly! which way are you designed to travel?

Colonel S. That I can't yet resolve on.

Lady L. Pray, sir, tell me; pray, sir; I entreat you; why are you so obstinate?

Colonel S. Why are you so curious, madam?

Lady L. Because——

Colonel S. What?

Lady L. Because, I, I——

Colonel S. Because, what, madam?—Pray tell me.

Lady L. Because I design to follow you. [*Crying.*

Colonel S. Follow me! By all that's great, I ne'er was proud before. Follow me! By Heavens thou shalt not. What! expose thee to the hazards of a camp!—Rather I'll stay, and here bear the contempt of fools, and worst of fortune.

Lady L. You need not, shall not; my estate for both is sufficient.

Colonel S. Thy estate! No, I'll turn a knave, and purchase one myself; I'll cringe to the proud man I undermine; I'll tip my tongue with flattery, and smooth my face with smiles; I'll turn informer, office-broker, nay, coward, to be great; and sacrifice it all to thee, my generous fair.

Lady L. And I'll dissemble, lie, swear, jilt, any

thing, but I'll reward thy love, and recompense thy noble passion.

Colonel S. Sir Harry, ha! ha! ha! poor Sir Harry, ha! ha! ha! Rather kiss her hand than the Pope's toe; ha! ha! ha!

Lady L. What Sir Harry, Colonel? What Sir Harry?

Colonel S. Sir Harry Wildair, madam.

Lady L. What! is he come over?

Colonel S. Ay, and he told me—but I don't believe a syllable on't——

Lady L. What did he tell you?

Colonel S. Only called you his mistress; and pretending to be extravagant in your commendation, would vainly insinuate the praise of his own judgment and good fortune in a choice.

Lady L. How easily is the vanity of fops tickled by our sex!

Colonel S. Why, your sex is the vanity of fops.

Lady L. On my conscience, I believe so. This gentleman, because he danced well, I pitched on for a partner at a ball in Paris, and ever since he has so persecuted me with letters, songs, dances, serenading, flattery, foppery, and noise, that I was forced to fly the kingdom.——And I warrant you he made you jealous?

Colonel S. 'Faith, madam, I was a little uneasy.

Lady L. You shall have a plentiful revenge; I'll send him back all his foolish letters, songs, and verses, and you yourself shall carry them: 'twill afford you opportunity of triumphing, and free me from his further impertinence; for of all men he's my aversion. I'll run and fetch them instantly. [*Exit.*

Colonel S. Dear madam, a rare project! Now shall I bait him, like Actæon, with his own dogs.——Well, Mrs. Parly, it is ordered by act of parliament, that you receive no more pieces, Mrs. Parly.

Parly. 'Tis provided by the same act, that you

send no more messages by me, good Colonel; you must not presume to send any more letters, unless you can pay the postage.

Colonel S. Come, come, don't be mercenary; take example by your lady, be honourable.

Parly. A-lack-a-day, sir, it shows as ridiculous and haughty for us to imitate our betters in their honour, as in their finery; leave honour to nobility that can support it: we poor folks, Colonel, have no pretence to't; and truly, I think, sir, that your honour should be cashiered with your leading-staff.

Colonel S. 'Tis one of the greatest curses of poverty to be the jest of chambermaids!

Enter LUREWELL.

Lady L. Here's the packet, Colonel; the whole magazine of love's artillery. [*Gives him the Packet.*

Colonel S. Which, since I have gained, I will turn upon the enemy. Madam, I'll bring you the news of my victory this evening. Poor Sir Harry, ha! ha! ha! [*Exit.*

Lady L. To the right about as you were; march, Colonel. Ha! ha! ha!

Vain man, who boasts of studied parts and wiles!
Nature in us, your deepest art beguiles,
Stamping deep cunning in our frowns and smiles.
You toil for art, your intellects you trace;
Woman, without a thought, bears policy in her face. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

CLINCHER JUNIOR'S *Lodgings.*

Enter CLINCHER JUNIOR, *opening a Letter*; SERVANT *following.*

Clinch. jun. [Reads.] *Dear Brother—I will see you presently: I have sent this lad to wait on you; he can instruct you in the fashions of the town. I am your affectionate brother,* CLINCHER.
Very well; and what's your name, sir?

Dicky. My name is Dicky, sir.

Clinch. jun. Dicky!

Dicky. Ay, Dicky, sir.

Clinch. jun. Very well; a pretty name! And what can you do, Mr. Dicky?

Dicky. Why, sir, I can powder a wig, and pick up a whore.

Clinch. jun. Oh, lord! Oh, lord! a whore! Why, are there many in this town?

Dicky. Ha! ha! ha! many! there's a question, indeed!——Harkye, sir; do you see that woman there, in the pink cloak and white feathers.

Clinch. jun. Ay, sir! what then?

Dicky. Why, she shall be at your service in three minutes, as I'm a pimp.

Clinch. jun. Oh, Jupiter Ammon! Why, she's a gentlewoman.

Dicky. A gentlewoman! Why so they are all in town, sir.

Enter CLINCHER *senior.*

Clinch. sen. Brother, you're welcome to London.

Clinch. jun. I thought, brother, you owed so much to the memory of my father, as to wear mourning for his death.

Clinch. sen. Why, so I do, fool; I wear this, because I have the estate; and you wear that, because you have not the estate. You have cause to mourn, indeed, brother. Well, brother, I'm glad to see you; fare you well. [*Going.*

Clinch. jun. Stay, stay, brother.——Where are you going?

Clinch. sen. How natural 'tis for a country booby to ask impertinent questions!—Harkye, sir; is not my father dead?

Clinch. jun. Ay, ay, to my sorrow.

Clinch. sen. No matter for that, he's dead; and am not I a young, powdered, extravagant English heir?

Clinch. jun. Very right, sir.

Clinch. sen. Why then, sir, you may be sure that I am going to the Jubilee, sir.

Clinch. jun. Jubilee! What's that?

Clinch. sen. Jubilee! Why, the Jubilee is——'Faith I don't know what it is.

Dicky. Why, the Jubilee is the same thing as our Lord Mayor's day in the city; there will be pageants, and squibs, and raree-shows, and all that, sir.

Clinch. jun. And must you go so soon, brother?

Clinch. sen. Yes, sir; for I must stay a month at Amsterdam, to study poetry.

Clinch. jun. Then I suppose, brother, you travel through Muscovy, to learn fashions; don't you, brother?

Clinch. sen. Brother! Pr'ythee, Robin, don't call me brother; sir will do every jot as well.

Clinch. jun. Oh, Jupiter Ammon! why so?

Clinch. sen. Because people will imagine you have a spite at me.—But have you seen your cousin Angelica yet, and her mother, the Lady Darling?

Clinch. jun. No; my dancing-master has not been with me yet. How shall I salute them, brother?

Clinch. sen. Pshaw! that's easy; 'tis only two scrapes, a kiss, and your humble servant. I'll tell you more when I come from the Jubilee. Come along.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

LADY DARLING'S *House.*

Enter SIR H. WILDAIR *with a Letter.*

Sir H. Like light and heat, incorporate we lay;
We bless'd the night, and curs'd the coming day.
Well, if this paper kite flies sure, I'm secure of my game——Humph!—the prettiest *bourdel* I have seen; a very stately genteel one——

FOOTMEN *cross the Stage.*

Heyday! equipage too!——'Sdeath, I'm afraid I've mistaken the house!

Enter LADY DARLING.

No, this must be the bawd, by her dignity.

Lady D. Your business, pray, sir?

Sir H. Pleasure, madam.

Lady D. Then, sir, you have no business here.

Sir H. This letter, madam, will inform you farther. Mr. Vizard sent it, with his humble service to your ladyship.

Lady D. How does my cousin, sir?

Sir H. Ay, her cousin, too! that's right procuress again. [*Aside.*

Lady D. [Reads.] *Madam——Earnest inclination to serve——Sir Harry——Madam——court my cousin——Gentleman——fortune——*

Your ladyship's most humble servant, VIZARD.

Sir, your fortune and quality are sufficient to recommend you any where; but what goes farther with me is the recommendation of so sober and pious a young gentleman as my cousin Vizard.

Sir H. A right sanctified bawd o' my word! [*Aside.*

Lady D. Sir Harry, your conversation with Mr. Vizard argues you a gentleman, free from the loose and vicious carriage of the town. I shall therefore call my daughter. [*Exit.*

Sir H. Now go thy way for an illustrious bawd of Babylon:—she dresses up a sin so religiously, that the devil would hardly know it of his making.

Enter LADY DARLING *with* ANGELICA.

Lady D. Pray, daughter, use him civilly; such matches don't offer every day. [*Exit* LADY DARL.

Sir H. Oh, all ye powers of love! an angel!—'Sdeath, what money have I got in my pocket? I can't offer her less than twenty guineas——and, by Jupiter, she's worth a hundred.

Ang. 'Tis he! the very same! and his person as agreeable as his character of good humour.——Pray Heaven his silence proceed from respect!

Sir H. How innocent she looks! How would that modesty adorn virtue, when it makes even vice look so charming!——By Heaven, there's such a commanding innocence in her looks, that I dare not ask the question!

Ang. Now, all the charms of real love and feigned indifference assist me to engage his heart; for mine is lost already.

Sir H. Madam—I—I——Zouns, I cannot speak to her!—Oh, hypocrisy! hypocrisy! what a charming sin art thou!

Ang. He is caught; now to secure my conquest—I thought, sir, you had business to communicate.

Sir H. Business to communicate! How nicely she words it!——Yes, madam, I have a little business to communicate. Don't you love singing-birds, madam?

Ang. That's an odd question for a lover—Yes, sir.

Sir H. Why, then, madam, here's a nest of the prettiest goldfinches that ever chirp'd in a cage; twenty young ones, I assure you, madam.

Ang. Twenty young ones! What then, sir?

Sir H. Why then, madam, there are——twenty young ones——'Slife, I think twenty is pretty fair.

Ang. He's mad, sure!——Sir Harry, when you have learned more wit and manners, you shall be welcome here again. [*Exit.*

Sir H. Wit and manners! 'Egad, now, I conceive there is a great deal of wit and manners in twenty guineas—I'm sure 'tis all the wit and manners I have about me at present. What shall I do?

Enter CLINCHER JUNIOR *and* DICKY.

What the devil's here? Another cousin, I warrant ye!—Harkye, sir, can you lend me ten or a dozen guineas instantly? I'll pay you fifteen for them in three hours, upon my honour.

Clinch. jun. These London sparks are plaguy impudent! This fellow, by his assurance, can be no less than a courtier.

Dicky. He's rather a courtier by his borrowing.

Clinch. jun. 'Faith, sir, I han't above five guineas about me.

Sir H. What business have you here then, sir?—*For, to my knowledge,* twenty won't be sufficient.

Clinch. jun. Sufficient! for what, sir?

Sir H. What, sir! Why, for that, sir; what the devil should it be, sir? I know your business, notwithstanding all your gravity, sir.

Clinch. jun. My business! Why, my cousin lives here.

Sir H. I know your cousin does live here, and Vizard's cousin, and every body's cousin——Harkye, sir, I shall return immediately; and if you offer to touch her till I come back, I shall cut your throat, rascal. [*Exit.*

Clinch. jun. Why, the man's mad, sure!

Dicky. Mad, sir! Ay——Why, he's a beau.

Clinch. jun. A beau! What's that? Are all madmen beaux?

Dicky. No, sir; but most beaux are madmen.—But now for your cousin. Remember your three scrapes, a kiss, and your humble servant. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter SIR HARRY WILDAIR, COLONEL STANDARD *following.*

Colonel S. Sir Harry! Sir Harry!

Sir H. I am in haste, Colonel; besides, if you're in no better humour than when I parted with you in the park this morning, your company won't be very agreeable.

Colonel S. You're a happy man, Sir Harry, who are never out of humour. Can nothing move your gall, Sir Harry?

Sir H. Nothing but impossibilities, which are the *same as nothing.*

Colonel S. What impossibilities?

Sir H. The resurrection of my father to disinherit me, or an act of parliament against wenching. A man of eight thousand pounds *per annum* to be vexed! No, no; anger and spleen are companions for younger brothers.

Colonel S. Suppose one called you a son of a whore behind your back.

Sir H. Why, then would I call him rascal behind his back; so we're even.

Colonel S. But suppose you had lost a mistress.

Sir H. Why, then I would get another.

Colonel S. But suppose you were discarded by the woman you love; that would surely trouble you.

Sir H. You're mistaken, Colonel; my love is neither romantically honourable, nor meanly mercenary; 'tis only a pitch of gratitude: while she loves me, I love her; when she desists, the obligation's void.

Colonel S. But to be mistaken in your opinion, sir; if the Lady Lurewell (only suppose it) had discarded you—I say, only suppose it——and had sent your discharge by me.

Sir H. Pshaw! that's another impossibility.

Colonel S. Are you sure of that?

Sir H. Why, 'twere a solecism in nature. Why, we are finger and glove, sir. She dances with me, sings with me, plays with me, swears with me, lies with me.

Colonel S. How, sir?

Sir H. I mean in an honourable way; that is, she lies for me. In short, we are as like one another as a couple of guineas.

Colonel S. Now that I have raised you to the highest pinnacle of vanity, will I give you so mortifying a fall, as shall dash your hopes to pieces.—I pray your *honour to peruse* these papers,

[Gives him the Packet.

Sir H. What is't, the muster-roll of your regiment, colonel?

Colonel S. No, no, 'tis a list of your forces in your last love campaign; and, for your comfort, all disbanded.

Sir H. Pr'ythee, good metaphorical colonel, what d'ye mean?

Colonel S. Read, sir, read; these are the Sibyl's leaves, that will unfold your destiny.

Sir H. So it be not a false deed to cheat me of my estate, what care I—[*Opening the Packet.*] Humph! my hand!—*To the Lady Lurewell—To the Lady Lurewell—To the Lady Lurewell*—What the devil hast thou been tampering with, to conjure up these spirits?

Colonel S. A certain familiar of your acquaintance, sir. Read, read.

Sir H. [Reading.] *Madam, my passion——so natural——your beauty contending——force of charms——mankind——eternal admirer,* WILDAIR.—I ne'er was ashamed of my name before.

Colonel S. What, Sir Harry Wildair out of humour! ha! ha! ha! Poor Sir Harry! More glory in her smile than in the Jubilee at Rome; ha! ha! ha! But then her foot, Sir Harry; she dances to a miracle! ha! ha! ha! Fie, Sir Harry; a man of your parts write letters not worth keeping!

Sir H. Now, why should I be angry that a woman is a woman? Since inconstancy and falsehood are grounded in their natures, how can they help it?—Here's a copy of verses too: I must turn poet, in the devil's name—Stay—'Sdeath, what's here?—This is her hand——Oh, the charming characters!—[Reading.]—*My dear Wildair,*—That's I, 'egad!—*This huff-bluff Colonel*—that's he—*is the rarest fool in nature—the devil* he is!—*and as such have I used him.—With all my heart,* 'faith!—*I had* no better way of let-

ting you know that I lodge in Pall Mall—LUREWELL, ——Colonel, I am your most humble servant.

Colonel S. Hold, sir, you shan't go yet; I ha'n't vered half my message.

Sir H. Upon my faith, but you have, colonel.

Colonel S. Well, well, own your spleen; out with it; I know you're like to burst.

Sir H. I am so, 'egad; ha! ha! ha!

[*Laugh and point at one another.*

Colonel S. Ay, with all my heart; ha! ha! Well, well, that's forced, Sir Harry.

Sir H. I was never better pleased in all my life, by Jupiter.

Colonel S. Well, Sir Harry, 'tis prudence to hide your concern, when there's no help for it. But, to be serious, now; the lady has sent you back all your papers there——I was so just as not to look upon them.

Sir H. I'm glad on't, sir; for there were some things that I would not have you see.

Colonel S. All this she has done for my sake; and I desire you would decline any further pretensions for your own sake. So, honest, goodnatured Sir Harry, I'm your humble servant. [*Exit.*

Sir H. Ha! ha! ha! poor colonel! Oh, the delight of an ingenious mistress! what a life and briskness it adds to an amour.—A legerdemain mistress, who, *presto! pass!* and she's vanished; then *hey!* in an instant in your arms again. [*Going.*

Enter VIZARD.

Vizard. Well met, Sir Harry—what news from the island of love?

Sir H. 'Faith, we made but a broken voyage by your chart; but now I am bound for another port: I told you the colonel was my rival.

Vizard. The colonel—curs'd misfortune! another.

[*Aside.*

Sir H. But the civilest in the world; he brought me word where my mistress lodges. The story's too long to tell you now, for I must fly.

Vizard. What, have you given over all thoughts of Angelica?

Sir H. No, no; I'll think of her some other time. But now for the Lady Lurewell. Wit and beauty calls.

That mistress ne'er can pall her lover's joys,
Whose wit can whet, whene'er her beauty cloys.
Her little amorous frauds all truths excel,
And make us happy, being deceived so well. [*Exit.*

Vizard. The colonel my rival too!——How shall I manage? There is but one way——him and the knight will I set a tilting, where one cuts t'other's throat, and the survivor's hanged: so there will be two rivals pretty decently disposed of. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

LADY LUREWELL'S *Lodgings.*

Enter LADY LUREWELL *and* PARLY.

Lady L. Has my servant brought me the money from my merchant?

Parly. No, madam: he met Alderman Smuggler at Charing-Cross, who has promised to wait on you himself immediately.

Lady L. 'Tis odd that this old rogue should pretend to love me, and at the same time cheat me of my money.

Parly. 'Tis well, madam, if he don't cheat you of

your estate; for you say the writings are in his hands.

Lady L. But what satisfaction can I get of him? ——Oh! here he comes!

Enter SMUGGLER.

Mr. Alderman, your servant; have you brought me any money, sir?

Smug. 'Faith, madam, trading is very dead; what with paying the taxes, losses at sea abroad, and maintaining our wives at home, the bank is reduced very low; money is very scarce.

Lady L. Come, come, sir; these evasions won't serve your turn: I must have money, sir—I hope you don't design to cheat me?

Smug. Cheat you, madam! have a care what you say: I'm an alderman, madam——Cheat you, madam! I have been an honest citizen these five-and-thirty years.

Lady L. An honest citizen! Bear witness, Parly—I shall trap him in more lies presently. Come, sir, though I am a woman, I can take a remedy.

Smug. What remedy, madam? You'll go to law, will ye? I can maintain a suit of law, be it right or wrong, these forty years—thanks to the honest practice of the courts.

Lady L. Sir, I'll blast your reputation, and so ruin your credit.

Smug. Blast my reputation! he! he! he! Why, I'm a religious man, madam; I have been very instrumental in the reformation of manners. Ruin my credit! Ah, poor woman! There is but one way, madam——you have a sweet leering eye.

Lady L. You instrumental in the reformation?—How?

Smug. I whipp'd all the pau-pau women out of the parish—Ah, that leering eye! Ah, that lip! that lip!

Lady L. Here's a religious rogue for you, now!—As I hope to be saved, I have a good mind to beat the old monster.

Smug. Madam, I have brought you about two hundred and fifty guineas (a great deal of money, as times go) and——

Lady L. Come, give 'em me.

Smug. Ah, that hand, that hand! that pretty, soft, white——I have brought it; but the condition of the obligation is such, that whereas that leering eye, that pouting lip, that pretty soft hand, that—you understand me; you understand; I'm sure you do, you little rogue——

Lady L. Here's a villain, now, so covetous, that he would bribe me with my own money. I'll be revenged. [*Aside.*]—Upon my word, Mr. Alderman, you make me blush,—what d'ye mean, pray?

Smug. See here, madam. [*Pulls his Purse out.*]—Buss and guinea! buss and guinea! buss and guinea!

Lady L. Well, Mr. Alderman, you have such pretty winning ways, that I will—ha! ha! ha!

Smug. Will you, indeed, he! he! he! my little cocket? And when, and where, and how?

Lady L. 'Twill be a difficult point, sir, to secure both our honours: you must therefore be disguised, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Pshaw! no matter; I am an old fornicator; I'm not half so religious as I seem to be. You little rogue, why I'm disguised as I am; our sanctity is all outside, all hypocrisy.

Lady L. No man is seen to come into this house after dark; you must therefore sneak in, when 'tis dark, in woman's clothes.

Smug. With all my heart——I have a suit on purpose, my little cocket; I love to be disguised; 'ecod, I make a very handsome woman, 'ecod, I do.

Enter SERVANT, *who whispers* LADY LUREWELL.

Lady L. Oh, Mr. Alderman, shall I beg you to walk into the next room? Here are some strangers coming up.

Smug. Buss and guinea first—Ah, my little cocket! [*Exit.*

Enter SIR H. WILDAIR.

Sir H. My life, my soul, my all that Heaven can give!——

Lady L. Death's life with thee, without thee death to live.
Welcome, my dear Sir Harry——I see you got my directions.

Sir H. Directions! in the most charming manner, thou dear Machiavel of intrigue.

Lady L. Still brisk and airy, I find, Sir Harry.

Sir H. The sight of you, madam, exalts my air, and makes joy lighten in my face.

Lady L. I have a thousand questions to ask you, Sir Harry. Why did you leave France so soon?

Sir H. Because, madam, there is no existing where you are not.

Lady L. Oh, *monsieur, je vous suis fort obligée*—— But, where's the court now?

Sir H. At Marli, madam.

Lady L. And where my Count La Valier?

Sir H. His body's in the church of Nôtre Dame; I don't know where his soul is.

Lady L. What disease did he die of?

Sir H. A duel, madam; I was his doctor.

Lady L. How dy'e mean?

Sir H. As most doctors do; I kill'd him.

Lady L. En cavalier, my dear knight-errant—Well,

and how, and how: what intrigues, what gallantries are carrying on in the *beau monde?*

Sir H. I should ask you that question, madam, since your ladyship makes the *beau-monde* wherever you come.

Lady L. Ah, Sir Harry, I've been almost ruined, pestered to death here, by the incessant attacks of a mighty colonel; he has besieged me.

Sir H. I hope your ladyship did not surrender, though.

Lady L. No, no; but was forced to capitulate. But since you are come to raise the siege, we'll dance, and sing, and laugh——

Sir H. And love, and kiss——*Montrez moi votre chambre?*

Lady L. Attends, attends, un peu——I remember, Sir Harry, you promised me, in Paris, never to ask that impertinent question again.

Sir H. Pshaw, madam! that was above two months ago: besides, madam, treaties made in France are never kept.

Lady L. Would you marry me, Sir Harry?

Sir H. Oh! I do detest marriage.—But I will marry you.

Lady L. Your word, sir, is not to be relied on: if a gentleman will forfeit his honour in dealings of business, we may reasonably suspect his fidelity in an amour.

Sir H. My honour in dealings of business! Why, madam, I never had any business in all my life.

Lady L. Yes, Sir Harry, I have heard a very odd story, and am sorry that a gentleman of your figure should undergo the scandal.

Sir H. Out with it, madam.

Lady L. Why, the merchant, sir, that transmitted your bills of exchange to you in France, complains of some indirect and dishonourable dealings.

Sir H. Who, old Smuggler?

Lady L. Ay, ay, you know him, I find.

Sir H. I have some reason, I think; why, the rogue has cheated me of above five hundred pounds within these three years.

Lady L. 'Tis your business then to acquit yourself publicly; for he spreads the scandal every where.

Sir H. Acquit myself publicly! I'll drive instantly into the city, and cane the old villain: he shall run the gauntlet round the Royal Exchange.

Lady L. Why, he is in the house now, sir.

Sir H. What, in this house?

Lady L. Ay, in the next room.

Sir H. Then, sirrah, lend me your cudgel.

Lady L. Sir Harry, you won't raise a disturbance in my house?

Sir H. Disturbance, madam! no, no, I'll beat him with the temper of a philosopher. Here, Mrs. Parly, show me the gentleman. [*Exit with* PARLY.

Lady L. Now shall I get the old monster well beaten, and Sir Harry pestered next term with bloodsheds, batteries, costs, and damages, solicitors and attorneys; and if they don't tease him out of his good humour, I'll never plot again. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Another Room in the same House.

Enter SMUGGLER.

Smug. Oh, this damned tide-waiter! A ship and cargo worth five thousand pounds! Why, 'tis richly worth five hundred perjuries.

Enter SIR H. WILDAIR.

Sir H. Dear Mr. Alderman, I'm your most devoted and humble servant.

Smug. My best friend, Sir Harry, you're welcome to England.

Sir H. I'll assure you, sir, there's not a man in the king's dominions I am gladder to meet, dear, dear Mr. Alderman. [*Bowing very low.*

Smug. Oh, lord, sir, you travellers have the most obliging ways with you!

Sir H. There is a business, Mr. Alderman, fallen out, which you may oblige me infinitely by——I am very sorry that I am forced to be troublesome; but necessity, Mr. Alderman——

Smug. Ay, sir, as you say, necessity——But, upon my word, sir, I am very short of money at present; but——

Sir H. That's not the matter, sir; I'm above an obligation that way: but the business is, I'm reduced to an indispensable necessity of being obliged to you for a beating——Here, take this cudgel.

Smug. A beating, Sir Harry! ha! ha! ha! I beat a knight baronet! an alderman turn cudgel-player! Ha! ha! ha!

Sir H. Upon my word, sir, you must beat me, or I cudgel you; take your choice.

Smug. Pshaw! pshaw! you jest.

Sir H. Nay, 'tis sure as fate——So, Alderman, I hope you'll pardon my curiosity. [*Strikes him.*

Smug. Curiosity! Deuce take your curiosity, sir! ——What d'ye mean?

Sir H. Nothing at all; I'm but in jest, sir.

Smug. Oh, I can take any thing in jest! but a man might imagine, by the smartness of the stroke, that you were in downright earnest.

Sir H. Not in the least, sir; [*Strikes him.*] not in the least, indeed, sir.

Smug. Pray, good sir, no more of your jests; for they are the bluntest jests that ever I knew.

Sir H. [*Strikes.*] I heartily beg your pardon, with all my heart, sir.

Smug. Pardon, sir! Well, sir, that is satisfaction enough from a gentleman. But, seriously, now, if you pass any more of your jests upon me, I shall grow angry.

Sir H. I humbly beg your permission to break one or two more. [*Strikes him.*

Smug. Oh, lord, sir, you'll break my bones! Are you mad, sir? Murder, felony, manslaughter!

[SIR HARRY *knocks him down.*

Sir H. Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons; but I am absolutely compelled to it, upon my honour, sir: nothing can be more averse to my inclinations, than to jest with my honest, dear, loving, obliging friend, the Alderman.

Striking him all this while: SMUGGLER *tumbles over and over.*]

Enter LADY LUREWELL.

Lady L. Oh, lord! Sir Harry's murdering the poor old man.

Smug. Oh, dear madam, I was beaten in jest, till I am murdered in good earnest.

Lady L. Oh! you barbarous man!—Now the devil take you, Sir Harry, for not beating him harder—Well, my dear, you shall come at night, and I'll make you amends. [*Here* SIR HARRY *takes Snuff.*

Smug. Madam, I will have amends before I leave the place——Sir, how durst you use me thus!

Sir H. Sir?

Smug. Sir, I say that I will have satisfaction.

Sir H. With all my heart.

[*Throws Snuff into his Eyes.*

Smug. Oh, murder! blindness! fire! Oh, madam,

madam, get me some water. Water! fire! fire! water! [*Exit with* LADY LUREWELL.

Sir H. How pleasant is resenting an injury without passion! 'Tis the beauty of revenge.

No spleen, no trouble, shall my time destroy:
Life's but a span, I'll ev'ry inch enjoy. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter COLONEL STANDARD *and* VIZARD.

Colonel S. I bring him word where she lodged? I the civilest rival in the world? 'Tis impossible.

Vizard. I shall urge it no farther, sir. I only thought, sir, that my character in the world might add authority to my words, without so many repetitions.

Colonel S. Pardon me, dear Vizard. Our belief struggles hard, before it can be brought to yield to the disadvantage of what we love. But what said Sir Harry?

Vizard. He pitied the poor credulous colonel, laughed heartily, flew away with all the raptures of a bridegroom, repeating these lines:

A mistress ne'er can pall her lover's joys,
Whose wit can whet, whene'er her beauty cloys.

Colonel S. A mistress ne'er can pall! By all my wrongs he whores her, and I am made their property. ——Vengeance——Vizard, you must carry a note for me to Sir Harry.

Vizard. What, a challenge? I hope you don't design to fight?

Colonel S. What, wear the livery of my king, and pocket an affront? 'Twere an abuse to his sacred Majesty: a soldier's sword, Vizard, should start of itself, to redress its master's wrong.

Vizard. However, sir, I think it not proper for me to carry any such message between friends.

Colonel S. I have ne'er a servant here; what shall I do?

Vizard. There's Tom Errand, the porter, that plies at the Blue Posts, one who knows Sir Harry and his haunts very well; you may send a note by him.

Colonel S. Here, you, friend.

Vizard. I have now some business, and must take my leave; I would advise you, nevertheless, against this affair.

Colonel S. No whispering now, nor telling of friends, to prevent us. He, that disappoints a man of an honourable revenge, may love him foolishly like a wife, but never value him as a friend.

Vizard. Nay, the devil take him, that parts you, say I. [*Exit.*

Enter TOM ERRAND.

Tom. Did your honour call porter?

Colonel S. Is your name Tom Errand?

Tom. People call me so, an't like your worship;

Colonel S. D'ye know Sir Harry Wildair?

Tom. Ay, very well, sir; he's one of my best masters; many a round half crown have I had of his worship; he's newly come home from France, sir.

Colonel S. Go to the next coffee-house, and wait for me.——Oh, woman, woman, how blessed is man,

when favoured by your smiles, and how accursed when all those smiles are found but wanton baits to sooth us to destruction. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SIR H. WILDAIR, *and* CLINCHER SENIOR, *following.*

Clinch. sen. Sir, sir, sir, having some business of importance to communicate to you, I would beg your attention to a trifling affair, that I would impart to your understanding.

Sir H. What is your trifling business of importance, pray, sweet sir?

Clinch. sen. Pray, sir, are the roads deep between this and Paris?

Sir H. Why that question, sir?

Clinch. sen. Because I design to go to the jubilee, sir. I understand that you are a traveller, sir; there is an air of travel in the tie of your cravat, sir: there is indeed, sir——I suppose, sir, you bought this lace in Flanders.

Sir H. No, sir, this lace was made in Norway.

Clinch. sen. Norway, sir?

Sir H. Yes, sir, of the shavings of deal boards.

Clinch. sen. That's very strange now, 'faith—Lace made of the shavings of deal boards! 'Egad, sir, you travellers see very strange things abroad, very incredible things abroad, indeed. Well, I'll have a cravat of the very same lace before I come home.

Sir H. But, sir, what preparations have you made for your journey?

Clinch. sen. A case of pocket-pistols for the bravos, and a swimming-girdle.

Sir H. Why these, sir?

Clinch. sen. Oh, lord, sir, I'll tell you——Suppose us in Rome now; away goes I to some ball—for I'll be a mighty beau. Then, as I said, I go to some ball, or some bear-baiting—'tis all one, you know—*then* comes a fine Italian *bona roba,* and plucks me by

the sleeve: Signior Angle, Signior Angle—She's a very fine lady, observe that—Signior Angle, says she —Signiora, says I, and trips after her to the corner of a street, suppose it Russel Street, here, or any other street: then, you know, I must invite her to the tavern; I can do no less——There up comes her bravo; the Italian grows saucy, and I give him an English dowse on the face: I can box, sir, box tightly; I was a 'prentice, sir——But then, sir, he whips out his stiletto, and I whips out my bull-dog—slaps him through, trips down stairs, turns the corner of Russel Street again, and whips me into the ambassador's train, and there I'm safe as a beau behind the scenes.

Sir H. Is your pistol charged, sir?

Clinch. sen. Only a brace of bullets, that's all, sir.

Sir H. 'Tis a very fine pistol, truly; pray let me see it.

Clinch. sen. With all my heart, sir.

Sir H. Harkye, Mr. Jubilee, can you digest a brace of bullets?

Clinch. sen. Oh, by no means in the world, sir.

Sir H. I'll try the strength of your stomach, however. Sir, you're a dead man.

[*Presenting the Pistol to his Breast.*

Clinch. sen. Consider, dear sir, I am going to the Jubilee: when I come home again, I am a dead man at your service.

Sir H. Oh, very well, sir; but take heed you are not so choleric for the future.

Clinch. sen. Choleric, sir! Oons, I design to shoot seven Italians in a week, sir.

Sir H. Sir, you won't have provocation.

Clinch. sen. Provocation, sir! Zouns, sir, I'll kill any man for treading upon my corns: and there will be a devilish throng of people there: they say that all the princes of Italy will be there.

Sir H. And all the fops and fiddlers in Europe—— But the use of your swimming girdle, pray sir?

Clinch. sen. Oh lord, sir, that's easy. Suppose the ship cast away; now, whilst other foolish people are busy at their prayers, I whip on my swimming girdle, clap a month's provision in my pocket, and sails me away, like an egg in a duck's belly. Well, sir, you must pardon me now, I'm going to see my mistress. [*Exit.*

Sir H. This fellow's an accomplished ass before he goes abroad. Well, this Angelica has got into my heart, and I cannot get her out of my head. I must pay her t'other visit. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

LADY DARLING'S *House.*

Enter ANGELICA, LADY DARLING, CLINCHER JUNIOR, *and* DICKY.

Lady D. This is my daughter, cousin.

Dicky. Now sir, remember your three scrapes.

Clinch. jun. [*Saluting* ANGELICA.] One, two, three, your humble servant. Was not that right, Dicky?

Dicky. Ay, 'faith, sir; but why don't you speak to her?

Clinch. jun. I beg your pardon, Dicky; I know my distance. Would you have me to speak to a lady at the first sight?

Dicky. Ay sir, by all means; the first aim is the surest.

Clinch. jun. Now for a good jest, to make her laugh heartily——By Jupiter Ammon, I'll give her a kiss. [*Goes towards her.*

Enter WILDAIR, *interposing.*

Sir H. 'Tis all to no purpose; I told you so before; your pitiful five guineas will never do. You may go; I'll outbid you.

Clinch. jun. What the devil! the madman's here again.

Lady D. Bless me, cousin, what d'ye mean? Affront a gentleman of his quality in my house?

Clinch. jun. Quality!—Why, madam, I don't know what you mean by your madmen, and your beaux, and your quality——they're all alike, I believe.

Lady D. Pray, sir, walk with me into the next room.

[*Exit* LADY DARLING, *leading* CLINCHER, DICKY *following.*

Ang. Sir, if your conversation be no more agreeable than 'twas the last time, I would advise you to make your visit as short as you can.

Sir H. The offences of my last visit, madam, bore their punishment in the commission; and have made me as uneasy till I receive pardon, as your ladyship can be till I sue for it.

Ang. Sir Harry, I did not well understand the offence, and must therefore proportion it to the greatness of your apology; if you would, therefore, have me think it light, take no great pains in an excuse.

Sir H. How sweet must the lips be that guard that tongue! Then, madam, no more of past offences; let us prepare for joys to come. Let this seal my pardon. [*Kisses her Hand.*

Ang. Hold, sir: one question, Sir Harry, and pray answer plainly—D'ye love me?

Sir H. Love you! Does fire ascend? Do hypocrites dissemble? Usurers love gold, or great men flattery? Doubt these, then question that I love.

Ang. This shows your gallantry, sir, but not your love.

Sir H. View your own charms, madam, then judge my passion.

Ang. If your words be real, 'tis in your power to raise an equal flame in me.

Sir H. Nay, then, I seize——

Ang. Hold, sir; 'tis also possible to make me detest and scorn you worse than the most profligate of your deceiving sex.

Sir H. Ha! a very odd turn this. I hope, madam, you only affect anger, because you know your frowns are becoming.

Ang. Sir Harry, you being the best judge of your own designs, can best understand whether my anger should be real or dissembled; think what strict modesty should bear, then judge of my resentment.

Sir H. Strict modesty should bear! Why, 'faith, madam, I believe, the strictest modesty may bear fifty guineas, and I don't believe 'twill bear one farthing more.

Ang. What d'ye mean, sir?

Sir H. Nay, madam, what do you mean? If you go to that. I think now, fifty guineas is a fine offer for your strict modesty, as you call it.

Ang. I'm afraid you're mad, sir.

Sir H. Why, madam, you're enough to make any man mad. 'Sdeath, are you not a——

Ang. What, sir?

Sir H. Why, a lady of—strict modesty, if you will have it so.

Ang. I shall never hereafter trust common report, which represented you, sir, a man of honour, wit, and breeding; for I find you very deficient in them all three. [*Exit.*

Sir H. Now I find, that the strict pretences, which the ladies of pleasure make to strict modesty, is the reason why those of quality are ashamed to wear it.

Enter VIZARD.

Vizard. Ah! Sir Harry, have I caught you? Well, and what success?

Sir H. Success! 'Tis a shame for you young fellows in town here, to let the wenches grow so saucy. I offered her fifty guineas, and she was in her airs presently, and flew away in a huff. I could have had a brace of countesses in Paris for half the money, and *je vous remercie* into the bargain.

Vizard. Gone in her airs, say you! and did not you follow her?

Sir H. Whither should I follow her?

Vizard. Into her bedchamber, man; she went on purpose. You a man of gallantry, and not understand that a lady's best pleased when she puts on her airs, as you call it!

Sir H. She talked to me of strict modesty, and stuff.

Vizard. Certainly. Most women magnify their modesty, for the same reason that cowards boast their courage—because they have least on't. Come, come, Sir Harry, when you make your next assault, encourage your spirits with brisk Burgundy: if you succeed, 'tis well; if not, you have a fair excuse for your rudeness. I'll go in, and make your peace for what's past. Oh, I had almost forgot——Colonel Standard wants to speak with you about some business.

Sir H. I'll wait upon him presently; d'ye know where he may be found?

Vizard. In the piazza of Covent Garden, about an hour hence, I promised to see him: and there you may meet him—to have your throat cut. [*Aside.*] I'll go in and intercede for you.

Sir H. But no foul play with the lady, Vizard.

[*Exit.*

Vizard. No fair play, I can assure you. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Street before LADY LUREWELL'S *Lodgings.*

CLINCHER SENIOR, *and* LUREWELL, *coquetting in the Balcony.—Enter* STANDARD.

Colonel S. How weak is reason in disputes of love! I've heard her falsehood with such pressing proofs, that I no longer should distrust it. Yet still my love would baffle demonstration, and make impossibilities seem probable. [*Looks up.*] Ha! That fool too! What, stoop so low as that animal?—'Tis true, women once fallen, like cowards in despair, will stick at nothing; there's no medium in their actions. They must be bright as angels, or black as fiends. But now for my revenge; I'll kick her cully before her face, call her whore, curse the whole sex, and leave her.

[*Goes in.*

SCENE IV.

A Dining Room.

Enter LADY LUREWELL *and* CLINCHER SENIOR.

Lady L. Oh lord, sir, it is my husband! What will become of you?

Clinch. sen. Ah, your husband! Oh, I shall be murdered! What shall I do? Where shall I run? I'll creep into an oven—I'll climb up the chimney—I'll fly—I'll swim;——I wish to the lord I were at the Jubilee now.

Lady L. Can't you think of any thing, sir?

Clinch. sen. Think! not I; I never could think to any purpose in my life.

Lady L. What do you want, sir?

Enter TOM ERRAND.

Tom. Madam, I am looking for Sir Harry Wildair; I saw him come in here this morning; and did imagine he might be here still, if he is not gone.

Lady L. A lucky hit! Here, friend, change clothes with this gentleman, quickly, strip.

Clinch. sen. Ay, ay, quickly strip: I'll give you half a crown to boot. Come here; so.

[*They change Clothes.*

Lady L. Now slip you [*To* CLINCH SENIOR.] down stairs, and wait at the door till my husband be gone; and get you in there [*To* TOM ERRAND.] till I call you. [*Puts* ERRAND *in the next Room.*

Enter COLONEL STANDARD.

Oh, sir, are you come? I wonder, sir, how you have the confidence to approach me, after so base a trick.

Colonel S. Oh, madam, all your artifices won't avail.

Lady L. Nay, sir, your artifices won't avail. I thought, sir, that I gave you caution enough against troubling me with Sir Harry Wildair's company, when I sent his letters back by you; yet you, forsooth, must tell him where I lodged, and expose me again to his impertinent courtship!

Colonel S. I expose you to his courtship!

Lady L. I'll lay my life you'll deny it now. Come, come, sir: a pitiful lie is as scandalous to a red coat, as an oath to a black.

Colonel S. You're all lies; first, your heart is false; your eyes are double; one look belies another; and then your tongue does contradict them all—Madam,

I see a little devil just now hammering out a lie in your pericranium.

Lady L. As I hope for mercy, he's in the right on't. [*Aside.*

Colonel. S. Yes, yes, madam, I exposed you to the courtship of your fool Clincher, too; I hope your female wiles will impose that upon me——also——

Lady L. Clincher! Nay, now you're stark mad. I know no such person.

Colonel S. Oh, woman in perfection! not know him! 'Slife, madam, can my eyes, my piercing jealous eyes, be so deluded? Nay, madam, my nose could not mistake him; for I smelt the fop by his pulvilio, from the balcony down to the street.

Lady L. The balcony! ha! ha! ha! the balcony! I'll be hanged but he has mistaken Sir Harry Wildair's footman, with a new French livery, for a beau.

Colonel S. 'Sdeath, madam! what is there in me that looks like a cully? Did I not see him?

Lady L. No, no, you could not see him; you're dreaming, colonel. Will you believe your eyes, now that I have rubbed them open?—Here, you friend.

Enter TOM ERRAND, *in* CLINCHER SENIOR'S *Clothes.*

Colonel S. This is illusion all; my eyes conspire against themselves. Tis legerdemain.

Lady L. Legerdemain! Is that all your acknowledgment for your rude behaviour?—Oh, what a curse is it to love as I do!—Begone sir, [*To* TOM ERRAND.] to your impertinent master, and tell him I shall never be at leisure to receive any of his troublesome visits.—Send to me to know when I should be at home!—Begone, sir. [*Exit* TOM ERRAND.] I am sure he has made me an unfortunate woman. [*Weeps.*

Colonel S. Nay, then there is no certainty in nature; and truth is only falsehood well disguised.

Lady L. Sir, had not I owned my fond, foolish passion, I should not have been subject to such unjust suspicions: but it is an ungrateful return.

[*Weeping.*

Colonel S. Now, where are all my firm resolves? I hope, madam, you'll pardon me, since jealousy, that magnified my suspicion, is as much the effect of love, as my easiness in being satisfied.

Lady L. Easiness in being satisfied! No, no, sir; cherish your suspicions, and feed upon your jealousy: 'tis fit meat for your squeamish stomach.

With me all women should this rule pursue:
Who think us false, should never find us true.

[*Exit in a Rage.*

Enter CLINCHER SENIOR *in* TOM ERRAND'S *Clothes.*

Clinch. sen. Well, intriguing is the prettiest, pleasantest thing for a man of my parts.—How shall we laugh at the husband, when he is gone?—How sillily he looks! He's in labour of horns already.—To make a colonel a cuckold! 'Twill be rare news for the alderman.

Colonel S. All this Sir Harry has occasioned; but he's brave, and will afford me a just revenge.—Oh, this is the porter I sent the challenge by——Well sir, have you found him?

Clinch. sen. What the devil does he mean now?

Colonel S. Have you given Sir Harry the note, fellow?

Clinch. sen. The note! what note?

Colonel S. The letter, blockhead, which I sent by you to Sir Harry Wildair; have you seen him?

Clinch. sen. Oh, lord, what shall I say now? Seen him? Yes, sir—no, sir.—I have, sir—I have not, sir.

Colonel S. The fellow's mad. Answer me directly, sirrah, or I'll break your head.

Clinch. sen. I know Sir Harry very well, sir; but

as to the note, sir, I can't remember a word on't: truth is, I have a very bad memory.

Colonel S. Oh, sir, I'll quicken your memory. [*Strikes him.*

Clinch. sen. Zouns, sir, hold!—I did give him the note.

Colonel S. And what answer?

Clinch. sen. I mean, I did not give him the note.

Colonel S. What, d'ye banter, rascal? [*Strikes him again.*

Clinch. sen. Hold, sir, hold! He did send an answer.

Colonel S. What was't, villain?

Clinch. sen. Why, truly sir, I have forgot it: I told you that I had a very treacherous memory.

Colonel S. I'll engage you shall remember me this month, rascal. [*Beats him, and exit.*

Enter LUREWELL *and* PARLY.

Lady L. Oh, my poor gentleman! and was it beaten?

Clinch. sen. Yes, I have been beaten. But where's my clothes? my clothes?

Lady L. What, you won't leave me so soon, my dear, will ye?

Clinch. sen. Will ye!—If ever I peep into the colonel's tent again, may I be forced to run the gauntlet. But my clothes, madam.

Lady L. I sent the porter down stairs with them: did not you meet him?

Clinch. sen. Meet him? No, not I.

Parly. No! He went out at the back door, and is run clear away, I'm afraid.

Clinch. sen. Gone, say you, and with my clothes, my fine Jubilee clothes?—Oh, the rogue, the thief!—I'll have him hang'd for murder—But how shall I get *home in this pickle?*

Parly. I'm afraid, sir, the colonel will be back presently, for he dines at home.

Clinch. sen. Oh, then I must sneak off.
Was ever such an unfortunate beau,
To have his coat well thrash'd, and lose his coat also!
[*Exit.*

Parly. Methinks, madam, the injuries you have suffered by men must be very great, to raise such heavy resentments against the whole sex;—and, I think, madam, your anger should be only confined to the author of your wrongs.

Lady L. The author! alas, I know him not.

Parly. Not know him? 'Tis odd, madam, that a man should rob you of that same jewel, and you not know him.

Lady L. Leave trifling: 'tis a subject that always sours my temper: but since, by thy faithful service, I have some reason to confide in your secresy, hear the strange relation.—Some twelve years ago, I lived at my father's house in Oxfordshire, blest with innocence, the ornamental, but weak guard of blooming beauty. Then it happened that three young gentlemen from the university coming into the country, and being benighted, and strangers, called at my father's: he was very glad of their company, and offered them the entertainment of his house.

Parly. Which they accepted, no doubt. Oh, these strolling collegians are never abroad, but upon some mischief.

Lady L. Two of them had a heavy, pedantic air: but the third——

Parly. Ah, the third, madam—the third of all things, they say, is very critical.

Lady L. He was—but in short, nature formed him for my undoing. His very looks were witty, and his expressive eyes spoke softer, prettier things, than words could frame.

Parly. There *will be* mischief by and by; I never

heard a woman talk so much of eyes, but there were tears presently after.

Lady L. My father was so well pleased with his conversation, that he begged their company next day; they consented, and next night, Parly——

Parly. Ah, next night, madam——next night (I'm afraid) was a night indeed.

Lady L. He bribed my maid, with his gold, out of her modesty; and me, with his rhetoric, out of my honour. [*Weeps.*] He swore that he would come down from Oxford in a fortnight, and marry me.

Parly. The old bait, the old bait—I was cheated just so myself. [*Aside.*] But had not you the wit to know his name all this while?

Lady L. He told me that he was under an obligation to his companions, of concealing himself then, but, that he would write to me in two days, and let me know his name and quality. After all the binding oaths of constancy, I gave him a ring with this motto —"*Love and Honour*"—then we parted, and I never saw the dear deceiver more.

Parly. No, nor never will, I warrant you.

Lady L. I need not tell my griefs, which my father's death made a fair pretence for; he left me sole heiress and executrix to three thousand pounds a year: at last, my love for this single dissembler turned to a hatred of the whole sex; and, resolving to divert my melancholy, I went to travel. Here I will play my last scene; then retire to my country-house, and live solitary. We shall have that old impotent lecher, Smuggler, here to-night; I have a plot to swinge him, and his precise nephew, Vizard.

Parly. I think, madam, you manage every body that comes in your way.

Lady L. No, Parly; those men, whose pretensions I found just and honourable, I fairly dismissed, by letting them know my firm resolutions never to marry.

But those villains, that would attempt my honour, I've seldom failed to manage.

Parly. What d'ye think of the colonel, madam? I suppose his designs are honourable.

Lady L. That man's a riddle; there's something of honour in his temper that pleases; I'm sure he loves me too, because he's soon jealous, and soon satisfied. —But hang him, I have teased him enough—Besides, Parly, I begin to be tired of my revenge: but this buss and guinea I must maul once more. I'll hansel his woman's clothes for him. Go, get me pen and ink; I must write to Vizard too.

Fortune, this once assist me as before:
Two such machines can never work in vain,
As thy propitious wheel, and my projecting brain.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Covent Garden.

Enter SIR H. WILDAIR *and* COLONEL STANDARD, *meeting.*

Colonel S. I thought, Sir Harry, to have met you ere this in a more convenient place; but since my wrongs were without ceremony, my revenge shall be so too.—Draw, sir.

Sir H. Draw, sir! What shall I draw?

Colonel S. Come, come, sir, I like your facetious humour well enough; it shows courage and unconcern. I know you brave, and therefore use you thus. Draw your sword.

Sir H. Nay, to oblige you, I will draw; but the devil take me if I fight.—Perhaps, colonel, this is the prettiest blade you have seen.

Colonel S. I doubt not but the arm is good; and therefore think both worth my resentment. Come, sir.

Sir H. But, pr'ythee, colonel, dost think that I am such a madman, as to send my soul to the devil and body to the worms—upon every fool's errand? [*Aside.*

Colonel S. I hope you're no coward, sir.

Sir H. Coward, sir! I have eight thousand pounds a year, sir.

Colonel S. You fought in the army, to my knowledge.

Sir H. Ay, for the same reason that I wore a red coat; because 'twas fashionable.

Colonel S. Sir, you fought a French count in Paris.

Sir H. True, sir, he was a beau, like myself. Now you're a soldier, colonel, and fighting's your trade; and I think it downright madness to contend with any man in his profession.

Colonel S. Come, sir, no more dallying; I shall take very unseemly methods, if you don't show yourself a gentleman.

Sir H. A gentleman! Why, there again, now. A gentleman! I tell you once more, colonel, that I am a baronet, and have eight thousand pounds a year. I can dance, sing, ride, fence, understand the languages —Now I can't conceive how running you through the body should contribute one jot more to my gentility. But pray, colonel, I had forgot to ask you, what's the quarrel?

Colonel S. A woman, sir.

Sir H. Then I put up my sword. Take her.

Colonel S. Sir, my honour's concerned.

Sir H. Nay, if your honour be concerned with a woman, get it out of her hands as soon as you can.—An honourable lover is the greatest slave in nature: some will say, the greatest fool. Come, come, colonel, this is something about the Lady Lurewell, I warrant; I can give you satisfaction in that affair.

Colonel S. Do so then immediately.

Sir H. Put up your sword first; you know I dare fight, but I had much rather make you a friend than an enemy. I can assure you this lady will prove too hard for one of your temper. You have too much honour, too much in conscience, to be a favourite with the ladies.

Colonel S. I'm assured, sir, she never gave you any encouragement.

Sir H. A man can never hear reason with his sword in his hand. Sheath your weapon; and then, if I don't satisfy you, sheath it in my body.

Colonel S. Give me but demonstration of her granting you any favour, and it is enough.

Sir H. Will you take my word?

Colonel S. Pardon me, sir, I cannot.

Sir H. Will you believe your own eyes?

Colonel S. 'Tis ten to one whether I shall or no; they have deceived me already.

Sir H. That's hard—but some means I shall devise for your satisfaction—[*Noise.*]—We must fly this place, else that cluster of mob will overwhelm us.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MOB, TOM ERRAND'S *Wife hurrying in* CLINCHER SENIOR *in* ERRAND'S *Clothes.*

Wife. Oh! the villain, the rogue, he has murdered my husband. Ah, my poor Timothy! [*Crying.*

Clinch. sen. Dem your Timothy!—your husband

has murdered me, woman; for he has carried away my fine Jubilee clothes.

Mob. Away with him——away with him to the Thames.

Clinch. sen. Oh, if I had but my swimming girdle now!

Enter CONSTABLE.

Const. Hold, neighbours, I command the peace.

Wife. Oh, Mr. Constable, here's a rogue that has murdered my husband, and robbed him of his clothes.

Const. Murder and robbery!—Then he must be a gentleman.——Hands off there; he must not be abused.——Give an account of yourself. Are you a gentleman?

Clinch. sen. No, sir, I'm a beau.

Const. A beau—Then you have killed nobody, I'm persuaded. How came you by these clothes, sir?

Clinch. sen. You must know, sir, that walking along, sir, I don't know how, sir, I can't tell where, sir,—and so the porter and I changed clothes, sir.

Const. Very well. The man speaks reason, and like a gentleman.

Wife. But pray, Mr. Constable, ask him how he changed clothes with him.

Const. Silence, woman, and don't disturb the court. Well, sir, how did you change clothes?

Clinch. sen. Why, sir, he pulled off my coat, and I drew off his: so I put on his coat, and he put on mine.

Const. Why, neighbour, I don't find that he's guilty: search him—and if he carries no arms about him, we'll let him go.

[*They search his Pockets, and pull out his Pistols.*

Clinch. sen. Oh, gemini! My Jubilee pistols!

Const. What, a case of pistols! Then the case is

plain. Speak, what are you, sir? Whence came you, and whither go you?

Clinch. sen. Sir, I came from Russel Street, and am going to the Jubilee.

Wife. You shall go the gallows, you rogue.

Const. Away with him, away with him to Newgate, straight.

Clinch. sen. I shall go to the Jubilee now, indeed.

Enter SIR H. WILDAIR *and* COLONEL STANDARD.

Sir H. In short, colonel, 'tis all nonsense—fight for a woman! Hard by is the lady's house, if you please, we'll wait on her together: you shall draw your sword—I'll draw my snuff-box: you shall produce your wounds received in war—I'll relate mine by Cupid's dart: you shall swear—I'll sigh: you shall sa, sa, and I'll coupee; and if she flies not to my arms, like a hawk to its perch, my dancing-master deserves to be damned.

Colonel S. With the generality of women, I grant you, these arts may prevail.

Sir H. Generality of women! Why there again, you're out. They're all alike, sir: I never heard of any one that was particular, but one.

Colonel S. Who was she, pray?

Sir H. Penelope, I think she's called, and that's a poetical story too. When will you find a poet in our age make a woman so chaste?

Colonel S. Well, Sir Harry, your facetious humour can disguise falsehood, and make calumny pass for satire; but you have promised me ocular demonstration that she favours you: make that good, and I shall then maintain faith and female to be as inconsistent as truth and falsehood.

Sir H. But will you be convinced, if our plot succeeds.

Colonel S. I rely on your word and honour, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Then meet me half an hour hence at t
Shakspeare; you must oblige me by taking a hear
glass with me toward the fitting me out for a certa
project, which this night I undertake.

Colonel S. I guess, by the preparation, that w
man's the design.

Sir H. Yes, 'faith.—I am taken dangerously ill wi
two foolish maladies, modesty and love: the first I
cure with Burgundy, and my love by a night's lodgi
with the damsel. A sure remedy. *Probatum est.*

Colonel S. I'll certainly meet you, sir.

[*Exeunt several*

Enter CLINCHER JUNIOR *and* DICKY.

Clinch. jun. Ah, Dick, this London is a sad place,
sad vicious place: I wish that I were in the counti
again. And this brother of mine—I'm sorry he's
great a rake: I had rather see him dead than see hi
thus.

Dicky. Ay, sir, he'll spend his whole estate at th
same Jubilee. Who d'ye think lives at this same J
bilee?

Clinch. jun. Who, pray?

Dicky. The Pope.

Clinch. jun. The devil he does! My brother go to t
place where the Pope dwells! He's bewitched, sure!

Enter TOM ERRAND, *in* CLINCHER SENIOR'S *Cloth*

Dicky. Indeed, I believe he is, for he's strangely a
tered.

Clinch. jun. Altered! Why, he looks like a Jesu
already.

Tom. This lace will sell. What a blockead w
the fellow to trust me with his coat! If I can g
cross the garden, down to the water-side, I am pret
secure.

Clinch. jun. Brother?—Alaw! Oh, gemini! Are yo
my brother?

Dicky. I seize you in th e kings name, sir.

Tom. Oh, lord! should this prove some parliament man now!

Clinch. jun. Speak, you rogue, what are you?

Tom. A poor porter, and going of an errand.

Dicky. What errand? Speak, you rogue.

Tom. A fool's errand, I'm afraid.

Clinch. jun. Who sent you?

Tom. A beau, sir.

Dicky. No, no; the rogue has murdered your brother, and stripped him of his clothes.

Clinch. jun. Murdered my brother! Oh, crimini! Oh, my poor Jubilee brother! Stay, by Jupiter Ammon, I'm heir though. Speak, sir, have you killed him? Confess that you have killed him, and I'll give you half a crown.

Tom. Who I, sir? Alack-a-day, sir, I never killed any man, but a carrier's horse once.

Clinch. jun. Then you shall certainly be hanged; but confess that you killed him, and we'll let you go.

Tom. Telling the truth hangs a man, but confessing a lie can do no harm: besides, if the worst come to the worst, I can but deny it again.—Well, sir, since I must tell you, I did kill him.

Clinch. jun. Here's your money, sir.—But are you sure you killed him dead?

Tom. Sir, I'll swear it before any judge in England.

Dicky. But are you sure that he's dead in law?

Tom. Dead in law! I can't tell whether he be dead in law. But he's as dead as a door nail; for I gave him seven knocks on the head with a hammer.

Dicky. Then you have the estate by statute. Any man that's knocked on the head is dead in law.

Clinch. jun. But are you sure he was compos mentis when he was killed?

Tom. I suppose he was, sir; for he told me nothing to the contrary afterwards.

Clinch. jun. Hey! Then I go to the Jubilee.—Strip, sir, strip. By Jupiter Ammon, strip.

Dicky. Ah! don't swear, sir.

[*Puts on his Brother's Clothes.*

Clinch. jun. Swear, sir! Zoons, ha'n't I got the estate, sir? Come, sir, now I'm in mourning for my brother.

Tom. I hope you'll let me go now, sir.

Clinch. jun. Yes, yes, sir; but you must do the favour to swear positively before a magistrate, that you killed him dead, that I may enter upon the estate without any trouble. By Jupiter Ammon, all my religion's gone, since I put on these fine clothes.—Hey, call me a coach somebody.

Tom. Ay, master, let me go, and I'll call one immediately,

Clinch. jun. No, no; Dicky, carry this spark before a justice, and when he has made oath, you may discharge him. And I'll go see Angelica. [*Exeunt* DICKY *and* TOM.] Now that I'm an elder brother, I'll court, and swear, and rant and rake, and go to the Jubilee with the best of them. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

LADY LUREWELL'S *House.*

Enter LADY LUREWELL *and* PARLY.

Lure. Are you sure that Vizard had my letter?

Parly. Yes, yes, madam; one of your ladyship's footmen gave it to him in the Park, and he told the bearer, with all transports of joy, that he would be punctual to a minute.

Lady L. Thus most villains some time or other are punctual to their ruin; Are all things prepared for his reception?

Parly. Exactly to your ladyship's order: the alderman too is just come, dressed and cooked up for iniquity.

Lady L. Then he has got woman's clothes on?

Parly. Yes, madam, and has passed upon the family for your nurse.

Lady L. Convey him into that closet, and put out the candles, and tell him, I'll wait on him presently. When he is tired of his situation, let the servants pretend they take him for a common rogue, come with the intent to rob the house, and pump him heartily.

[*As* PARLY *goes to put out the Candles, somebody knocks.—Music plays without.*

Lady L. This must be Sir Harry; tell him I am not be spoken with.

Parly. Sir, my lady is not to be spoken with.

Sir H. [*Without.*] I must have that from her own mouth, Mrs. Parly. Play, gentlemen.

[*Music plays again.*

Enter SIR HARRY.

Lady L. 'Tis too early for serenading, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Wheresoever love is, there music is proper.

Lady L. But, Sir Harry, what tempest drives you here at this hour?

Sir H. No tempest, madam, but love madam.

[WILDAIR *taking her by the Hand.*

Lady L. As pure and white as angels' soft desires.

Sir H. Fierce, as when ripe consenting beauty fires.

Lady L. [*Aside.*] If this be a love token, [WILDAIR *drops a ring, she takes it up.*] your mistress's favours hang very loose about you, sir.

Sir H. I can't, justly, madam, pay your trouble of taking it up, by any thing but desiring you to wear it.

Lady L. You gentlemen have the cunningest ways of playing the fool, and are so industrious in your profuseness. Speak seriously, am I beholden to chance or design for this ring?

Sir H. To design, upon my honour. And I hope my design will succeed. [*Aside.*

Lady L. Shall I be free with you, Sir Harry?

Sir H. With all my heart, madam, so I may be free with you.

Lady L. Then plainly, sir, I shall beg the favour to see you some other time; for at this very minute I have two lovers in the house.

Sir H. Then to be as plain, I must begone this minute, for I must see another mistress within these two hours.

Lady L. Frank and free.

Sir H. As you with me—Madam, your most humble servant. [*Exit.*

Lady L. Nothing can disturb his humour. Now for my merchant and Vizard.

[*Exit, and takes the Candles with her.*

Enter PARLY, *leading in* SMUGGLER, *dressed in Woman's Clothes.*

Parly. This way, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Well, Mrs. Parly,—I'm obliged to you for this trouble: here are a couple of shillings for you. Times are hard, very hard indeed; but next time I'll steal a pair of silk stockings from my wife, and bring them to you—What are you fumbling about my pockets for?

Parly. Only setting the plaits of your gown: here, sir, get into this closet, and my lady will wait on you presently.

[*Puts him into the Closet, runs out, and returns with* VIZARD.

Vizard. Where wouldst thou lead me, my dear auspicious little pilot?

Parly. You're almost in port, sir; my lady's in the closet, and will come out to you immediately.

Vizard. Let me thank thee as I ought. [*Kisses her.*

Parly. Pshaw, who has hired me best? a couple of shillings, or a couple of kisses? [*Exit* PARLY.

Vizard. Propitious darkness guides the lover's steps; and night, that shadows outward sense, lights up our inward joy.

Smug. My nephew's voice, and certainly possessed with an evil spirit.

Vizard. Ha! I hear a voice. Madam——my life, my happiness, where are you, madam?

Smug. Madam! He takes me for a woman too: I'll try him. Where have you left your sanctity, Mr. Vizard?

Vizard. Talk no more of that ungrateful subject—I left it where it has only business, with day-light; 'tis needless to wear a mask in the dark.

Smug. Well, sir, but I suppose your dissimulation has some other motive besides pleasure?

Vizard. Yes, madam, the honestest motive in the world—interest——You must know, madam, that I have an old uncle, Alderman Smuggler; you have seen him, I suppose.

Smug. Yes, yes, I have some small acquaintance with him.

Vizard. 'Tis the most knavish, precise, covetous old rogue, that ever died of the gout.

Smug. Ah, the young son of a whore! [*Aside.*] Well, sir, and what of him?

Vizard. Why, madam, he has a swingeing estate, which I design to purchase as a saint, and spend like a gentleman. He got it by cheating, and should lose it by deceit. By the pretence of my zeal and sobriety, I'll cozen the old miser, one of these days, out of a settlement and deed of conveyance——

Smug. It shall be a deed to convey you to the gallows then, ye young dog. [*Aside.*

Vizard. And no sooner he's dead, but I'll rattle over his grave with a coach and six, to inform his covetous ghost how genteelly I spend his money.

Smug. I'll prevent you, boy; for I'll have my money buried with me. [*Aside.*

Vizard. Bless me, madam! here's a light coming this way. I must fly immediately.——When shall I see you, madam?

Smug. Sooner than you expect, my dear.

Vizard. Pardon me, dear madam, I would not be seen for the world. I would sooner forfeit my life, my pleasure, than my reputation. [*Exit.*

Smug. Egad, and so would I too. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

LADY DARLING'S *House.*

Enter LADY DARLING *and* ANGELICA.

Lady D. Daughter, since you have to deal with a man of so peculiar a temper, you must not think the general arts of love can secure him; you may therefore allow such a courtier some encouragement extraordinary, without reproach to your modesty.

Ang. I am sensible, madam, that a formal nicety makes our modesty sit awkward, and appears rather a chain to enslave, than a bracelet to adorn us; it should show, when unmolested, easy and innocent as a dove, but strong and vigorous as a falcon, when assaulted.

Lady D. I'm afraid, daughter, you mistake Sir Harry's gaiety for dishonour.

Ang. Though modesty, madam, may wink, it must not sleep, when powerful enemies are abroad. I must confess, that, of all men's, I would not see Sir Harry Wildair's faults.

Lady D. You must certainly be mistaken, Angelica; for I'm satisfied Sir Harry's designs are only to court and marry you.

Ang. His pretence, perhaps, was such. Pray, madam, by what means were you made acquainted with his designs?

Lady D. Means, child! Why, my cousin Vizard, who, I'm sure, is your sincere friend, sent him. He brought me this letter from my cousin.

[*Gives her the Letter, which she opens.*

Ang. Ha! Vizard!—then I'm abused in earnest—Would Sir Harry, by his instigation, fix a base affront upon me? No, I can't suspect him of so ungenteel a crime—This letter shall trace the truth. [*Aside.*]—My suspicions, madam, are much cleared; and I hope to satisfy your ladyship in my management, when I next see Sir Harry.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, here's a gentleman below, calls himself Wildair.

Lady D. Conduct him up. [*Exit* SERVANT.] Daughter, I won't doubt your discretion.

[*Exit* LADY DARLING.

Enter SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

Sir H. Oh, the delights of love and Burgundy!—Madam, I have toasted your ladyship fifteen bumpers successively, and swallowed Cupids like loches to every glass.

Ang. And what then, sir?

Sir H. Why, then, madam, the wine has got into my head, and the Cupids into my heart; and unless,

by quenching quick my flame, you kindly ease the smart, I'm a lost man, madam.

Ang. Drunkenness, Sir Harry, is the worst pretence a gentleman can make for rudeness; for the excuse is as scandalous as the fault. Therefore, pray consider who you are so free with, sir; a woman of condition, that can call half a dozen footmen upon occasion.

Sir H. Nay, madam, if you have a mind to toss me in a blanket, half a dozen chambermaids would do better service. Come, come, madam; though the wine makes me lisp, yet it has taught me to speak plainer. By all the dust of my ancient progenitors, I must this night rest in your arms.

Ang. Nay, then——who waits there?

Enter FOOTMEN.

Take hold of that madman, and bind him.

Sir H. Nay, then, Burgundy's the word; slaughter will ensue. Hold—Do you know, scoundrels, that I have been drinking victorious Burgundy? [*Draws.*

Servants. We know you're drunk, sir.

Sir H. Then how have you the impudence, rascals, to assault a gentleman with a couple of flasks of courage in his head?

Servants. We must do as our young mistress commands us.

Sir H. Nay, then, have among ye, dogs! [*Throws Money among them; they scramble and take it up: he pelting them out, shuts the Door, and returns.*] Rascals, poltroons!—I have charmed the dragon, and now the fruit's my own. I have put the whole army to flight; and now I'll take the general prisoner.

[*Laying hold on her.*

Ang. I conjure you, sir, by the sacred name of honour, by your dead father's name, and the fair reputation of your mother's chastity, that you offer not

the least offence. Already you have wronged me past redress.

Sir H. Thou art the most unaccountable creature——

Ang. What madness, Sir Harry, what wild dream of loose desire, could prompt you to attempt this baseness?—View me well——the brightness of my mind, methinks, should lighten outwards, and let you see your mistake in my behaviour.

Sir H. [*Mimicking.*] Tal tidum, tidum, tal ti didi didum. A million to one, now, but this girl is just come flush from reading the Rival Queens——'Egad, I'll at her in her own cant—Oh, my Statira! Oh, my angry dear! turn thy eyes on me—behold thy beau in buskins.

Ang. Behold me, sir; view me with a sober thought, free from those fumes of wine that throw a mist before your sight, and you shall find that every glance from my reproaching eyes is armed with sharp resentment, and with a virtuous pride that looks dishonour dead.

Sir H. This is the first whore in heroics that I have met with. [*Aside.*] Lookye, madam, as to that slender particular of your virtue, we sha'n't quarrel about it; you may be as virtuous as any woman in England, if you please. But, pray, madam, be pleased to consider, what is this same virtue that you make such a mighty noise about—Can your virtue keep you a coach and six? No, no; your virtuous women walk on foot.—Can your virtue stake for you at picquet? No. Then what business has a woman with virtue? Come, come, madam, I offered you fifty guineas; there's a hundred——The devil!—virtuous still!—Why, it is a hundred, five score, a hundred guineas.

Ang. Oh, indignation! Were I a man, you durst not use me thus. But the mean, poor abuse you throw on me, reflects upon yourself: our sex still

strikes an awe upon the brave, and only cowards dare affront a woman.

Sir H. Affront! 'Sdeath, madam, a hundred guineas will set you up a bank at basset; a hundred guineas will furnish out your closet with china; a hundred guineas will give you an air of quality; a hundred guineas will buy you a rich cabinet for your billet-doux, or a fine Common Prayer Book for your virtue; a hundred guineas will buy a hundred fine things, and fine things are for fine ladies, and fine ladies are for fine gentlemen, and fine gentlemen are ——'Egad, this Burgundy makes a man speak like an angel——Come, come, madam, take it, and put it to what use you please.

Ang. I'll use it as I would the base unworthy giver, thus——

[*Throws down the Purse, and stamps upon it.*

Sir H. I have no mind to meddle in state affairs; but these women will make me a parliament-man in spite of my teeth, on purpose to bring in a bill against their extortion. She tramples under foot that deity which all the world adores—Oh, the blooming pride of beautiful eighteen!—Pshaw!—I'll talk to her no longer; I'll make my market with the old gentlewoman; she knows business better——[*Goes to the Door.*]—Here, you, friend: pray, desire the old lady to walk in——Harkye, 'egad, madam, I'll tell your mother.

Enter LADY DARLING.

Lady D. Well, Sir Harry, and how d'ye like my daughter, pray?

Sir H. Like her, madam!—Harkye, will you take it?—Why, 'faith, madam—Take the money, I say, or, 'egad, all's out.

Ang. All shall out—Sir, you are a scandal to the name of gentleman.

Sir H. With all my heart, madam—In short, madam, your daughter has used me somewhat too familiarly, though I have treated her like a woman of quality.

Lady D. How, sir?

Sir H. Why, madam, I have offered her a hundred guineas.

Lady D. A hundred guineas! Upon what score?

Sir H. Upon what score! Lord, lord, how these old women love to hear bawdy!—Why, 'faith, madam, I have never a *double entendre* ready at present; but I suppose you know upon what score.

Ang. Hold, sir, stop your abusive tongue, too loose for modest ears to hear——Madam, I did before suspect, that his designs were base, now they're too plain; this knight, this mighty man of wit and humour, is made a tool to a knave—Vizard has sent him on a bully's errand, to affront a woman; but I scorn the abuse, and him that offered it.

Lady D. How, sir, come to affront us! D'ye know who we are, sir?

Sir H. Know who you are! Why, your daughter there, is Mr. Vizard's—cousin, I suppose. And for you, madam—I suppose your ladyship to be one of those civil, obliging, discreet old gentlewomen, who keep their visiting days for the entertainment of their presenting friends, whom they treat with imperial tea, a private room, and a pack of cards. Now I suppose you do understand me.

Lady D. This is beyond sufferance! But say, thou abusive man, what injury have you ever received from me, or mine, thus to engage you in this scandalous aspersion.

Ang. Yes, sir, what cause, what motives could induce you thus to debase yourself below your rank?

Sir H. Heyday! Now, dear Roxana, and you, my fair Statira, be not so very heroic in your style: Vizard's letter may resolve you, and answer all the impertinent questions you have made me.

Lady D. and Ang. We appeal to that.

Sir H. And I'll stand to't; he read it to me, and the contents were pretty plain, I thought.

Ang. Here, sir, peruse it, and see how much we are injured, and you deceived.

Sir H. [*Opening the Letter.*] But hold, madam, [*To* LADY DARLING.] before I read I'll make some condition:—Mr. Vizard says here, that I won't scruple thirty or forty pieces. Now, madam, if you have clapped in another cypher to the account, and made it three or four hundred, 'egad I'll not stand to't.

Lady D. The letter, sir, shall answer you.

Sir H. Well then—[Reads.] *Out of my earnest inclination to serve your ladyship, and my cousin Angelica*—Ay, ay, the very words, I can say it by heart—*I have sent Sir Harry Wildair to*—What the devil's this?—*Sent Sir Harry Wildair to court my cousin*—He read to me quite a different thing—*He's a gentleman of great parts and fortune*—He's a son of a whore, and a rascal—*And would make your daughter very happy* [Whistles.] *in a husband.*——[*Looks foolish, and hums a Song.*]—Oh! poor Sir Harry, what have thy angry stars designed?

Ang. Now, sir, I hope you need no instigation to redress our wrongs, since even the injury points the way.

Lady D. Think, sir, that our blood for many generations has run in the purest channel of unsullied honour.

Sir H. Ay, madam. [*Bows to her.*

Ang. Consider what a tender flower is woman's reputation, which the least air of foul detraction blasts.

Sir H. Yes, madam. [*Bows to the other.*

Lady D. Call then to mind your rude and scandalous behaviour.

Sir H. Right, madam. [*Bows again.*

Ang. Remember the base price you offered me.

Sir H. Very true, madam. Was ever man so catechized?

Lady D. And think that Vizard,—villain Vizard,—caused all this, yet lives: that's all: farewell.

Sir H. Stay, madam, [*To* LADY DARLING.] one word; is there no other way to redress your wrongs, but by fighting?

Lady D. Only one, sir; which, if you can think of, you may do: you know the business I entertained you for.

Sir H. I understand you, madam. [*Exit* LADY DARLING.] Here am I brought to a very pretty dilemma. I must commit murder, or commit matrimony; which is the best now? a licence from Doctors' Commons, or a sentence from the Old Bailey? —If I kill my man, the law hangs me; if I marry my woman, I shall hang myself.——But, damn it—cowards dare fight:—I'll marry, that's the most daring action of the two. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Newgate.

CLINCHER SENIOR, *solus.*

Clinch. sen. How severe and melancholy are Newgate reflections! Last week my father died; yesterday I turned beau; to-day I am laid by the heels, and to-morrow shall be hung by the neck.——I was agreeing with a bookseller about printing an account of my journey through France and Italy; but now the history of my travels must be through Holborn to Tyburn.—"The last dying speech of Beau Clincher, that was going to the Jubilee—Come, a half-

penny a-piece."—A sad sound, a sad sound, 'faith! 'Tis one way to have a man's death make a great noise in the world.

Enter TOM ERRAND.

A reprieve! a reprieve! thou dear, dear—damned rogue. Where have you been? Thou art the most welcome—son of a whore; where's my clothes?

Tom. Sir, I see where mine are. Come, sir, strip, sir, strip.

Clinch. sen. Sir, you cannot master me, for I am twenty thousand strong. [*Exeunt, struggling.*

SCENE III.

LADY DARLING'S *House.*

Enter SIR H. WILDAIR, *with Cards;* SERVANTS *following.*

Sir H. Here, fly all around, and bear these as directed; you to Westminster, you to St. James's, and you into the city. Tell all my friends, a bridegroom's joy invites their presence. Tell them, I am married. If any ask to whom, make no reply; but tell them, that I am married; that joy shall crown the day, and love the night. Begone, fly.

Enter COLONEL STANDARD.

A thousand welcomes, friend; my pleasure's now complete, since I can share it with my friend: brisk joy shall bound from me to you; then back again; and, like the sun, grow warmer by reflection.

Colonel S. You are always pleasant, Sir Harry; but this transcends yourself: whence proceeds it?

Sir H. Canst thou not guess, my friend? Whence

flows all earthly joy? What is the life of man, and soul of pleasure? Woman.——What fires the heart with transport, and the soul with raptures?—Lovely woman ——What is the master-stroke and smile of the creation, but charming, virtuous woman?—Methinks, my friend, you relish not my joy. What is the cause?

Colonel S. Canst thou not guess?—What is the bane of man, and scourge of life, but woman?—What is the heathenish idol man sets up, and is damned for worshipping? Treacherous woman.—Woman, whose composition inverts humanity; their bodies heavenly, but their souls are clay.

Sir H. Come, come, colonel, this is too much: I know your wrongs received from Lurewell may excuse your resentment against her. But it is unpardonable to charge the failings of a single woman upon the whole sex. I have found one, whose virtues——

Colonel S. So have I, Sir Harry; I have found one whose pride's above yielding to a prince. And if lying, dissembling, perjury, and falsehood, be no breaches in a woman's honour, she is as innocent as infancy.

Sir H. Well, colonel, I find your opinion grows stronger by opposition; I shall now, therefore, wave the argument, and only beg you for this day to make a show of complaisance at least.—Here comes my charming bride.

Enter LADY DARLING *and* ANGELICA.

Colonel S. [*Saluting* ANGELICA.] I wish you, madam, all the joys of love and fortune.

Enter CLINCHER JUNIOR.

Clinch. jun. Gentlemen and ladies, I'm just upon the spur, and have only a minute to take my leave.

Sir H. Whither are you bound, sir?

Clinch. jun. Bound, sir! I'm going to the Jubilee, sir.

Lady D. Bless me, cousin! how came you by these clothes?

Clinch. jun. Clothes! ha! ha! ha! the rarest jest! ha! ha! ha! I shall burst, by Jupiter Ammon—I shall burst.

Lady D. What's the matter, cousin?

Clinch. jun. The matter! ha! ha! Why, an honest porter, ha! ha! ha! has knocked out my brother's brains—ha! ha! ha!

Sir H. A very good jest, i'faith—ha! ha! ha!

Clinch. jun. Ay, sir; but the best jest of all is, he knocked out his brains with a hammer—and so he is as dead as a door-nail! ha! ha! ha!

Lady D. And do you laugh, wretch?

Clinch. jun. Laugh! ha! ha! ha! let me see e'er a younger brother in England, that won't laugh at such a jest!

Ang. You appeared a very sober, pious gentleman, some hours ago.

Clinch. jun. Pshaw! I was a fool then: but now, madam, I'm a wit; I can rake now. As for your part, madam, you might have had me once; but now, madam, if you should fall to eating chalk, or gnawing the sheets, it is none of my fault. Now, madam, I have got an estate, and I must go to the Jubilee.

Enter CLINCHER, *Senior, in a Blanket.*

Clinch. sen. Must you so, rogue—must ye? You will go to the Jubilee, will you?

Clinch. jun. A ghost! a ghost! send for the Dean and Chapter presently.

Clinch. sen. A ghost! No, no, sirrah! I'm an elder brother, rogue.

Clinch. jun. I don't care a farthing for that; I'm *sure you're* dead in law.

Clinch. sen. Why so, sirrah—why so?

Clinch. jun. Because, sir, I can get a fellow to swear he knocked out your brains.

Sir H. An odd way of swearing a man out of his life!

Clinch. jun. Smell him, gentlemen, he has a deadly scent about him.

Clinch. sen. Truly the apprehensions of death may have made me savour a little. O, lord! the colonel! The apprehension of him may make the savour worse, I'm afraid.

Clinch. jun. In short, sir, were you a ghost, or brother, or devil, I will go to the Jubilee, by Jupiter Ammon.

Colonel S. Go to the Jubilee! go to the bear-garden. Get you to your native plough and cart; converse with animals like yourself, sheep and oxen: men are creatures you don't understand.

Enter a SERVANT, *who whispers* WILDAIR.

Sir H. Let them alone, Colonel, their folly will be now diverting. Come, gentlemen, we'll dispute this point some other time.—Madam, shall I beg you to entertain the company in the next room for a moment. [*To* LADY DARLING.

Lady D. With all my heart——Come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt all but* WILDAIR.

Sir H. A lady to inquire for me! Who can this be?

Enter LADY LUREWELL.

Oh, madam, this favour is beyond my expectation—to come uninvited to dance at my wedding.——What d'ye gaze at, madam?

Lady L. A monster—if thou'rt married, thou'rt the most perjured wretch that e'er avouch'd deceit.

Sir H. Heyday! Why, madam, I'm sure I never swore to marry you: I made, indeed, a slight pro-

mise, upon condition of your granting me a small favour; but you would not consent, you know.

Lady L. How he upbraids me with my shame!—Can you deny your binding vows, when this appears a witness against your falsehood? [*Shows a Ring.*] Methinks the motto of this sacred pledge should flash confusion in your guilty face—Read, read here the binding words of love and honour—words not unknown to your perfidious tongue, though utter strangers to your treacherous heart.

Sir H. The woman's stark staring mad, that's certain.

Lady L. Was it maliciously designed to let me find my misery when past redress? To let me know you, only to know you false? Had not cursed chance showed me the motto, I had been happy: the first knowledge I had of you was fatal to me—and this second worse.

Sir H. What the devil is all this! Madam, I'm not at leisure for raillery at present, I have weighty affairs upon my hands; the business of pleasure, madam: any other time—— [*Going.*

Lady L. Stay, I conjure you, stay.

Sir H. 'Faith, I can't, my bride expects me; but harkye, when the honey-moon is over, about a month or two hence, I may do you a small favour. [*Exit.*

Lady L. Grant me some wild expressions, Heavens, or I shall burst. Woman's weakness, man's falsehood, my own shame, and love's disdain, at once swell up my breast——Words, words, or I shall burst. [*Going.*

Enter COLONEL STANDARD.

Colonel S. Stay, madam, you need not shun my sight; for, if you are perfect woman, you have confidence to outface a crime, and bear the charge of guilt without a blush.

Lady L. The charge of guilt! What, making a

fool of you? I've done it, and glory in the act: dissembling to the prejudice of men is virtue; and every look, or sign, or smile, or tear that can deceive, is meritorious.

Colonel S. Very pretty principles, truly. If there be truth in woman, 'tis now in thee. Come, madam, you know that you're discovered, and, being sensible that you cannot escape, you would now turn to bay. That ring, madam, proclaims you guilty.

Lady L. O monster, villain, perfidious villain! Has he told you?

Colonel S. I'll tell it you, and loudly too.

Lady L. O, name it not——Yet, speak it out, 'tis so just a punishment for putting faith in man, that I will bear it all. Speak now, what his busy scandal, and your improving malice, both dare utter.

Colonel S. Your falsehood can't be reached by malice nor by satire; your actions are the justest libel on your fame; your words, your looks, your tears, I did believe in spite of common fame. Nay, 'gainst mine own eyes, I still maintained your truth. I imagined Wildair's boasting of your favours to be the pure result of his own vanity: at last he urged your taking presents of him; as a convincing proof of which, you yesterday from him received that ring, which ring, that I might be sure he gave it, I lent him for that purpose.

Lady L. Ha! you lent it him for that purpose!

Colonel S. Yes, yes, madam, I lent it him for that purpose——No denying it—I know it well, for I have worn it long, and desire it now, madam, to restore it to the just owner.

Lady L. The just owner! Think, sir, think but of what importance 'tis to own it: if you have love and honour in your soul, 'tis then most justly yours; if not, you are a robber, and have stolen it basely.

Colonel S. Ha! your words, like meeting flints, have struck a light, to show me something strange

——But tell me instantly, is not your real name Manly?

Lady L. Answer me first: did not you receive this ring about twelve years ago?

Colonel S. I did.

Lady L. And were not you about that time entertained two nights at the house of Sir Oliver Manly, in Oxfordshire?

Colonel S. I was! I was! [*Runs to her, and embraces her.*] The blest remembrance fires my soul with transport——I know the rest——you are the charming she, and I the happy man.

Lady L. How has blind fortune stumbled on the right? But where have you wandered since?—'Twas cruel to forsake me.

Colonel S. The particulars of my fortune are too tedious now: but to discharge myself from the stain of dishonour, I must tell you, that immediately upon my return to the university, my elder brother and I quarrelled: my father, to prevent farther mischief, posts me away to travel: I wrote to you from London, but fear the letter came not to your hands.

Lady L. I never had the least account of you by letter or otherwise.

Colonel S. Three years I lived abroad, and at my return found you were gone out of the kingdom, though none could tell me whither: missing you thus, I went to Flanders, served my king till the peace commenced; then fortunately going on board at Amsterdam, one ship transported us both to England. At the first sight I loved, though ignorant of the hidden cause——You may remember, madam, that, talking once of marriage, I told you I was engaged—to your dear self I meant.

Lady L. Then men are still most generous and brave—and, to reward your truth, an estate of three thousand pounds a year waits your acceptance; and,

if I can satisfy you in my past conduct, I shall expect the honourable performance of your promise, and that you will stay with me in England.

Colonel S. Stay. Nor fame nor glory e'er shall part us more. My honour can be no where more concerned than here.

Enter SIR H. WILDAIR *and* ANGELICA.

Oh, Sir Harry! Fortune has acted miracles to-day: the story's strange and tedious, but all amounts to this—that woman's mind is charming as her person, and I am made a convert too to beauty.

Sir H. I wanted only this, to make my pleasure perfect.

Enter SMUGGLER.

Smug. So, gentlemen and ladies, I'm glad to find you so merry; is my gracious nephew among ye?

Sir H. Sir, he dares not show his face among such honourable company; for your gracious nephew is—

Smug. What, sir? Have a care what you say.

Sir H. A villain, sir.

Smug. With all my heart. I'll pardon you the beating me, for that very word. And pray, Sir Harry, when you see him next, tell him this news from me, that I have disinherited him—that I will leave him as poor as a disbanded quarter-master.—Oh, Sir Harry, he is as hypocritical——

Lady L. As yourself, Mr. Alderman. How fares my good old nurse, pray, sir?——Come, Mr. Alderman, for once let a woman advise:—Would you be thought an honest man, banish covetousness, that worst gout of age: avarice is a poor, pilfering, quality of the soul, and will as certainly cheat, as a thief would steal. Would you be thought a reformer of the times, be less severe in your censures, less rigid in your precepts, and more strict in your example.

Sir H. Right, madam, virtue flows freer from imitation than compulsion; of which, Colonel, your conversion and mine are just examples.

In vain are musty morals taught in schools,
By rigid teachers, and as rigid rules,
Where virtue with a frowning aspect stands,
And frights the pupil from its rough commands.
But woman——————
Charming woman can true converts make,
We love the precept for the teacher's sake.
Virtue in them appears so bright, so gay,
We hear with transport, and with pride obey.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

INCONSTANT

THE

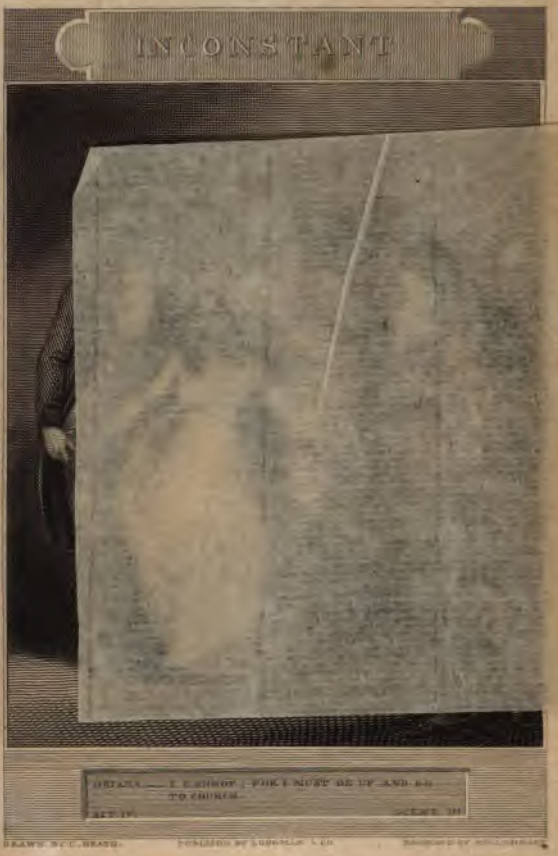
INCONSTANT;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.


INCONSTANT
ORIANA — I CANNOT ; FOR I MUST BE UP AND GO
TO CHURCH.
ACT IV.
SCENE III.
DRAWN BY C. BRAND.
PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO.

THE

INCONSTANT;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By GEORGE FARQUHAR, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

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PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
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WILLIAM SAVAGE, PRINTER,
LONDON.

REMARKS.

This comedy, by a favourite writer, had a reception, on the first night of its appearance, far inferior to that of his other productions. It was, with difficulty, saved from condemnation; and the author, in his preface, has boldly charged some secret enemies with having attempted its destruction.

Dramatic authors have fewer enemies at the present period, or they have more humility, than formerly. For now, when their works are hissed from the stage, they acknowledge they have had a fair trial, and deserve their fate. Wherefore should an author seek for remote causes, to account for his failures, when to himself alone, he is certain ever to impute all his success?

Neither the wit, humour, nor the imitation of nature, in this play, are of that forcible kind, with which the audience had been usually delighted by Farquhar; and, that the moral gave a degree of superiority to this drama, was, in those days, of little consequence: the theatre was ordained, it was thought, for mere pleasure, nor did any one wish it should degenerate into instruction.

It may be consolatory to the disappointed authors of the present day, to find, how the celebrated author

of this comedy was incommoded with theatrical crosses. He was highly offended, that his play was not admired; still more angry, that there was an empty house, on his sixth night, and more angry still, that the Opera House, for the benefit of a French dancer, was, about this time, filled even to the annoyance of the crowded company. The following are his own words on the occasion:

"It is the prettiest way in the world of despising the French king, to let him see that we can afford money to bribe his dancers, when he, poor man, has exhausted all his stock, in buying some pitiful towns and principalities. What can be a greater compliment to our generous nation, than to have the lady on her re-tour to Paris, boast of her splendid entertainment in England: of the complaisance, liberty, and good nature of a people, who thronged her house so full, that she had not room to stick a pin; and left a poor fellow, who had the misfortune of being one of themselves, without one farthing, for half a year's pains he had taken for their entertainment."

This complaint is curious, on account of the talents of the man who makes it; and, for the same cause, highly reprehensible. If Farquhar, thought himself superior to the French dancer, why did he honour her by a comparison? and, if he wanted bread, why did he not suffer in silence, rather than insinuate, he should like to receive it, through the medium of a benefit?

A hundred years of refinement (the exact time *since this* author wrote) may have weakened the force

of the dramatic pen; but it has, happily, elevated authors above the servile spirit of dedications, or the meaner practice, of taking public benefits.

As the moral of this comedy has been mentioned as one of its highest recommendations, it must be added—that, herein, the author did not invent, but merely adopt, as his own, an occurrence which took place in Paris, about that period, just as he has represented it in his last act. The Chevalier de Chastillon was the man who is personated by young Mirabel, in this extraordinary event; and the Chevalier's friend, his betrothed wife, and his beautiful courtesan, are all exactly described in the characters of Duretete, Oriana, and Lamorce.

Having justly abridged Farquhar of the honour of inventing a moral, it may be equally just, to make a slight apology for his chagrin at the slender receipts of his sixth night.—He once possessed the income, which arose from a captain's commission in the army; and having prudently conceived that this little revenue would not maintain a wife, he had resolved to live single, unless chance should bestow on him a woman of fortune. His person and address were so extremely alluring, that a woman of family, but of no fortune, conceiving the passion she felt for him to be love, pretended she possessed wealth, and deceived him into a marriage, which plunged them both into the utmost poverty.

This admirable dramatist seems to have been born for a dupe. In his matrimonial distress, he applied to a nobleman, who had professed a friendship for

him, and besought his advice how to surmount his difficulties: The counsel given, was—"Sell your commission, for present support, and, before the money for its sale is expended, I will procure you another." Farquhar complied—and his patron broke his word.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLD MIRABEL	*Mr. Dowton.*
YOUNG MIRABEL	*Mr. C. Kemble.*
CAPTAIN DURETETE	*Mr. Bannister.*
DUGARD	*Mr. Holland.*
PETIT	*Mr. De Camp.*

BRAVOES—*Messrs. Maddocks, Webb, Evans and Sparks.*

ORIANA	*Mrs. Young.*
BISARRE	*Mrs. Jordan.*
LAMORCE	*Miss Tidswell.*

THE

INCONSTANT.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter DUGARD, *and his Man*, PETIT, *in Riding Habits.*

Dug. Sirrah, what's o'clock?

Petit. Turned of eleven, sir.

Dug. No more! We have rid a swinging pace from Nemours, since two this morning! Petit, run to Rousseau's, and bespeak a dinner, at a Lewis d'or a head, to be ready by one.

Petit. How many will there be of you, sir?

Dug. Let me see—Mirabel one, Duretete two, myself three——

Petit. And I four.

Dug. How now, sir? at your old travelling familiarity! When abroad, you had some freedom, for want

of better company, but among my friends, at Paris, pray remember your distance—Begone, sir! [*Exit* PETIT.] This fellow's wit was necessary abroad, but he's too cunning for a domestic; I must dispose of him some way else.—Who's here? Old Mirabel, and my sister!—my dearest sister!

Enter OLD MIRABEL *and* ORIANA.

Oriana. My Brother! Welcome!

Dug. Monsieur Mirabel! I'm heartily glad to see you.

Old Mir. Honest Mr. Dugard, by the blood of the Mirabels, I'm your most humble servant!

Dug. Why, sir, you've cast your skin, sure; you're brisk and gay—lusty health about you—no sign of age, but your silver hairs.

Old Mir. Silver hairs! Then they are quicksilver hairs, sir. Whilst I have golden pockets, let my hairs be silver, an' they will. Adsbud, sir, I can dance, and sing, and drink, and—no, I can't wench. But Mr. Dugard, no news of my son Bob in all your travels?

Dug. Your son's come home, sir.

Old Mir. Come home! Bob come home! By the blood of the Mirabels, Mr. Dugard, what say you?

Oriana. Mr. Mirabel returned, sir?

Dug. He's certainly come, and you may see him within this hour or two.

Old Mir. Swear it, Mr. Dugard, presently swear it.

Dug. Sir, he came to town with me this morning; I left him at the Banieurs, being a little disordered after riding, and I shall see him again presently.

Old Mir. What! and he was ashamed to ask a blessing with his boots on! A nice dog! Well, and how fares the young rogue, ha?

Dug. A fine gentleman, sir; He'll be his own messenger.

Old Mir. A fine gentleman! But is the rogue like me still?

Dug. Why, yes, sir; he's very like his mother, and as like you, as most modern sons are to their fathers.

Old Mir. Why, sir, don't you think that I begat him?

Dug. Why, yes, sir; you married his mother, and he inherits your estate. He's very like you, upon my word.

Oriana. And pray, brother, what's become of his honest companion, Duretete?

Dug. Who, the captain? The very same, he went abroad; he's the only Frenchman I ever knew, that could not change. Your son, Mr. Mirabel, is more obliged to nature for that fellow's composition, than for his own: for he's more happy in Duretete's folly than his own wit. In short, they are as inseparable as finger and thumb; but the first instance in the world, I believe, of opposition in friendship.

Old Mir. Very well: will he be home, to dinner, think ye?

Dug. Sir, he has ordered me to bespeak a dinner for us at Rousseau's, at a Lewis d'or a head.

Old Mir. A Lewis d'or a head! Well said, Bob; by the blood of the Mirabels, Bob's improved! But, Mr. Dugard, was it so civil of Bob, to visit Monsieur Rousseau, before his own natural father, eh? Harkye, Oriana, what think you now, of a fellow that can eat and drink ye a whole Lewis d'or at a sitting? He must be as strong as Hercules; life and spirit in abundance. Before Gad, I don't wonder at these men of quality, that their own wives can't serve them! A Lewis d'or a head! 'tis enough to stock the whole nation with bastards, 'tis, 'faith! Mr. Dugard, I leave you with your sister. [*Exit.*

Dug. Well, sister, I need not ask you how you do, your looks resolve me; fair, tall, well-shaped; you're almost grown out of my remembrance.

Oriana. Why, truly, brother, I look pretty well, thank nature, and my toilet; I eat three meals a day, am very merry when up, and sleep soundly when I'm down.

Dug. But, sister, you remember that upon my going abroad, you would chuse this old gentleman for your guardian; he's no more related to our family, than Prester John, and I have no reason to think you mistrusted my management of your fortune; Therefore, pray be so kind as to tell me, without reservation, the true cause of making such a choice.

Oriana. Lookye, brother, you were going a rambling, and 'twas proper, lest I should go a rambling too, that somebody should take care of me. Old Monsieur Mirabel is an honest gentleman, was our father's friend, and has a young lady in his house, whose company I like, and who has chosen him for her guardian as well as I.

Dug. Who, Mademoiselle Bisarre?

Oriana. The same; we live merrily together, without scandal or reproach; we make much of the old gentleman between us, and he takes care of us; all the week we dance and sing, and upon Sundays, go first to church, and then to the play.—Now, brother, besides these motives for chusing this gentleman for my guardian, perhaps I had some private reasons.

Dug. Not so private as you imagine, sister; your love to young Mirabel's no secret, I can assure you, but so public, that all your friends are ashamed on't.

Oriana. O' my word, then, my friends are very bashful; though I'm afraid, sir, that those people are not ashamed enough at their own crimes, who have so many blushes to spare for the faults of their neighbours.

Dug. Ay, but, sister, the people say——

Oriana. Pshaw! hang the people! they'll talk *treason, and* profane their Maker; must we, therefore,

infer, that our king is a tyrant, and religion a cheat? Lookye, brother, their court of inquiry is a tavern, and their informer, claret: They think as they drink, and swallow reputations like loches; a lady's health goes briskly round with the glass, but her honour is lost in the toast.

Dug. Ay, but sister, there is still something——

Oriana. If there be something, brother, 'tis none of the people's something: Marriage is my thing, and I'll stick to't.

Dug. Marriage! young Mirabel marry! he'll build churches sooner. Take heed, sister, though your honour stood proof to his home-bred assaults, you must keep a stricter guard for the future: He has now got the foreign air, and the Italian softness; his wit's improved by converse, his behaviour finished by observation, and his assurances confirmed by success. Sister, I can assure you, he has made his conquests; and 'tis a plague upon your sex, to be the soonest deceived, by those very men that you know have been false to others.—But then, sister, he's as fickle—

Oriana. For God's sake, brother, tell me no more of his faults, for, if you do, I shall run mad for him: Say no more, sir; let me but get him into the bands of matrimony, I'll spoil his wandering, I warrant him; I'll do his business that way, never fear.

Dug. Well, sister, I won't pretend to understand the engagements between you and your lover; I expect when you have need of my counsel or assistance, you will let me know more of your affairs. Mirabel is a gentleman, and as far as my honour and interest can reach, you may command me, to the furtherance of your happiness: In the mean time, sister, I have a great mind to make you a present of another humble servant; a fellow that I took up at Lyons, who has served me honestly ever since.

Oriana. Then why will you part with him?

Dug. He has gained so insufferably on my good-humour, that he's grown too familiar; but the fellow's cunning, and may be serviceable to you in your affair with Mirabel. Here he comes.

Enter PETIT.

Well, sir, have you been at Rousseau's?

Petit. Yes, sir, and who should I find there but Mr. Mirabel and the captain, hatching as warmly over a tub of ice, as two hen pheasants over a brood—. They would not let me bespeak any thing, for they had dined before I came.

Dug. Come, sir, you shall serve my sister, I shall still continue kind to you; and if your lady recommends your diligence, upon trial, I'll use my interest to advance you.—Wait on your lady home, Petit.

[*Exit.*

Petit. A chair! a chair! a chair!

Oriana. No, no, I'll walk home, 'tis but next door.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Tavern.

YOUNG MIRABEL *and* DURETETE *discovered, rising from Table.*

Y. Mir. Welcome to Paris once more, my dear Captain; we have eat heartily, drank roundly, paid plentifully, and let it go for once. I liked every thing but our women; they looked so lean and tawdry, poor creatures! 'Tis a sure sign the army is not paid. Give me the plump Venetian, brisk, and sanguine, that smiles upon me like the glowing sun, and meets

my lips like sparkling wine, her person, shining as the glass, and spirit, like the foaming liquor.

Dur. Ah, Mirabel, Italy I grant you; but for our women here in France, they are such thin, brawn, fallen jades, a man may as well make a bed-fellow of a cane chair.

Y. Mir. France! A light, unseasoned country, nothing but feathers, foppery, and fashions.—There's nothing on this side the Alps worth my humble service t'ye—Ha, Roma la Santa!—Italy for my money!—their customs, gardens, buildings, paintings, music, policies, wine, and women! the paradise of the world!—not pestered with a parcel of precise, old, gouty fellows, that would debar their children every pleasure, that they themselves are past the sense of;—commend me to the Italian familiarity—"Here, son, there's fifty crowns, go, pay your girl her week's allowance."

Dur. Ay, these are your fathers, for you, that understand the necessities of young men! not like our musty dads, who, because they cannot fish themselves, would muddy the water, and spoil the sport of them that can. But now you talk of the plump, what d'ye think of a Dutch woman?

Y. Mir. A Dutch woman's too compact,—nay, every thing among them is so; a Dutch man is thick, a Dutch woman is squab, a Dutch horse is round, a Dutch dog is short, a Dutch ship is broad bottomed; and, in short, one would swear, that the whole product of the country were cast in the same mould with their cheeses.

Dur. Ay, but Mirabel, you have forgot the English ladies.

Y. Mir. The women of England were excellent, did they not take such unsufferable pains to ruin, what nature has made so incomparably well; they would be delicate creatures indeed, could they but thoroughly arrive at the French mien, or entirely let it alone; for

they only spoil a very good air of their own, by an awkward imitation of ours. But come, Duretete, let us mind the business in hand; Mistresses we must have, and must take up with the manufacture of the place, and upon a competent diligence, we shall find those in Paris shall match the Italians from top to toe.

Dur. Ay, Mirabel, you will do well enough, but what will become of your friend? you know, I am so plaguy bashful! so naturally an ass upon these occasions, that——

Y. Mir. Pshaw! you must be bolder, man! Travel three years, and bring home such a baby as bashfulness! A great lusty fellow, and a soldier; fie upon it!

Dur. Lookye, sir, I can visit, and I can ogle a little, —as thus, or thus now. Then I can kiss abundantly—but if they chance to give me a forbidding look, as some women, you know, have a devilish cast with their eyes—or if they cry, "What do you mean? what d'ye take me for? Fie, sir, remember who I am, sir—A person of quality to be used at this rate!"—'Egad, I'm struck as flat as a fryingpan.

Y. Mir. Words of course! never mind them: Turn you about upon your heel, with a jantée air; hum out the end of an old song; cut a cross caper, and at her again.

Dur. [*Imitates him.*] No, hang it, 'twill never do! —Oons! what did my father mean, by sticking me up in an university, or to think that I should gain any thing by my head, in a nation, whose genius lies all in their heels!—Well, if ever I come to have children of my own, they shall have the education of the country —they shall learn to dance, before they can walk, and be taught to sing, before they can speak.

Y. Mir. Come, come, throw off that childish humour—put on assurance, there's no avoiding it; stand all hazards, thou'rt a stout, lusty fellow, and hast a

good estate;—look bluff, hector, you have a good side-box face, a pretty impudent face; so, that's pretty well. —This fellow went abroad like an ox, and is returned like an ass. [*Aside.*

Dur. Let me see now, how I look. [*Pulls out a Pocket Glass, and looks on it.*] A side-box face, say you!—'Egad, I don't like it, Mirabel! Fie, sir, don't abuse your friends, I could not wear such a face for the best countess in christendom.

Y. Mir. Why can't you, blockhead, as well as I?

Dur. Why, thou hast impudence to set a good face upon any thing; I would change half my gold for half thy brass, with all my heart. Who comes here? Odso, Mirabel, your father!

Enter OLD MIRABEL.

Old Mir. Where's Bob?—dear Bob?

Y. Mir. Your blessing, sir?

Old Mir. My blessing! Damn ye, ye young rogue, why did not you come to see your father first, sirrah? My dear boy, I am heartily glad to see thee, my dear child, 'faith!—Captain Duretete, by the blood of the Mirabels, I'm yours! Well, my lads, ye look bravely, 'faith.—Bob, hast got any money left?

Y. Mir. Not a farthing, sir.

Old Mir. Why, then, I won't gi' thee a souse.

Y. Mir. I did but jest, here's ten pistoles.

Old Mir. Why, then, here's ten more: I love to be charitable to those that don't want it.—Well, and how do you like Italy, my boys?

Y. Mir. O, the garden of the world, sir! Rome, Naples, Venice, Milan, and a thousand others—all fine.

Old Mir. Ay! say you so? And they say, that Chiari is very fine too.

Dur. Indifferent, sir, very indifferent; a very scurvy air, the most unwholesome to a French constitution in the world.

Y. Mir. Pshaw! nothing on't: these rascally gazetteers have misinformed you.

Old Mir. Misinformed me! Oons, sir, were we not beaten there?

Y. Mir. Beaten, sir! we beaten!

Old Mir. Why, how was it, pray, sweet sir?

Y. Mir. Sir, the captain will tell you.

Dur. No, sir, your son will tell you.

Y. Mir. The captain was in the action, sir.

Dur. Your son saw more than I, sir, for he was a looker on.

Old Mir. Confound you both, for a brace of cowards! here are no Germans to overhear you—why don't ye tell me how it was?

Y. Mir. Why, then, you must know, that we marched up a body of the finest, bravest, well dressed fellows in the universe; our commanders at the head of us, all lace and feather, like so many beaux at a ball —I don't believe there was a man of them but could dance a charmer, Morbleau.

Old Mir. Dance! very well, pretty fellows, 'faith!

Y. Mir. We capered up to their very trenches, and there saw, peeping over, a parcel of scare-crow, olive-coloured, gunpowder fellows, as ugly as the devil.

Dur. E'gad, I shall never forget the looks of them, while I have breath to fetch.

Y. Mir. They were so civil, indeed, as to welcome us with their cannon! but for the rest, we found them such unmannerly, rude, unsociable dogs, that we grew tired of their company, and so we e'en danced back again.

Old Mir. And did ye all come back?

Y. Mir. No, two or three thousand of us staid behind.

Old Mir. Why, Bob, why?

Y. Mir. Pshaw! because they could not come that *night.*

Dur. No, sir, because they could not come that night.

Y. Mir. But, come, sir, we were talking of something else; pray, how does your lovely charge, the fair Oriana?

Old Mir. Ripe, sir, just ripe; you'll find it better engaging with her than with the Germans, let me tell you. And what would you say, my young Mars, if I had a Venus for thee too? Come, Bob, your apartment is ready, and pray let your friend be my guest too; you shall command the house between ye, and I'll be as merry as the best of you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

OLD MIRABEL'S *House.*

ORIANA *and* BISARRE.

Bis. And you love this young rake, d'ye?

Oriana. Yes.

Bis. In spite of all his ill usage?

Oriana. I can't help it.

Bis. What's the matter wi' ye?

Oriana. Pshaw!

Bis. Um!—before that any young, lying, swearing, flattering, rakehelly fellow, should play such tricks with me—O, the devil take all your Cassandras and Cleopatras for me.—I warrant now, you'll play the fool when he comes, and say you love him! eh?

Oriana. Most certainly; I can't dissemble, Bisarre; besides, 'tis past that, we're contracted.

Bis. Contracted! alack-a-day, poor thing!—What, you have changed rings, or broken an old broadpiece between you! I would make a fool of any fellow in France. Well, I must confess, I do love a little coquetting, with all my heart! my business should be to break gold with my lover one hour, and crack my promise the next; he should find me one day with a prayer book in my hand, and with a play book another.—He should have my consent to buy the wedding ring, and the next moment would I ask him his name.

Oriana. O, my dear! were there no greater tie upon my heart, than there is upon my conscience, I would soon throw the contract out of doors; but the mischief on't is, I am so fond of being tied, that I'm forced to be just, and the strength of my passion keeps down the inclination of my sex.

Bis. But here's the old gentleman!

Enter OLD MIRABEL.

Old Mir. Where's my wenches?—where's my two little girls? Eh! Have a care,—look to yourselves, 'faith, they're a coming—the travellers are a coming! Well! which of you two will be my daughter-in-law now? Bisarre, Bisarre, what say you, madcap? Mirabel is a pure, wild fellow.

Bis. I like him the worse.

Old Mir. You lie, hussy, you like him the better, indeed you do! What say you, my t'other little filbert, eh?

Oriana. I suppose the gentleman will chuse for himself, sir.

Old Mir. Why, that's discreetly said, and so he shall.

Enter MIRABEL *and* DURETETE; *they salute the Ladies.*

Bob, harkye, you shall marry one of these girls, sirrah!

Y. Mir. Sir, I'll marry them both, if you please.

Bis. [*Aside.*] He'll find that one may serve his turn.

Old Mir. Both! why, you young dog, d'ye banter me?—Come, sir, take your choice.—Duretete, you shall have your choice too, but Robin shall chuse first.—Come, sir, begin. Well! which d'ye like?

Y. Mir. Both.

Old Mir. But which will you marry?

Y. Mir. Neither.

Old Mir. Neither! Don't make me angry now, Bob—pray, don't me angry.—Lookye, sirrah, if I don't dance at your wedding to-morrow, I shall be very glad to cry at your grave.

Y. Mir. That's a bull, father.

Old Mir. A bull! Why, how now, ungrateful sir, did I make thee a man, that thou shouldst make me a beast?

Y. Mir. Your pardon, sir; I only meant your expression.

Old Mir. Harkye, Bob, learn better manners to your father before strangers! I won't be angry this time: But oons, if ever you do't again, you rascal!—remember what I say. [*Exit.*

Y. Mir. Pshaw! what does the old fellow mean by mewing me up here with a couple of green girls?—Come, Duretete, will you go?

Oriana. I hope, Mr. Mirabel, you han't forgot—

Y. Mir. No, no, madam, I han't forgot, I have brought you a thousand little Italian curiosities; I'll assure you, madam, as far as a hundred pistoles would reach, I han't forgot the least circumstance.

Oriana. Sir, you misunderstand me.

Y. Mir. Odso! the relics, madam, from Rome. I

her hand to her mouth, from her mouth to her hea
and so conclude in her bed, categorematice.

Y. Mir. Now the game begins, and my fool is
tered.—But here comes one to spoil my sport; n
shall I be teased to death, with this old-fashioned c
tract! I should love her too, if I might do it my o
way, but she'll do nothing without witnesses, forsoo
I wonder women can be so immodest!

Enter ORIANA.

Well, madam, why d'ye follow me?

Oriana. Well, sir, why do you shun me?

Y. Mir. 'Tis my humour, madam, and I'm natura
swayed by inclination.

Oriana. Have you forgot our contract, sir?

Y. Mir. All I remember of that contract is, tha
was made some three years ago, and that's enough
conscience, to forget the rest on't.

Oriana. 'Tis sufficient, sir, to recollect the pass
of it; for, in that circumstance, I presume, lies
force of the obligation.

Y. Mir. Obligations, madam, that are forced u
the will, are no tie upon the conscience; I wa
slave to my passion, when I passed the instrument,
the recovery of my freedom makes the contract v

Oriana. Come, Mr. Mirabel, these expressions I
pected from the raillery of your humour, but I h
for very different sentiments from your honour
generosity.

Y. Mir. Lookye, madam, as for my generosity,
at your service, with all my heart: I'll keep yc
coach and six horses, if you please, only permit m
keep my honour to myself. Consider, madam,
have no such thing among ye, and 'tis a main p
of policy to keep no faith with reprobates—thou
a pretty little reprobate, and so get thee about thy
siness!

Oriana. Well, sir, even all this I will allow to the gaiety of your temper; your travels have improved your talent of talking, but they are not of force, I hope, to impair your morals.

Y. Mir. Morals! why, there 'tis again now!—I tell thee, child, there is not the least occasion for morals, in any business between you and I. Don't you know that, of all commerce in the world, there is no such cozenage and deceit, as in the traffic between man and woman? we study all our lives long, how to put tricks upon one another.—No fowler lays abroad more nets for his game, nor a hunter for his prey, than you do, to catch poor innocent men.—Why do you sit three or four hours at your toilet in a morning? only with a villanous design to make some poor fellow a fool before night. What d'ye sigh for?—What d'ye weep for?—What d'ye pray for? Why, for a husband: That is, you implore Providence to assist you, in the just, and pious design, of making the wisest of his creatures a fool, and the head of the creation, a slave.

Oriana. Sir, I am proud of my power, and am resolved to use it.

Y. Mir. Hold, hold, madam, not so fast—As you have variety of vanities to make coxcombs of us; so we have vows, oaths, and protestations, of all sorts and sizes, to make fools of you—And this, in short, my dear creature, is our present condition. I have sworn, and lied, briskly, to gain my ends of you; your ladyship has patched and painted violently, to gain your ends of me; but, since we are both disappointed, let us make a drawn battle, and part clear on both sides.

Oriana. With all my heart, sir! give me up my contract, and I'll never see your face again.

Y. Mir. Indeed, I won't, child!

Oriana. What, sir! neither do one nor t'other?

Y. Mir. No, you shall die a maid, unless you please to be otherwise, upon my terms.

Oriana. What do you intend by this, sir?

Y. Mir. Why, to starve you into compliance lookye, you shall never marry any man; and you as good let me do you a kindness as a stranger.

Oriana. Sir, you're a——

Y. Mir. What am I, ma'am?

Oriana. A villain, sir.

Y. Mir. I'm glad on't—I never knew an ho fellow in my life, but was a villain upon these o sions. Han't you drawn yourself, now, into a pretty dilemma? ha! ha! ha! the poor lady made a vow of virginity, when she thought of ma a vow to the contrary. Was ever poor woman cheated into chastity?

Oriana. Sir, my fortune is equal to yours, friends as powerful, and both shall be put to the to do me justice.

Y. Mir. What! you'll force me to marry you, ye?

Oriana. Sir, the law shall.

Y. Mir. But the law can't force me to do any th else, can it?

Oriana. Pshaw, I despise thee—Monster!

Y. Mir. Kiss and be friends, then—Don't cry, cl and you shall have your sugar plumb—Come, dam, d'ye think I could be so unreasonable as make you fast all your life long! No, I did but you shall have your liberty—here, take your contr and give me mine.

Oriana. No, I won't.

Y. Mir. Eh! What, is the girl a fool?

Oriana. No, sir, you shall find me cunning eno to do myself justice; and since I must not depend on your love, I'll be revenged, and force you to n ry me, out of spite.

Y. Mir. Then I'll beat thee out of spite, make a most confounded husband!

Oriana. O, sir, I shall match ye! A good husband makes a good wife at any time.

Y. Mir. I'll rattle down your china about your ears.

Oriana. And I'll rattle about the city, to run you in debt for more.

Y. Mir. I'll tear the furbelow off your clothes, and when you swoon for vexation, you shan't have a penny, to buy a bottle of hartshorn.

Oriana. And you, sir, shall have hartshorn in abundance.

Y. Mir. I'll keep as many mistresses as I have coach horses.

Oriana. And I'll keep as many gallants as you have grooms.

Y. Mir. But, sweet madam, there is such a thing as a divorce!

Oriana. But, sweet sir, there is such a thing as alimony! so divorce on, and spare not. [*Exit.*

Y. Mir. Ay, that separate maintenance is the devil—there's their refuge!—O' my conscience, one would take cuckoldom for a meritorious action, because the women are so handsomely rewarded for it. [*Exit.*

Enter DURETETE *and* PETIT.

Dur. And she's mighty peevish, you say?

Petit. O sir, she has a tongue as long as my leg, and talks so crabbedly, you would think she always spoke Welsh.

Dur. That's an odd language, methinks, for her philosophy.

Petit. But sometimes she will sit you half a day without speaking a word, and talk oracles all the while by the wrinkles of her forehead, and the motions of her eyebrows.

Dur. Nay, I shall match her in philosophical ogles, 'faith!—that's my talent: I can talk best, you must know, when I say nothing.

Petit. But d'ye ever laugh, sir?

Dur. Laugh? Won't she endure laughing?

Petit. Why, she's a critic, sir, she hates a jest, for fear it should please her; and nothing keeps her in humour, but what gives her the spleen.—And then, for logic, and all that, you know——

Dur. Ay, ay, I'm prepared, I have been practising hard words and no sense, this hour, to entertain her.

Petit. Then place yourself behind this screen, that you may have a view of her behaviour before you begin.

Dur. I long to engage her, lest I should forget my lesson.

Petit. Here she comes, sir—I must fly.

[*Exit* PETIT, *and* DURETETE *stands peeping behind the Curtain.*

Enter BISARRE *and* MAID.

Bis. [*With a Book.*] Pshaw! hang books! they sour our temper, spoil our eyes, and ruin our complexions. [*Throws away the Book.*

Dur. Eh? the devil such a word there is in all Aristotle!

Bis. Come, wench, let's be free—call in the fiddle, there's nobody near us.

Dur. 'Would to the Lord there was not!

Bis. Here, friend, a minuet——[*Music.*] Quicker time—ha—'would we had a man or two!

Dur. [*Stealing away.*] You shall have the devil sooner, my dear, dancing philosopher!

Bis. Uds my life!—Here's one!

[*Runs to* DURETETE, *and hales him back.*

Dur. Is all my learned preparation come to this?

Bis. Come, sir, don't be ashamed, that's my good boy—you're very welcome, we wanted such a one—Come, strike up—[*Dance.*] I know you dance well, sir, you're finely shaped for't—Come, come, sir;—quick, quick! you miss the time else.

Dur. But, madam, I come to talk with you.

Bis. Ay, ay, talk as you dance, talk as you dance, —come.

Dur. But we were talking of dialectics—

Bis. Hang dialectics! [*Music.*] Mind the time—— quicker, sirrah!—Come—and how d'ye find yourself now, sir?

Dur. In a fine breathing sweat, Doctor.

Bis. All the better, patient, all the better;—Come, sir, sing now, sing, I know you sing well: I see you have a singing face—a heavy, dull, sonata face.

Dur. Who, I sing?

Bis. O you're modest, sir—but come, sit down closer—closer. Here, a bottle of wine! [*Exit* MAID, *and returns with Wine.*] Come, sir—sing, sir.

Dur. But, madam, I came to talk with you.

Bis. O sir, you shall drink first.—Come, fill me a bumper—here, sir, bless the king!

Dur. 'Would I were out of his dominions!—By this light, she'll make me drunk too!

Bis. O pardon me, sir, you shall do me right—fill it higher.—Now, sir, can you drink a health under your leg?

Dur. Rare philosophy that, 'faith!

Bis. Come, off with it to the bottom!—Now, how d'ye like me, sir?

Dur. O, mighty well, madam!

Bis. You see how a woman's fancy varies! sometimes, splenetic and heavy, then, gay and frolicsome. —And how d'ye like the humour?

Dur. Good madam, let me sit down to answer you, for I am heartily tired.

Bis. Fie upon't! a young man, and tired! up, for shame, and walk about!—Action becomes us—a little faster, sir—What d'ye think now of my Lady La Pale, and Lady Coquet, the duke's fair daughter? Ha! Are they not brisk lasses? Then there is black Mrs. Bellair, and brown Mrs. Bellface!

Dur. They are all strangers to me, madam.

Bis. But let me tell you, sir, that brown is not always despicable—O Lard, sir, if young Mrs. Bagatell had kept herself single till this time o'day, what a beauty there had been! And then, you know, the charming Mrs. Monkeylove, the fair gem of St. Germain's!

Dur. Upon my soul, I don't!

Bis. And then, you must have heard of the English beau, Spleenamore, how unlike a gentleman——

Dur. Hey!—not a syllable on't, as I hope to be saved, madam!

Bis. No! Why, then, play me a jig;—[*Music.*]—Come, sir.

Dur. By this light, I cannot! 'faith, madam, I have sprained my leg!

Bis. Then sit you down, sir;—and now tell me what's your business with me? What's your errand? Quick, quick, despatch!—Odso, may be, you are some gentleman's servant, that has brought me a letter, or a haunch of venison?

Dur. 'Sdeath, madam, do I look like a carrier?

Bis. O, cry you mercy, I saw you just now, I mistook you, upon my word! you are one of the travelling gentlemen—and pray, sir, how do all our impudent friends in Italy?

Dur. Madam, I came to wait on you with a more serious intention than your entertainment has answered.

Bis. Sir, your intention of waiting on me was the greatest affront imaginable, however your expressions may turn it to a compliment: Your visit, sir, was intended as a prologue to a very scurvy play, of which, Mr. Mirabel and you so handsomely laid the plot.—"Marry! No, no, I am a man of more honour."—Where's your honour? Where's your courage now? Ads my life, sir, I have a great mind to kick you!—Go, go to your fellow-rake now, rail at my sex, and get drunk for vexation, and write a lampoon—But I

must have you to know, sir, that my reputation is above the scandal of a libel, my virtue is sufficiently approved to those whose opinion is my interest: and, for the rest, let them talk what they will; for, when I please, I'll be what I please, in spite of you and all mankind; and so, my dear man of honour, if you be tired, con over this lesson, and sit there till I come to you. [*Runs off.*

Dur. Tum ti dum. [*Sings.*] Ha! ha! ha! "Ad's my life, I have a great mind to kick you!"—Oons and confusion! [*Starts up.*] Was ever man so abused! —Ay, Mirabel set me on.

Enter PETIT.

Petit. Well, sir, how d'ye find yourself?

Dur. You son of a nine-eyed whore, d'ye come to abuse me? I'll kick you with a vengeance, you dog!

[PETIT *runs off, and* DURETETE *after him.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

OLD MIRABEL'S *House.*

Enter OLD *and* YOUNG MIRABEL, *meeting.*

Old Mir. Bob, come hither, Bob.

Y. Mir. Your pleasure, sir?

Old Mir. Are not you a great rogue, sirrah?

Y. Mir. That's a little out of my comprehension, sir; for I've heard say, that I resemble my father.

Old Mir. Your father is your very humble slave—I tell thee what, child, thou art a very pretty fellow, and I love thee heartily; and a very great villain, and I hate thee mortally.

Y. Mir. Villain, sir! Then I must be a very impudent one; for I can't recollect any passage of my life that I'm ashamed of.

Old Mir. Come hither, my dear friend; dost see this picture? [*Shows him a little Picture.*

Y. Mir. Oriana's? Pshaw!

Old Mir. What, sir, won't you look upon't?—Bob, dear Bob, pr'ythee come hither now—Dost want any money, child?

Y. Mir. No, sir.

Old Mir. Why, then, here's some for thee:—come here now—How canst thou be so hard-hearted, an unnatural, unmannerly rascal, (don't mistake me, child, I a'n't angry) as to abuse this tender, lovely, good-natured, dear rogue?—Why, she sighs for thee, and cries for thee, pouts for thee, and snubs for thee; the poor little heart of it is like to burst——Come, my dear boy, be goodnatured, like your own father; be now—and then, see here, read this——the effigies of the lovely Oriana, with thirty thousand pound to her portion—thirty thousand pound, you dog! thirty thousand pound, you rogue! how dare you refuse a lady with thirty thousand pound, you impudent rascal?

Y. Mir. Will you hear me speak, sir?

Old Mir. Hear you speak, sir! If you had thirty thousand tongues, you could not out-talk thirty thousand pound, sir.

Y. Mir. Nay, sir, if you won't hear me, I'll begone, sir! I'll take post for Italy this moment.

Old Mir. Ah, the fellow knows I won't part with him! Well, sir, what have you to say?

Y. Mir. The universal reception, sir, that marriage has had in the world, is enough to fix it for a public good, and to draw every body into the common cause; but there are some constitutions, like some instruments, so peculiarly singular, that they make tolerable music by themselves, but never do well in a concert.

Old Mir. Why, this is reason, I must confess, but yet it is nonsense too; for, though you should reason like an angel, if you argue yourself out of a good estate, you talk like a fool.

Y. Mir. But, sir, if you bribe me into bondage with the riches of Crœsus, you leave me but a beggar, for want of my liberty.

Old Mir. Was ever such a perverse fool heard? 'Sdeath, sir! why did I give you education? was it to dispute me out of my senses? Of what colour, now, is the head of this cane? You'll say, 'tis white, and, ten to one, make me believe it too——I thought that young fellows studied to get money.

Y. Mir. No, sir, I have studied to despise it; my reading was not to make me rich, but happy, sir.

Old Mir. There he has me again, now! But, sir, did not I marry to oblige you?

Y. Mir. To oblige me, sir! in what respect, pray?

Old Mir. Why, to bring you into the world, sir; wa'n't that an obligation?

Y. Mir. And, because I would have it still an obligation, I avoid marriage.

Old Mir. How is that, sir?

Y. Mir. Because I would not curse the hour I was born.

Old Mir. Lookye, friend, you may persuade me out of my designs, but I'll command you out of yours; and, though you may convince my reason that you are in the right, yet there is an old attendant of sixty-three, called positiveness, which you, nor all the wits in Italy, shall ever be able to shake: so, sir,

you're a wit, and I'm a father: you may talk, but I'll be obeyed.

Y. Mir. This it is to have the son a finer gentleman than the father; they first give us breeding, that they don't understand; then they turn us out of doors, because we are wiser than themselves. But I'm a little aforehand with the old gentleman. [*Aside.*] Sir, you have been pleased to settle a thousand pound sterling a year upon me; in return of which, I have a very great honour for you and your family, and shall take care that your only and beloved son shall do nothing to make him hate his father, or to hang himself. So, dear sir, I'm your very humble servant. [*Runs off.*

Old Mir. Here, sirrah! rogue! Bob! villain!

Enter DUGARD.

Dug. Ah, sir! 'tis but what he deserves.

Old Mir. 'Tis false, sir! he don't deserve it: what have you to say against my boy, sir?

Dug. I shall only repeat your own words.

Old Mir. What have you to do with my words? I have swallowed my words already; I have eaten them up.—I say, that Bob's an honest fellow, and who dares deny it?

Enter BISARRE.

Bis. That dare I, sir:—I say, that your son is a wild, foppish, whimsical, impertinent coxcomb; and, were I abused, as this gentleman's sister is, I would make it an Italian quarrel, and poison the whole family.

Dug. Come, sir, 'tis no time for trifling: my sister is abused; you are made sensible of the affront, and your honour is concerned to see her redressed.

Old Mir. Lookye, Mr. Dugard, good words go farthest. I will do your sister justice, but it must be after my own rate; nobody must abuse my son but

myself; for, although Robin be a sad dog, yet he's nobody's puppy but my own.

Bis. Ay, that's my sweet-natured, kind, old gentleman—[*Wheedling him.*] We will be good, then, if you'll join with us in the plot.

Old Mir. Ah, you coaxing young baggage! what plot can you have to wheedle a fellow of sixty-three?

Bis. A plot that sixty-three is only good for; to bring other people together, sir. You must act the Spaniard, because your son will least suspect you; and, if he should, your authority protects you from a quarrel, to which Oriana is unwilling to expose her brother.

Old Mir. And what part will you act in the business, madam?

Bis. Myself, sir; my friend is grown a perfect changeling: these foolish hearts of ours spoil our heads presently; the fellows no sooner turn knaves, but we turn fools: but I am still myself, and he may expect the most severe usage from me, because I neither love him, nor hate him. [*Exit.*

Old Mir. Well said, Mrs. Paradox! but, sir, who must open the matter to him?

Dug. Petit, sir; who is our engineer general; and here he comes.

Enter PETIT.

Petit. O, sir, more discoveries! are all friends about us?

Dug. Ay, ay, speak freely.

Petit. You must know, sir,——od's my life, I'm out of breath! you must know, sir,—you must know—

Old Mir. What the devil must we know, sir?

Petit. That I have [*Pants and blows.*] bribed, sir, bribed—your son's secretary of state.

Old Mir. Secretary of state!—who's that, for Heaven's sake?

Petit. His valet de chambre, sir? You must know, sir, that the intrigue lay folded up in his master's clothes; and, when he went to dust the embroidered suit, the secret flew out of the right pocket of his coat, in a whole swarm of your crambo songs, short-footed odes, and long-legged pindarics.

Old Mir. Impossible!

Petit. Ah, sir, he has loved her all along; there was Oriana in every line, but he hates marriage. Now, sir, this plot will stir up his jealousy, and we shall know, by the strength of that, how to proceed farther.

Come, sir, let's about it with speed:
'Tis expedition gives our king the sway;
For expedition to the French give way;
Swift to attack, or swift—to run away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter YOUNG MIRABEL *and* BISARRE, *passing carelessly by one another.*

Bis. [*Aside.*] I wonder what she can see in this fellow, to like him?

Y. Mir. [*Aside.*] I wonder what my friend can see in this girl, to admire her?

Bis. [*Aside.*] A wild, foppish, extravagant, rake-hell!

Mir. [*Aside.*] A light, whimsical, impertinent, madcap!

Bis. Whom do you mean, sir?

Y. Mir. Whom do you mean, madam?

Bis. A fellow, that has nothing left to re-establish him for a human creature, but a prudent resolution to hang himself!

Y. Mir. There is a way, madam, to force me to that resolution.

Bis. I'll do it, with all my heart.

Y. Mir. Then you must marry me.

Bis. Lookye, sir, don't think your ill manners to

me, shall excuse your ill usage of my friend; nor, by fixing a quarrel here, to divert my zeal for the absent; for I'm resolved, nay, I come prepared, to make you a panegyric, that shall mortify your pride, like any modern dedication.

Y. Mir. And I, madam, like a true modern patron, shall hardly give you thanks for your trouble.

Bis. Come, sir, to let you see what little foundation you have for your dear sufficiency, I'll take you to pieces.

Y. Mir. And what piece will you chuse?

Bis. Your heart, to be sure; because I should get presently rid on't: your courage I would give to a Hector, your wit to a lewd playmaker, your honour to an attorney, your body to the physicians, and your soul to its master.

Y. Mir. I had the oddest dream last night of the Duchess of Burgundy; methought the furbelows of her gown were pinned up so high behind, that I could not see her head for her tail.

Bis. The creature don't mind me! do you think, sir, that your humorous impertinence can divert me? No, sir, I'm above any pleasure that you can give, but that of seeing you miserable. And mark me, sir, my friend, my injured friend, shall yet be doubly happy, and you shall be a husband, as much as the rites of marriage, and the breach of them, can make you.

[*Here* MIRABEL *pulls out a Virgil, and reads to himself, while she speaks.*

Mir. [Reading.] *At Regina dolos, (quis fallere possit amantem?)*
Dissimulare etiam sperásti, perfide tantum—

Very true.

Posse nefas.

By your favour, friend Virgil, 'twas but a rascally trick of your hero, to forsake poor pug so inhumanly.

Bis. I don't know what to say to him. The devil ——what's Virgil to us, sir?

Mir. Very much, madam; the most apropos in the world—for, what should I chop upon, but the very place where the perjured rogue of a lover, and the forsaken lady, are battling it tooth and nail! Come, madam, spend your spirits no longer; we'll take an easier method: I'll be Æneas now, and you shall be Dido, and we'll rail by book. Now for you, Madam Dido:

Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam,
Nec Meritura tenet crudeli funere Dido——

Ah, poor Dido! [*Looking at her.*

Bis. Rudeness! affronts! impatience! I could almost start out, even to manhood, and want but a weapon, as long as his, to fight him upon the spot. What shall I say?

Mir. Now she rants.

Quæ quibus anteferam? jam jam nec Maxima Juno.

Bis. A man! No, the woman's birth was spirited away.

Mir. Right, right, madam, the very words.

Bis. And some pernicious elf left in the cradle, with human shape, to palliate growing mischief.

[*Both speak together, and raise their Voices by Degrees.*

Mir. *Perfide, sed duris genuit te Cautibus horrens*
Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admorunt Ubera Tigres.

Bis. Go, sir, fly to your midnight revels——

Mir. Excellent!

I sequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas,
Spero equidem mediis, si quid pia Numina possunt.
[Together again.

Bis. Converse with imps of darkness of your make; your nature starts at justice, and shivers at the touch of virtue.—Now, the devil take his impudence! He vexes me so, I don't know whether to cry or laugh at him.

Mir. Bravely performed, my dear Libyan! I'll write the tragedy of Dido, and you shall act the part; but you do nothing at all, unless you fret yourself into a fit; for here the poor lady is stifled with vapours, drops into the arms of her maids, and the cruel, barbarous, deceitful, wanderer, is, in the very next line, called pious Æneas.—There's authority for ye.

Sorry indeed Æneas stood,
To see her in a pout;
But Jove himself, who ne'er thought good
To stay a second bout,
Commands him off, with all his crew,
And leaves poor Dy, as I leave you. [*Runs off.*

Bis. Go thy ways, for a dear, mad, deceitful, agreeable fellow! O' my conscience, I must excuse Oriana.

That lover soon his angry fair disarms,
Whose slighting pleases, and whose faults are charms.
[*Exit.*

Enter PETIT; *runs about to every Door, and knocks.*

Petit. Mr. Mirabel! Sir, where are you? no where to be found?

Enter YOUNG MIRABEL.

Y. Mir. What's the matter, Petit?

Petit. Most critically met!—Ah, sir, that one who has followed the game so long, and brought the poor hare just under his paws, should let a mungrel cur chop in, and run away with the puss!

Y. Mir. If your worship can get out of your allegories, be pleased to tell me, in three words, what you mean.

Petit. Plain, plain, sir! Your mistress and mine is going to be married!

Y. Mir. I believe you lie, sir.

Petit. Your humble servant, sir. [*Going.*

Y. Mir. Come hither, Petit. Married, say you?

Petit. No, sir, 'tis no matter: I only thought to do you a service; but I shall take care how I confer my favours for the future.

Y. Mir. Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons.

[*Bowing low.*

Petit. 'Tis enough, sir.—I come to tell you, sir, that Oriana is this moment to be sacrificed; married past redemption!

Y. Mir. I understand her; she'll take a husband, out of spite to me, and then, out of love to me, she will make him a cuckold! But who is the happy man?

Petit. A lord, sir.

Y. Mir. I'm her ladyship's most humble servant. Now must I be a constant attender at my lord's levee, to work my way to my lady's couchee——A countess, I presume, sir——

Petit. A Spanish count, sir, that Mr. Dugard knew abroad, is come to Paris, saw your mistress yesterday, marries her to-day, and whips her into Spain to-morrow.

Y. Mir. Ay, is it so? and must I follow my cuckold over the Pyrenees? Had she married within the precincts of a billet-doux, I would be the man to lead her to church; but, as it happens, I'll forbid the banns? Where is this mighty don?

Petit. Have a care, sir; he's a rough cross-grained

piece, and there's no tampering with him. Would you apply to Mr. Dugard, or the lady herself, something might be done, for it is in despite to you, that the business is carried so hastily. Odso, sir, here he comes! I must be gone. [*Exit.*

Enter OLD MIRABEL, *dressed in a Spanish Habit, leading* ORIANA.

Oriana. Good my lord, a nobler choice had better suited your lordship's merit. My person, rank, and circumstance, expose me as the public theme of raillery, and subject me so to injurious usage, my lord, that I can lay no claim to any part of your regard, except your pity.

Old Mir. Breathes he vital air, that dares presume,
With rude behaviour, to profane such excellence?
Show me the man———
And you shall see how my sudden revenge
Shall fall upon the head of such presumption.
Is this thing one?

[*Strutting up to* YOUNG MIRABEL.

Y. Mir. Sir!

Oriana. Good my lord.

Old Mir. If he, or any he!

Oriana. Pray, my lord, the gentleman's a stranger.

Old Mir. O, your pardon, sir,—but if you had—remember, sir,—the lady now is mine, her injuries are mine; therefore, sir, you understand me——Come, madam.

[*Leads* ORIANA *to the Door; she goes off;* YOUNG MIRABEL *runs to his Father, and pulls him by the Sleeve.*

Y. Mir. *Ecoute, Monsieur le Count.*

Old Mir. Your business, sir?

Y. Mir. Boh!

Old Mir. Boh! what language is that, sir?

Y. Mir. Spanish, my lord.

Old Mir. What d'ye mean?

Y. Mir. This, sir. [*Trips up his Heels.*

Old Mir. A very concise quarrel, truly——I'll bully him.—*Trinidade Seigneur*, give me fair play. [*Offering to rise.*

Y. Mir. By all means, sir. [*Takes away his Sword.*] Now, seigneur, where's that bombast look, and fustian face, your countship wore just now? [*Strikes him.*

Old Mir. The rogue quarrels well, very well; my own son right!—But hold, sirrah, no more jesting; I'm your father, sir! your father!

Y. Mir. My father! Then, by this light, I could find in my heart to pay thee. [*Aside.*] Is the fellow mad? Why, sure, sir, I han't frighted you out of your senses?

Old Mir. But you have, sir!

Y. Mir. Then I'll beat them into you again. [*Offers to strike him.*

Old Mir. Why, rogue!—Bob! dear Bob! don't you know me, child?

Y. Mir. Ha! ha! ha! the fellow's downright distracted! Thou miracle of impudence! wouldst thou make me believe, that such a grave gentleman as my father would go a masquerading thus? That a person of threescore and three would run about, in a fool's coat, to disgrace himself and family? why, you impudent villain, do you think I will suffer such an affront to pass upon my honoured father, my worthy father, my dear father? 'Sdeath, sir! mention my father but once again, and I'll send your soul to thy grandfather this minute! [*Offering to stab him.*

Old Mir. Well, well, I am not your father.

Y. Mir. Why, then, sir, you are the saucy, hectoring Spaniard, and I'll use you accordingly.

Enter DUGARD, ORIANA, MAID, *and* PETIT. DUGARD *runs to* YOUNG MIRABEL, *the rest to the Old Gentleman.*

Dug. Fie, fie, Mirabel! murder your father!

Y. Mir. My father? What, is the whole family mad? Give me way, sir, I won't be held.

Old Mir. No? nor I neither; let me begone, pray. [*Offering to go.*

Y. Mir. My father!

Old Mir. Ay, you dog's face! I am your father, for I have borne as much for thee, as your mother ever did.

Y. Mir. O ho! then this was a trick, it seems, a design, a contrivance, a stratagem!—Oh, how my bones ache!

Old Mir. Your bones, sirrah! why yours?

Y. Mir. Why sir, han't I been been beating my own flesh and blood all this while? O, madam, [*To* ORIANA.] I wish your ladyship joy of your new dignity. Here was a contrivance indeed!

Oriana. Pray, sir, don't insult the misfortunes of your own creating.

Dug. My prudence will be counted cowardice, if I stand tamely now.—[*Comes up between* YOUNG MIRABEL *and his Sister.*] Well, sir!

Y. Mir. Well, sir! Do you take me for one of your tenants, sir, that you put on your landlord's face at me?

Dug. On what presumption, sir, dare you assume thus? [*Draws.*

Old Mir. What's that to you, sir? [*Draws.*

Petit. Help! help! the lady faints! [ORIANA *falls into her Maid's Arms.*

Y. Mir. Vapours! vapours! she'll come to herself: If it be an angry fit, a dram of assa fœtida—If jealousy, hartshorn in water—if the mother, burnt feathers—If grief, ratafia—If it be straight stays, or corns, there's nothing like a dram of plain brandy. [*Exit.*

Oriana. Hold off, give me air——O, my brother! would you preserve my life, endanger not your own; would you defend my reputation, leave it to itself;

'tis a dear vindication that's purchased by the sword; for, though our champion proves victorious, yet our honour is wounded.

Old Mir. Ay, and your lover may be wounded, that's another thing. But I think you are pretty brisk again, my child.

Oriana. Ay, sir, my indisposition was only a pretence to divert the quarrel; the capricious taste of your sex, excuses this artifice in ours. [*Exit.*

Petit. Come, Mr. Dugard, take courage; there is a way still left to fetch him again.

Old Mir. Sir, I'll have no plot that has any relation to Spain.

Dug. I scorn all artifice whatsoever; my sword shall do her justice.

Petit. Pretty justice, truly! Suppose you run him through the body, you run her through the heart at the same time.

Old Mir. And me through the head—rot your sword, sir, we'll have plots! Come, Petit, let's hear.

Petit. What if she pretended to go into a nunnery, and so bring him about to declare himself?

Dug. That, I must confess, has a face.

Old Mir. A face! a face like an angel, sir! Ad's my life, sir, 'tis the most beautiful plot in Christendom! We'll about it immediately. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

OLD MIRABEL'S *House.*

Enter OLD MIRABEL *and* DUGARD.

Dug. The Lady Abbess is my relation, and privy to the plot.

Old Mir. Ay, ay, this nunnery will bring him about, I warrant ye.

Enter DURETETE.

Dur. Here, where are ye all?—O, Mr. Mirabel! you have done fine things for your posterity—And you, Mr. Dugard, may come to answer this—I come to demand my friend at your hands; restore him, sir, or—— [*To* OLD MIRABEL.

Old Mir. Restore him! What, d'ye think I have got him in my trunk, or my pocket?

Dur. Sir, he's mad, and you are the cause on't.

Old Mir. That may be; for I was as mad as he when I begot him.

Dug. Mad, sir! What d'ye mean?

Dur. What do you mean, sir, by shutting up your sister, yonder, to talk like a parrot through a cage? or a decoy-duck, to draw others into the snare? Your son, sir, because she has deserted him, he has forsaken the world; and, in three words, has——

Old Mir. Hanged himself!

Dur. The very same—turned friar!

Old Mir. You lie, sir! 'tis ten times worse. Bob turned friar!—Why should the fellow shave his foolish crown, when the same razor may cut his throat?

Dur. If you have any command, or you any interest over him, lose not a minute: He has thrown himself into the next monastery, and has ordered me to pay off his servants, and discharge his equipage.

Old Mir. Let me alone to ferret him out: I'll sacrifice the Abbot, if he receives him; I'll try whether the spiritual or the natural father has the most right to the child.—But, dear Captain, what has he done with his estate?

Dur. Settled it upon the church, sir.

Old Mir. The church! Nay, then the devil won't get him out of their clutches——Ten thousand livres a year upon the church!—'Tis downright sacrilege—Come, gentlemen, all hands to work: for half that sum, one of these monasteries shall protect you a traitor from the law, a rebellious wife from her husband, and a disobedient son from his own father.

[*Exit.*

Dug. But will ye persuade me that he's gone to a monastery?

Dur. Is your sister gone to the Filles Repenties? I tell you, sir, she's not fit for the society of repenting maids.

Dug. Why so, sir?

Dur. Because she's neither one nor t'other; she's too old to be a maid, and too young to repent.

[*Exit*—DUGARD *after him.*

SCENE II.

The Inside of a Monastery.

Enter ORIANA, *in a Nun's Habit, and* BISARRE.

Oriana. I hope, Bisarre, there is no harm in jesting with this religious habit.

Bis. To me, the greatest jest in the habit, is taking it in earnest.

Oriana. But I'm reconciled, methinks, to the mortification of a nunnery; because I fancy the habit becomes me.

Bis. A well-contrived mortification, truly, that makes a woman look ten times handsomer than she did before!—Ay, my dear, were there any religion in becoming dress, our sex's devotion were rightly placed; for our toilets would do the work of the altar; we should all be canonized.

Oriana. But don't you think there is a great deal of merit in dedicating a beautiful face and person to the service of religion?

Bis. Not half so much as devoting them to a pretty fellow. Come, come, mind your business. Mirabel loves you, 'tis now plain, and hold him to't; give fresh orders that he shan't see you: we get more by hiding our faces, sometimes, than by exposing them; a very mask, you see, whets desire; but a pair of keen eyes, through an iron grate, fire double upon them, with view and disguise. But I must begone upon my affairs; I have brought my captain about again.

Oriana. But why will you trouble yourself with that coxcomb?

Bis. Because he is a coxcomb: had I not better have a lover like him, that I can make an ass of, than a lover like yours, to make a fool of me. [*Knocking below.*] A message from Mirabel, I'll lay my life! [*She runs to the Door.*] Come hither! run, thou charming nun, come hither!

Oriana. What's the news? [*Runs to her.*

Bis. Don't you see who's below?

Oriana. I see nobody but a friar.

Bis. Ah, thou poor blind Cupid! A friar! Don't you see a villanous genteel mien, under that cloak of hypocrisy?

Oriana. As I live, Mirabel turned friar! I hope, in Heaven, he's not in earnest.

Bis. In earnest! Ha! ha! ha! are you in earnest? Remember what I say, if you would yield to advantage, and hold out the attack; to draw him on, keep him off, to be sure.

The cunning gamesters never gain too fast,
But lose at first, to win the more at last. [*Exit.*

Enter YOUNG MIRABEL, *in a Friar's Habit.*

Y. Mir. 'Save you, sister—Your brother, young lady, having a regard for your soul's health, has sent me to prepare you for the sacred habit, by confession.

Oriana. My brother's care I own; and to you, sacred sir, I confess, that the great crying sin, which I have long indulged, and now prepare to expiate, was love. My morning thoughts, my evening prayers, my daily musings, nightly cares, was love!

Y. Mir. She's downright stark mad in earnest! Death and confusion, I have lost her! [*Aside.*]—You confess your fault, madam, in such moving terms, that I could almost be in love with the sin.

Oriana. Take care, sir; crimes, like virtues, are their own rewards; my chief delight became my only grief; he, in whose breast I thought my heart secure, turned robber, and despoiled the treasure that he kept.

Y. Mir. Perhaps that treasure he esteemed so much, that, like the miser, though afraid to use it, he reserves it safe.

Oriana. No, holy father: who can be miser in another's wealth, that's prodigal of his own? His heart was open, shared to all he knew, and what, alas! must then become of mine! But the same eyes, that drew this passion in, shall send it out in tears, to which now hear my vow——

Y. Mir. [*Discovering himself.*] No, my fair angel! Here, on my knees, behold the criminal, that vows repentance his. [*Kneels.*] Ha! no concern upon her!

Enter OLD MIRABEL.

Old Mir. Where, where's this counterfeit nun?

Oriana. Madness! confusion! I'm ruined!

Y. Mir. What do I hear? [*Puts on his Hood.*] What did you say, sir?

Old Mir. I say she's a counterfeit, and you may be another, for aught I know, sir: I have lost my child by these tricks, sir.

Y. Mir. What tricks, sir?

Old Mir. By a pretended trick, sir. A contrivance to bring my son to reason, and it has made him stark mad; I have lost him, and a thousand pound a year.

Y. Mir. [*Discovering himself.*] My dear father, I'm your most humble servant.

Old Mir. My dear boy! [*Runs and kisses him.*]—Welcome, *ex inferis*, my dear boy! 'tis all a trick, she's no more a nun than I am.

Y. Mir. No!

Old Mir. The devil a bit.

Y. Mir. Then kiss me again, my dear dad, for the most happy news—And now, most venerable holy sister, [*Kneels.*

Your mercy and your pardon I implore,
For the offence of asking it before.

Lookye, my dear counterfeiting nun, take my advice, be a nun in good earnest; women make the best nuns always, when they can't do otherwise.

Oriana. O, sir! how unhappily have you destroyed what was so near perfection! He is the counterfeit, that has deceived you.

Old Mir. Ha! Lookye, sir, I recant; she is a nun.

Y. Mir. Sir, your humble servant; then I'm a friar this moment.

Old Mir. Was ever an old fool so bantered by a brace o' young ones! Hang you both! you're both counterfeits, and my plot's spoiled, that's all.

Oriana. Shame and confusion, love, anger, and disappointment, will work my brain to madness! [*Takes off her Habit—Exit.*

Y. Mir. Ay, ay, throw by the rags; they have served a turn for us both, and they shall e'en go off together. [*Takes off his Habit.*

[*Exit, throwing away the Habit.*

SCENE III.

OLD MIRABEL'S *House.*

Enter DURETETE, *with a Letter.*

Dur. [Reads.] *My rudeness was only a proof of your humour, which I have found so agreeable, that I own*

myself penitent, and willing to make any reparation upon your first appearance to BISARRE.

Mirabel swears she loves me, and this confirms it: then farewell gallantry, and welcome revenge! 'Tis my turn now to be upon the sublime; I'll take her off, I warrant her!

Enter BISARRE.

Well, mistress, do you love me?

Bis. I hope, sir, you will pardon the modesty of——

Dur. Of what? of a dancing devil!—Do you love me, I say?

Bis. Perhaps I——

Dur. What?

Bis. Perhaps I do not.

Dur. Ha! abused again! Death, woman, I'll——

Bis. Hold, hold, sir! I do, do!

Dur. Confirm it, then, by your obedience; stand there, and ogle me now, as if your heart, blood, and soul, were like to fly out at your eyes—First, the direct surprise. [*She looks full upon him.*] Right; next, the *deux yeux par oblique.* [*She gives him the side Glance.*] Right; now depart, and languish. [*She turns from him, and looks over her Shoulder.*] Very well; now sigh. [*She sighs.*] Now drop your fan on purpose. [*She drops her Fan.*] Now take it up again. Come now, confess your faults; are not you a proud—say after me.

Bis. Proud.

Dur. Impertinent.

Bis. Impertinent.

Dur. Ridiculous.

Bis. Ridiculous.

Dur. Flirt.

Bis. Puppy.

Dur. Zoons! Woman, don't provoke me; we are alone, and you don't know but the devil may tempt

me to do you a mischief; ask my pardon immediately.

Bis. I do, sir; I only mistook the word.

Dur. Cry, then. Have you got e'er a handkerchief?

Bis. Yes, sir.

Dur. Cry, then, handsomely; cry like a queen in a tragedy. [*She pretending to cry, bursts out a laughing.*

Enter Two LADIES, *laughing.*

Bis. Ha! ha! ha!

Both Ladies. Ha! ha! ha!

Dur. Hell broke loose upon me, and all the furies fluttered about my ears! Betrayed again?

Bis. That you are, upon my word, my dear Captain; ha! ha! ha!

Dur. The Lord deliver me!

1 *Lady.* What! is this the mighty man, with the bull-face, that comes to frighten ladies?

Dur. Ah, madam, I'm the best natured fellow in the world.

Bis. A man! we're mistaken; a man has manners: the awkward creature is some tinker's trull, in a periwig. Come, ladies, let us examine him.

[*They lay hold on him.*

Dur. Examine! the devil you will!

Bis. I'll lay my life, some great dairy maid in man's clothes!

Dur. They will do't;—lookye, dear christian women! pray hear me.

Bis. Will you ever attempt a lady's honour again?

Dur. If you please to let me get away with my honour, I'll do any thing in the world.

Bis. Will you persuade your friend to marry mine?

Dur. O yes, to be sure.

Bis. And will you do the same by me?

Dur. Burn me if I do, if the coast be clear.

[*Runs out.*

Bis. Ha! ha! ha! The visit, ladies, was critical for our diversions: we'll go make an end of our tea.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter YOUNG MIRABEL *and* OLD MIRABEL.

Y. Mir. Your patience, sir. I tell you, I won't marry; and, though you send all the bishops in France to persuade me, I shall never believe their doctrine against their practice. You would compel me to that state, which I have heard you curse yourself, when my mother and you have battled it for a whole week together.

Old Mir. Never but once, you rogue, and that was when she longed for six Flanders mares: ay, sir, then she was breeding of you, which showed what an expensive dog I should have of you.

Enter PETIT.

Well, Petit, how does she now?

Petit. Mad, sir, *con pompos*—Ay, Mr. Mirabel, you'll believe that I speak truth, now, when I confess that I have told you hitherto nothing but lies: our jesting is come to a sad earnest; she's downright distracted!

Enter BISARRE.

Bis. Where is this mighty victor!——The great exploit is done. O, sir, [*To the old Gentleman.*] your wretched ward has found a tender guardian of you, where her young innocence expected protection, here has she found her ruin.

Old Mir. Ay, the fault is mine; for I believe that rogue won't marry, for fear of begetting such another disobedient son as his father did. I have done all I can, madam, and now can do no more than run mad for company. [*Cries.*

Enter DUGARD, *with his Sword drawn.*

Dug. Away! Revenge! Revenge!

Old Mir. Patience! Patience, sir! [OLD MIRABEL *holds him.*] Bob, draw. [*Aside.*

Dug. Patience! the coward's virtue, and the brave man's failing, when thus provoked—Villain!

Y. Mir. Your sister's phrensy shall excuse your madness; and, to show my concern for what she suffers, I'll bear the villain from her brother.—Put up your anger with your sword; I have a heart like yours, that swells at an affront received, but melts at an injury given; and, if the lovely Oriana's grief be such a moving scene, 'twill find a part within this breast, perhaps as tender as a brother's.

Dug. To prove that soft compassion for her grief, endeavour to remove it.—There, there, behold an object that's infective; I cannot view her, but I am as mad as she!

Enter ORIANA, *held by Two Maids, who put her in a Chair.*

A sister, that my dying parents left, with their last words and blessing, to my care. Sister, dearest sister! [*Goes to her.*

Old Mir. Ay, poor child, poor child, d'ye know me?

Oriana. You! you are Amadis de Gaul, sir.—Oh! oh, my heart! Were you never in love, fair lady? And do you never dream of flowers and gardens?—I dream of walking fires, and tall gigantic sights. Take heed, it comes now—What's that? Pray stand away: I have seen that face, sure.—How light my head is!

Y. Mir. What piercing charms has beauty, even in madness!

Oriana. I cannot; for I must be up to go to church, and I must dress me, put on my new gown, and be so fine, to meet my love. Heigho!—Will not you tell me where my heart lies buried?

Y. Mir. My very soul is touch'd—Your hand, my *fair!*

Oriana. How soft and gentle you feel! I'll tell you your fortune, friend.

Y. Mir. How she stares upon me!

Oriana. You have a flattering face; but 'tis a fine one—I warrant you have five hundred mistresses—Ay, to be sure, a mistress for every guinea in his pocket—Will you pray for me? I shall die to-morrow——And will you ring my passing bell?

Y. Mir. Do you know me, injured creature?

Oriana. No,—but you shall be my intimate acquaintance—in the grave. [*Weeps.*

Y. Mir. Oh, tears! I must believe you; sure there's a kind of sympathy in madness; for even I, obdurate as I am, do feel my soul so tossed with storms of passion, that I could cry for help as well as she. [*Wipes his Eyes.*

Oriana. What, have you lost your lover? No, you mock me; I'll go home and pray.

Y. Mir. Stay, my fair innocence, and hear me own my love so loud, that I may call your senses to their place, restore them to their charming happy functions, and reinstate myself into your favour.

Bis. Let her alone, sir; 'tis all too late: she trembles; hold her, her fits grow stronger by her talking; don't trouble her, she don't know you, sir.

Old Mir. Not know him! what then? she loves to see him for all that.

Enter DURETETE.

Dur. Where are you all? What the devil! melancholy, and I here! Are ye sad, and such a ridiculous subject, such a very good jest among you as I am?

Y. Mir. Away with this impertinence; this is no place for bagatelle; I have murdered my honour, destroyed a lady, and my desire of reparation is come at length too late. See there!

Dur. What ails her?

Y. Mir. Alas, she's mad!

Dur. Mad! dost wonder at that? By this light, they're all so; they're cozening mad; they're brawling mad; they're proud mad: I just now came from a whole world of mad women, that had almost—What, is she dead?

Y. Mir. Dead! Heavens forbid.

Dur. Heavens further it; for, till they be as cold as a key, there's no trusting them; you're never sure that a woman's in earnest, till she is nailed in her coffin. Shall I talk to her? Are you mad, mistress?

Bis. What's that to you, sir?

Dur. Oons, madam, are you there? [*Runs off.*

Y. Mir. Away, thou wild buffoon! How poor and mean this humour now appears? His follies and my own I here disclaim; this lady's phrensy has restored my senses, and, was she perfect now, as once she was, (before you all I speak it) she should be mine; and, as she is, my tears and prayers shall wed her.

Dug. How happy had this declaration been some hours ago!

Bis. Sir, she beckons to you, and waves us to go off: come, come, let's leave them.

[*Exeunt all but* YOUNG MIRABEL *and* ORIANA.

Oriana. Oh, sir!

Y. Mir. Speak, my charming angel, if your dear senses have regained their order; speak, fair, and bless me with the news.

Oriana. First, let me bless the cunning of my sex, that happy counterfeited phrensy that has restored to my poor labouring breast the dearest, best beloved of men.

Y. Mir. Tune all, ye spheres, your instruments of joy, and carry round your spacious orbs the happy sound of Oriana's health; her soul, whose harmony was next to yours, is now in tune again; the counterfeiting fair has played the fool!

She was so mad, to counterfeit for me;
I was so mad, to pawn my liberty:
But now we both are well, and both are free.

Oriana. How, sir? Free!

Y. Mir. As air, my dear bedlamite! What, marry a lunatic! Lookye, my dear, you have counterfeited madness so very well this bout, that you'll be apt to play the fool all your life long.——Here, gentlemen!

Oriana. Monster! you won't disgrace me!

Y. Mir. O' my faith, but I will. Here, come in gentlemen.—A miracle! a miracle! the woman's dispossess'd! the devil's vanished!

Enter OLD MIRABEL *and* DUGARD.

Old Mir. Bless us! was she possessed?

Y. Mir. With the worst of demons, sir! a marriage devil! a horrid devil! Mr. Dugard, don't be surprised. I promised my endeavours to cure your sister; no mad doctor in Christendom could have done it more effectually. Take her into your charge; and have a care she don't relapse. If she should, employ me not again, for I am no more infallible than others of the faculty; I do cure sometimes.

Oriana. Your remedy, most barbarous man, will prove the greatest poison to my health; for, though my former phrensy was but counterfeit, I now shall run into a real madness.

[*Exit;* OLD MIRABEL *after.*

Y. Mir. What a dangerous precipice have I 'scap'd! Was not I just now upon the brink of destruction?

Enter DURETETE.

Oh, my friend, let me run into thy bosom! no lark

escaped from the devouring pounces of a hawk, quakes with more dismal apprehension.

Dur. The matter, man!

Y. Mir. Marriage! hanging! I was just at the gallows foot, the running noose about my neck, and the cart wheeling from me.—Oh, I shan't be myself this month again!

Dur. Did not I tell you so? They are all alike, saints or devils!

Y. Mir. Ay, ay: there's no living here with security; this house is so full of stratagem and design, that I must abroad again.

Dur. With all my heart; I'll bear thee company, my lad: I'll meet you at the play; and we'll set out for Italy to-morrow morning.

Y. Mir. A match; I'll go pay my compliment of leave to my father presently.

Dur. I'm afraid he'll stop you.

Y. Mir. What, pretend a command over me, after his settlement of a thousand pound a year upon me! No, no, he has passed away his authority with the conveyance; the will of the living father is chiefly obeyed for the sake of the dying one.

Dependence, ev'n a father's sway secures,
For, though the son rebels, the heir is yours.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Street before the Playhouse.

MIRABEL *and* DURETETE, *as coming from the Play.*

Dur. How d'ye like this play?

Y. Mir. I liked the company;—the lady, the rich beauty, in the front box, had my attention: These impudent poets bring the ladies together to support them, and to kill every body else.

For deaths upon the stage, the ladies cry,
But ne'er mind us, that in the audience die:
The poet's hero should not move their pain,
But they should weep for those their eyes have slain.

Dur. Hoyty, toyty! did Phillis inspire you with all this?

Y. Mir. Ten times more; the playhouse is the element of poetry, because the region of beauty; the ladies, methinks, have a more inspiring, triumphant air in the boxes than any where else—they sit, commanding on their thrones, with all their subject slaves about them;—Their best clothes, best looks, shining jewels, sparkling eyes; the treasure of the world in a ring.—I could wish that my whole life long, were the first night of a new play.

Dug. The fellow has quite forgot this journey;—have you bespoke post horses?

Y. Mir. Grant me but three days, dear Captain, one to discover the lady, one to unfold myself, and one to make me happy, and then I'm yours to the world's end.

Dur. Hast thou the impudence to promise thyself a lady of her figure and quality in so short a time?

Y. Mir. Yes, sir; I have a confident address, no disagreeable person, and five hundred Lewis d'ors in my pocket.

Dur. Five hundred Lewis d'ors! you an't mad!

Y. Mir. I tell you, she's worth five thousand; one of her black, brilliant eyes, is worth a diamond as big as her head.

Dur. But you have owned to me, that, abating Oriana's pretensions to marriage, you loved her passionately; then how can you wander at this rate?

Y. Mir. I longed for a partridge t'other day, off the king's plate, but d'ye think, because I could not have it, I must eat nothing?

Enter ORIANA, *in Boy's Clothes, with a Letter.*

Oriana. Is your name Mirabel, sir?

Y. Mir. Yes, sir.

Oriana. A letter from your uncle, in Picardy.

[*Gives the Letter.*

Y. Mir. [*Reads.*]

The bearer is the son of a protestant gentleman, who, flying for his religion, left me the charge of this youth.—A pretty Boy!—*He's fond of some handsome service, that may afford him opportunity of improvement: your care of him will oblige,*

Yours.

Hast a mind to travel, child?

Oriana. 'Tis my desire, sir; I should be pleased to serve a traveller in any capacity.

Y. Mir. A hopeful inclination; you shall along with me into Italy, as my page.

Dur. [*Noise without.*] Too handsome—The play's done, and some of the ladies come this way.

[LAMORCE *without, with her Train borne up by a* PAGE.

Y. Mir. Duretete, the very dear, identical she!

Dur. And what then?

Y. Mir. Why, 'tis she!

Dur. And what then, sir?

Y. Mir. Then!—Why, lookye, sirrah, the first piece of service I put upon you, is to follow that lady's coach, and bring me word where she lives.

[*To* ORIANA.

Oriana. I don't know the town, sir, and am afraid of losing myself.

Y. Mir. Pshaw!

Enter LAMORCE *and* PAGE.

Lam. Page, what's become of all my people?

Page. I can't tell, madam; I can see no sign of your ladyship's coach.

Lam. That fellow has got into his old pranks, and fallen drunk somewhere;—none of the footmen there?

Page. Not one, madam.

Lam. These servants are the plague of our lives—what shall I do?

Y. Mir. By all my hopes, Fortune pimps for me! now, Duretete, for a piece of gallantry!

Dur. Why, you won't, sure?

Y. Mir. Won't, brute!—Let not your servants' neglect, madam, put your ladyship to any inconvenience; for you can't be disappointed of an equipage, whilst mine waits below: and, would you honour the master so far, he would be proud to pay his attendance.

Dur. Ay, to be sure! [*Aside.*

Lam. Sir, I won't presume to be troublesome, for my habitation is a great way off.

Dur. Very true, madam, and he's a little engaged; besides, madam—a hackney coach will do as well, madam.

Y. Mir. Rude beast, be quiet! [*To* DURETETE.] The farther from home, madam, the more occasion you have for a guard—pray, madam—

Lam. Lard, sir——

[*He seems to press, she to decline it, in dumb show.*

Dur. Ah! The devil's in his impudence! now he wheedles, she smiles—he flatters, she simpers—he swears, she believes—he's a rogue, and she's a w—— in a moment.

Y. Mir. Without there! my coach! Duretete, wish me joy! [*Hands the Lady out.*

Dur. Wish you a——! Here, you little Picard, go follow your master, and he'll lead you——

Oriana. Whither, sir?

Dur. To the Academy, child—'tis the fashion with men of quality, to teach their pages their exercises—go.

Oriana. Won't you go with him too, sir? That woman may do him some harm, I don't like her.

Dur. Why, how now, Mr. Page, do you start up, to give laws of a sudden? Do you pretend to rise at court, and disapprove the pleasure of your betters?—Lookye, sirrah, if ever you would rise by a great man, be sure to be with him in his little actions; and, as a step to your advancement, follow your master immediately, and make it your hope, that he goes to a bagnio.

Oriana. Heavens forbid! [*Exit.*

Dur. Now would I sooner take a cart in company of the hangman, than a coach with that woman:—What a strange antipathy have I taken against these creatures! a woman to me, is aversion upon aversion! a cheese, a cat, a breast of mutton, the squalling of children, the grinding of knives, and the snuff of a candle.

SCENE II.

LAMORCE's *Lodgings.*

Enter MIRABEL *and* LAMORCE.

Lam. To convince me, sir, that your service was something more than good breeding, please to lay out

an hour of your company upon my desire, as you have already upon my necessity.

Y. Mir. Your desire, madam, has only prevented my request:—My hours! Make them yours, madam, eleven, twelve, one, two, three, and all that belong to those happy minutes.

Lam. But I must trouble you, sir, to dismiss your retinue, because an equipage at my door, at this time of night, will not be consistent with my reputation.

Y. Mir. By all means, madam, all but one little boy—Here, page!

Enter ORIANA.

Order my coach and servants home, and do you stay; 'tis a foolish country boy, that knows nothing but innocence.

Lam. Innocence, sir! I should be sorry if you made any sinister constructions of my freedom.

Y. Mir. O, madam, I must not pretend to remark upon any body's freedom, having so entirely forfeited my own.

Lam. Well, sir, 'twere convenient towards our easy correspondence, that we entered into a free confidence of each other, by a mutual declaration of what we are, and what we think of one another.—Now, sir, what are you?

Y. Mir. In three words, madam,—I am a gentleman, and have five hundred pounds in my pocket.

Lam. And your name is——

Y. Mir. Mustapha.—Now, madam, the inventory of your fortunes?

Lam. My name is Lamorce—my birth, noble; I was married young, to a proud, rude, sullen, impetuous fellow;—the husband spoiled the gentleman;—crying ruined my face, till at last, I took heart, leaped out of a window, got away to my friends, sued my tyrant, and recovered my fortune.—I lived from fifteen to twenty, to please a husband; from twenty

to forty, I'm resolved to please myself, and from thence, upwards, I'll humour the world.

Y. Mir. Ha! ha! ha! I rejoice in your good fortune, with all my heart!

Lam. O, now I think on't, Mr. Mustapha, you have got the finest ring there, I could scarcely believe it right; pray let me see it.

Y. Mir. Hum! Yes, madam, 'tis—'tis right—but—but—but—but—but it was given me by my mother—an old family ring, madam—an old-fashioned, family ring.

Lam. Ay, sir!—If you can entertain yourself for a moment, I'll wait on you immediately.

Y. Mir. Certainly the stars have been in a strange, intriguing humour, when I was born.—Ay, this night should I have had a bride in my arms, and that I should like well enough! But what should I have tomorrow night? The same. And what next night? The same. And what next night? The very same: Soup for breakfast, soup for dinner, soup for supper, and soup for breakfast again—But here's variety.

I love the fair, who freely gives her heart,
That's mine by ties of nature, not of art;
Who boldly owns whate'er her thoughts indite,
And is too modest for a hypocrite.

[LAMORCE *appears at the Door; as he runs towards her, Four* BRAVOES *step in before her. He starts back.*

She comes, she comes—Hum, hum—Bitch—Murdered, murdered, to be sure! The cursed strumpet! To make me send away my servants—Nobody near me! These cut-throats always make sure work.—— What shall I do? I have but one way. Are these gentlemen your relations, madam?

Lam. Yes, sir.

Y. Mir. Gentlemen, your most humble servant;—

sir, your most faithful; yours, sir, with all my heart; your most obedient—come, gentlemen, [*Salutes all round.*] please to sit—no ceremony—next the lady, pray, sir.

Lam. Well, sir, and how d'ye like my friends?

[*They all sit.*

Y. Mir. O, madam, the most finished gentlemen! I was never more happy in good company in my life; I suppose, sir, you have travelled?

1 *Bra.* Yes, sir.

Y. Mir. Which way, may I presume?

1 *Bra.* In a western barge, sir.

Y. Mir. Ha! ha! ha! very pretty! facetious pretty gentleman!

Lam. Ha! ha! ha! sir, you have got the prettiest ring upon your finger there—

Y. Mir. Ah! Madam, 'tis at your service, with all my heart! [*Offering the Ring.*

Lam. By no means, sir, a family ring! [*Takes it.*

Y. Mir. No matter, madam.——Seven hundred pound, by this light! [*Aside.*

2 *Bra.* Pray, sir, what's o'clock?

Y. Mir. Hum! Sir, I have left my watch at home.

2 *Bra.* I thought I saw the string of it, just now.

Y. Mir. Ods my life, sir, I beg your pardon, here it is!—but it don't go. [*Putting it up.*

Lam. O dear sir, an English watch! Tompion's, I presume?

Y. Mir. D'ye like, it, madam? No ceremony—'tis at your service, with all my heart and soul!—Tompion's! Hang ye! [*Aside.*

1 *Bra.* But, sir, above all things, I admire the fashion and make, of your sword hilt!

Y. Mir. I'm mighty glad you like it, sir!

1 *Bra.* Will you part with it, sir?

Y. Mir. Sir, I won't sell it.

1 *Bra.* Not sell it, sir!

Y. Mir. No, gentlemen, but I'll bestow it, with all my heart! [*Offering it.*

1 *Bra.* O sir, we shall rob you!

Y. Mir. That you do, I'll be sworn! [*Aside.*] I have another at home; pray, sir,—Gentlemen, you're too modest—have I any thing else that you fancy?—Sir, will you do me a favour? [*To the First* BRAVO.] I am extremely in love with that hat which you wear, will you do me the favour to change with me?

1 *Bra.* Lookye, sir, this is a family hat, and I would not part with it, but if you like it——[*They change Hats.*]—I want but a handsome pretence to quarrel with him—Some wine! Sir, your good health. [*Pulls* MIRABEL *by the Nose.*

Y. Mir. Oh, sir, your most humble servant! a pleasant frolic enough, to drink a man's health, and pull him by the nose! ha! ha! ha! the pleasantest, pretty-humoured gentleman——

Lam. Help the gentleman to a glass.

[MIRABEL *drinks.*

1 *Bra.* How d'ye like the wine, sir?

Y. Mir. Very good o'the kind, sir:—But I tell ye what, I find we're all inclined to be frolicsome, and 'egad, for my own part, I was never more disposed to be merry; let's make a night on't, ha!—This wine is pretty, but I have such burgundy at home! Lookye, gentlemen, let me send for half a dozen flasks of my burgundy, I defy France to match it;—'twill make us all life, all air, pray, gentlemen.

2 *Bra.* Eh? Shall us have his burgundy?

1 *Bra.* Yes, 'faith, we'll have all we can; here, call up the gentleman's servant.—[*Exit* FOOTMAN.] What think you, Lamorce?

Lam. Yes, yes—Your servant is a foolish country boy, sir, he understands nothing but innocence.

Y. Mir. Ay, ay, madam.—Here, Page,——

Enter ORIANA.

Take this key, and go to my butler, order him to send half a dozen flasks of the red burgundy, marked a thousand; and be sure you make haste, I long to entertain my friends here; my very good friends.

Omnes. Ah, dear sir!

1 *Bra.* Here, child, take a glass of wine—Your master and I have changed hats, honey, in a frolic.—Where had you this pretty boy, honest Mustapha?

Oriana. Mustapha!

Y. Mir. Out of Picardy—this is the first errand he has made for me, and if he does it right, I will encourage him.

Oriana. The red burgundy, sir?

Y. Mir. The red, marked a thousand, and be sure you make haste.

Oriana. I shall, sir. [*Exit.*

1 *Bra.* Sir, you were pleased to like my hat, have you any fancy for my coat?—Lookye, sir, it has served a great many honest gentlemen, very faithfully.

Y. Mir. The insolence of these dogs is beyond their cruelty! [*Aside.*

Lam. You're melancholy, sir.

Y. Mir. Only concerned, madam, that I should have no servant here but this little boy—he'll make some confounded blunder, I'll lay my life on't; I would not be disappointed of my wine, for the universe.

Lam. He'll do well enough, sir; but supper's ready; will you please to eat a bit, sir?

Y. Mir. O, madam, I never had a better stomach in my life.

Lam. Come, then, we have nothing but a plate of soup.

Y. Mir. Ah! the marriage soup I could dispense with now. [*Aside.—Exit, handing the Lady*

2 *Bra.* Shall we dispatch him?

3 *Bra.* To be sure; I think he knows me.

1 *Bra.* Ay, ay, dead men tell no tales; I han't the confidence to look a man in the face, after I have done him an injury, therefore we'll murder him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

OLD MIRABEL'S *House.*

Enter DURETETE.

Dur. My friend has forsaken me, I have abandoned my mistress, my time lies heavy upon my hands, and my money burns in my pocket—But now I think on't, my myrmidons are upon duty to-night; I'll fairly stroll down to the guard, and nod away the night with my honest lieutenant, over a flask of wine, a story, and a pipe of tobacco.

[*Going off,* BISARRE *meets him.*

Bis. Who comes there? stand!

Dur. Heyday, now she's turned dragoon!

Bis. Lookye, sir, I'm told you intend to travel again.—I design to wait on you as far as Italy.

Dur. Then I'll travel into Wales.

Bis. Wales! What country's that?

Dur. The land of mountains, child; where you're never out of the way, 'cause there's no such thing as a highroad.

Bis. Rather, always in a high road, because you travel all upon hills; but be't as it will, I'll jog along with you.

Dur. But we intend to sail to the East Indies.

Bis. East, or West, 'tis all one to me; I'm tight and light, and the fitter for sailing.

Dur. But suppose we take through Germany, and drink hard?

Bis. Suppose I take through Germany and drink harder than you?

Dur. Suppose I go to a bawdy house?

Bis. Suppose I show you the way?

Dur. 'Sdeath, woman! will you go to the guard with me, and smoke a pipe?

Bis. Allons donc!

Dur. The devil's in the woman!—Suppose I hang myself?

Bis. There I'll leave you.

Dur. And a happy riddance: the gallows is welcome.

Bis. Hold, hold, sir, [*Catches him by the Arm, going.*] one word before we part.

Dur. Let me go, madam,—or I shall think that you're a man, and, perhaps, may examine you.

Bis. Stir if you dare; I have still spirits to attend me, and can raise such a muster of fairies, as shall punish you to death.—Come, sir, stand there now, and ogle me: [*He frowns upon her.*] Now a languishing sigh: [*He groans.*] Now run, and take my fan,—faster. [*He runs, and takes it up.*] Now play with it handsomely.

Dur. Ay, ay. [*He tears it all in pieces.*

Bis. Hold, hold, dear, humorous coxcomb! Captain, spare my fan, and I'll—Why, you rude, inhuman monster! don't you expect to pay for this?

Dur. Yes, madam, there's twelve pence; for that is the price on't.

Bis. Sir, it cost a guinea.

Dur. Well, madam, you shall have the sticks again. [*Throws them to her, and exit.*

Bis. Ha! ha! ha! ridiculous, below my concern! I must follow him, however, to know if he can give me any news of Oriana. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

LAMORCE'S *Lodgings.*

Enter YOUNG MIRABEL.

Y. Mir. Bloody hell-hounds! I overheard you:—Was not I two hours ago, the happy, gay, rejoicing Mirabel? How did I plume my hopes in a fair, coming prospect, of a long scene of years! Life courted me with all the charms of vigour, youth, and fortune; and to be torn away from all my promised joys, is more than death;—the manner too, by villains!—O my Oriana, this very moment might have blessed me in thy arms!—and my poor boy! the innocent boy! Confusion!—But hush, they come—I must dissemble still.—No news of my wine, gentlemen?

Enter the Four BRAVOES.

1 *Bra.* No, sir, I believe your country booby has lost himself, and we can wait no longer for't:—True, sir, you're a pleasant gentleman, but, I suppose you understand our business?

Y. Mir. Sir, I may go near to guess at your employments; you, sir, are a lawyer, I presume—you a physician, you a scrivener, and you a stock jobber.—— All cut-throats, egad! [*Aside.*

4 *Bra.* Sir, I am a broken officer; I was cashiered at the head of the army, for a coward, so I took up the trade of murder, to retrieve the reputation of my courage.

3 *Bra.* I am a soldier too, and would serve my king; but I don't like the quarrel, and I have more honour than to fight in a bad cause.

2 *Bra.* I was bred a gentleman, and have no estate; but I must have my whore and my bottle, through the prejudice of education.

1 *Bra.* I am a ruffian too; by the prejudice of edu-

cation, I was born a butcher.—In short, sir, if your wine had come, we might have trifled a little longer. —Come, sir, which sword will you fall by? mine, sir?

2 *Bra.* Or mine? [*Draws.*

3 *Bra.* Or mine? [*Draws.*

4 *Bra.* Or mine? [*Draws.*

Y. Mir. I scorn to beg my life; but to be butchered thus!—O, there's the wine!—this moment for [*Knocking.*] my life or death.

Enter ORIANA.

Lost! for ever lost!—Where's the wine, child! [*Faintly.*

Oriana. Coming up, sir. [*Stamps.*

Enter DURETETE *with his Sword drawn, and six of the* GRAND MUSQUETEERS, *with their Pieces presented, the* RUFFIANS *drop their Swords.*—ORIANA *goes off.*

Y. Mir. The wine, the wine, the wine! Youth, pleasure, fortune, days and years, are now my own again! Ah, my dear friends! did not I tell you, this wine would make me merry?—Dear Captain, these gentlemen are the best natured, facetious, witty creatures, that ever you knew.

Enter LAMORCE.

Lam. Is the wine come, sir?

Y. Mir. O yes, madam, the wine is come——see there! [*Pointing to the* SOLDIERS.] Your ladyship has got a very fine ring upon your finger.

Lam. Sir, 'tis at your service.

Y. Mir. O ho! is it so? Thou dear seven hundred pound, thou'rt welcome home again, with all my heart!—Ad's my life, madam, you have got the finest built watch there! Tompion's, I presume?

Lam. Sir, you may wear it.

Y. Mir. O madam, by no means, 'tis too much—Rob you of all!—[*Taking it from her.*] Good, dear time, thou'rt a precious thing, I'm glad I have retriev-

ed thee. [*Putting it up.*] What, my friends neglected all this while! Gentlemen, you'll pardon my complaisance to the lady.—How now! is it civil to be so out of humour at my entertainment, and I so pleased with yours? Captain, you're surprised at all this—but we're in our frolics, you must know.—Some wine here!

Enter SERVANT, *with Wine.*

Come, Captain, this worthy gentleman's health.

[*Tweaks the First* BRAVO *by the Nose; he roars.* But now, where—where's my dear deliverer, my boy, my charming boy?

1 *Bra.* I hope some of our crew below stairs have dispatched him.

Y. Mir. Villain, what say'st thou? dispatched! I'll have ye all tortured, racked, torn to pieces alive, if you have touched my boy.—Here, page! page! page! [*Runs out.*

Dur. Here, gentlemen, be sure you secure those fellows.

1 *Bra.* Yes, sir, we know you, and your guard will be very civil to us.

Dur. Take them to justice. [*The* GUARDS *carry off the* BRAVOES.] Now for you, madam;——He! he! he! I'm so pleased to think that I shall be revenged of one woman, before I die.—Well, Mrs. Snap Dragon, which of these honourable gentlemen is so happy to call you wife?

1 *Bra.* Sir, she should have been mine to-night, 'cause Sampre, here, had her last night.—Sir, she's very true to us all four.

Enter OLD MIRABEL, DUGARD, *and* BISARRE.

Old Mir. Robin! Robin!—Where's Bob? where's my boy!—What, is this the lady? a pretty creature, 'faith!—Harkye, child, because my son was so civil as to oblige you with a coach, I'll treat you with a *cart, indeed I will.*

Dug. Ay, madam, and you shall have a swinging equipage, three or four thousand footmen at your heels, at least.

Dur. No less becomes her quality.

Bis. Faugh! the monster!

Dur. Monster! ay, you're all a little monstrous, let me tell you.

Enter YOUNG MIRABEL.

Old Mir. Ah, my dear Bob! art thou safe, man?

Y. Mir. No, no, sir, I am ruined: the saver of my life is lost!

Old Mir. No, he came and brought us the news.

Y. Mir. But where is he?

Enter ORIANA.

Ha! [*Runs and embraces her.*] My dear preserver! what shall I do to recompense your trust?—Father, friends, gentlemen, behold the youth, that has relieved me from the most ignominious death!—Command me, child; before you all—before my late, so kind, indulgent stars, I swear to grant whate'er you ask.

Oriana. To the same stars, indulgent now to me, I will appeal, as to the justice of my claim: I shall demand but what was mine before—the just performance of your contract to Oriana.

[*Discovering herself.*

Omnes. Oriana!

Oriana. In this disguise I resolved to follow you abroad, counterfeited that letter, that brought me into your service; and so, by this strange turn of fate, I became the instrument of your preservation; few common servants would have had such cunning; my love inspired me with the meaning of your message, because my concern for your safety made me suspect your company.

Dur. Mirabel, you're caught.

Y. Mir. Caught! I scorn the thought of imposition—Caught! No, 'tis my voluntary act; this was

no human stratagem, but by my providential stars, designed to show the dangers wandering youth incurs, by the pursuit of an unlawful love; to plunge me headlong in the snares of vice, and then to free me by the hands of virtue: Here, on my knees, I humbly beg my fair preserver's pardon; my thanks are needless, for myself I owe: And now, for ever, do protest me yours.

Old Mir. Tall, all di dall! [*Sings.*] Kiss me, daughter—no, you shall kiss me first, [*To* LAMORCE.] for you're the cause on't. Well, Bisarre, what say you to the captain?

Bis. I like the beast well enough, but I don't understand his paces so well as to venture him in a strange road.

Old Mir. But marriage is so beaten a path, that you can't go wrong.

Bis. Ay, 'tis so beaten that the way is spoiled.

Dur. There is but one thing should make me thy husband—I could marry thee to-day, for the privilege of beating thee to-morrow.

Old Mir. Come, come, you may agree for all this; —Mr. Dugard, are not you pleased with this?

Dug. So pleased, that, if I thought it might secure your son's affection to my sister, I would double her fortune.

Y. Mir. Fortune! has she not given me mine? my life—estate—my all? and what is more, her virtuous self?—Behold the foil [*Pointing to* LAMORCE.] that sets this brightness off! [*To* ORIANA.] Here view the pride, [*To* ORIANA.] and scandal of the sex!

What liberty can be so tempting there,
[*To* LAMORCE.
As a soft, virtuous, am'rous bondage here?
[*To* ORIANA.

THE END.

BEAUX STRATAGEM

GEORGE — I PRAY SIR SPARE ALL I HAVE
AND TAKE MY LIFE.
ACT V. SCENE III

DRAWN BY C. HEATH PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO ENGRAVED BY E. SMITH
1806

THE

BEAUX STRATAGEM;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By GEORGE FARQUHAR, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

BEAUX STRATAGEM.

SCHOB. — I TRAY SIR SPARE ALL I HAVE
AND TAKE MY LIFE.
ACT I. SCENE III

DRAWN BY C. HEATH PUBLISH'D BY LONGMAN & CO. ENGRAVED BY E. SMITH

THE

BEAUX STRATAGEM;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By GEORGE FARQUHAR, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

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SAVAGE AND EASINGWOOD,
PRINTERS, LONDON.

REMARKS.

It is an honour to the morality of the present age, that this most entertaining comedy is but seldom performed; and never, except some new pantomime, or other gaudy spectacle, be added, as an afterpiece, for the attraction of an audience.

The well drawn characters, happy incidents, and excellent dialogue, in "The Beaux Stratagem," are but poor atonement for that unrestrained contempt of principle which pervades every scene. Plays of this kind are far more mischievous than those, which preserve less appearance of delicacy. Every auditor and reader shrinks from those crimes, which are recommended in unseemly language, and from libertinism united with coarse manners; but in adorning vice with wit, and audacious rakes with the vivacity and elegance of men of fashion, youth, at least, will be decoyed into the snare of admiration.

Charmed with the spirit of Archer and Aimwell, the reader may not, perhaps, immediately perceive, that those two fine gentlemen are but arrant impostors; and that the lively, though pitiable Mrs. Sullen, is no other than a deliberate violator of her marriage

vow. Highly delighted with every character, he will not, perhaps, at first observe, that all the wise and witty persons of this comedy are knaves, and all the honest people fools.

It is said, that this play was written in six weeks—it is more surprising still, that it was written by a dying man!

Farquhar was a gentleman of elegant person and bewitching address, who, having experienced the vicissitudes of life, as a man of fashion, an actor, a captain in the army, an author, a lover, and a husband; and having encountered bitter disappointment in some of his adventures—though amply gratified by others—He, at the age of twenty-nine, sunk into a dejection of spirits and decline of health; and in this state, he wrote the present drama.—It had only been acted a night or two, when the author, in the midst of those honours, which he derived from its brilliant reception—died.

As a proof that Farquhar was perfectly sensible of his dangerous state, and that he regained cheerfulness as his end approached, the following anecdote is told:—

The famed actress, Mrs. Oldfield, performed the part of Mrs. Sullen, when the comedy was first produced; and being highly interested in its success, from the esteem she bore the author; when it drew near the last rehearsal, she desired Wilkes, the actor, to go to him, and represent—that she advised him to make some alteration in the catastrophe of the piece; for that she was apprehensive, the free manner in which he had bestowed the hand of Mrs. Sullen upon

Archer, without first procuring a divorce from her husband, would offend great part of the audience. "Oh," replied Farquhar, gaily, when this message was delivered to him, "tell her, I wish she was married to me instead of Sullen; for then, without the trouble of a divorce, I would give her my bond, that she should be a widow within a few days."

In this allusion he was prophetic;—and the apparent joy, with which he expected his dissolution, may be accounted for on the supposition—that the profligate characters, which he has pourtrayed in "The Beaux Stratagem," were such as he had uniformly met with in the world;—and he was rejoiced to leave them all behind.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	DRURY LANE.	COVENT GARDEN.
AIMWELL	*Mr. Holland.*	*Mr. Brunton.*
SIR CHARLES FREEMAN	*Mr. Bartley.*	*Mr. Claremont.*
ARCHER	*Mr. Elliston.*	*Mr. Lewis.*
SULLEN	*Mr. Powell.*	*Mr. Murray.*
FOIGARD	*Mr. Johnstone.*	*Mr. Rock.*
BONIFACE	*Mr. Palmer.*	*Mr. Duvenport.*
GIBBET	*Mr. Wewitzer.*	*Mr. Emery.*
HOUNSLOW	*Mr. Maddocks.*	*Mr. Atkins.*
BAGSHOT	*Mr. Webb.*	*Mr. Abbot.*
SCRUB	*Mr. Bannister.*	*Mr. Munden.*
LADY BOUNTIFUL	*Mrs. Sparks.*	*Mrs. Emery.*
MRS. SULLEN	*Mrs. Jordan.*	*Mrs. Glover.*
DORINDA	*Miss Mellon.*	*Miss Brunton.*
CHERRY	*Miss De Camp.*	*Mrs. Martyr.*
GIPSEY	*Mrs. Scott.*	*Mrs. Beverly.*

SCENE,—Litchfield.

THE

BEAUX STRATAGEM.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

An Inn.

Enter BONIFACE, *running.—Bar Bell rings.*

Bon. Chamberlain! Maid! Cherry! Daughter Cherry! All asleep? all dead?

Enter CHERRY, *running.*

Cher. Here! here! Why d'ye bawl so, father? d'ye think we have no ears?

Bon. You deserve to have none, you young minx: —The company of the Warrington coach has stood in the hall this hour, and nobody to show them to their chambers.

Cher. And let them wait, father;—there's neither red coat in the coach, nor footman behind it.

Bon. But they threaten to go to another inn to-night.

Cher. That they dare not, for fear the coachman should overturn them to-morrow— [*Ringing.*] Coming! coming!—Here's the London coach arrived.

Enter several PEOPLE *with Trunks, Bandboxes, and other Luggage, and cross the Stage.*

Bon. Welcome ladies.

Cher. Very welcome, gentlemen——Chamberlain, show the lion and the rose. [*Exit with the* COMPANY.

Enter AIMWELL, *in a Riding Habit,* ARCHER *as Footman, carrying a Portmanteau.*

Bon. This way, this way, gentlemen.

Aim. Set down the things; go to the stable, and see my horses well rubbed.

Arch. I shall, sir. [*Exit.*

Aim. You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, sir, I'm old Will Boniface, pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim. O, Mr. Boniface, your servant.

Bon. O, sir,——what will your honour please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of Litchfield much famed for ale, I think: I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire; 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy, and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March.

Aim. You are very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll show you such ale——Here, tapster, broach number 1792, as the saying is:——Sir, you shall taste my Anno Domini——I have lived in Litchfield, man and boy, above eight and fifty years, and I believe have not consumed eight and fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess your sense by your bulk.

Bon. Not in my life, sir; I have fed purely upon ale: I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon ale.

Enter TAPSTER, *with a Tankard.*

Now, sir, you shall see: your worship's health: ha! delicious, delicious——fancy it Burgundy, only fancy it, and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim. [*Drinks.*] 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! it must be so; or how would we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon. Eight and fifty years, upon my credit, sir; but it killed my wife, poor woman, as the saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, sir; she would not let the ale take its natural course, sir: she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is, and an honest gentleman, that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of Usquebaugh——but the poor woman was never well after; but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the Usquebaugh that killed her?

Bon. My Lady Bountiful said so—she, good lady, did what could be done; she cured her of three tympanies, but the fourth carried her off; but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

Aim. Who's that Lady Bountiful, you mentioned?

Bon. 'Ods my life, sir, we'll drink her health. [*Drinks.*] My Lady Bountiful is one of the best of women: her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a year; and I believe she lays out one half on't in charitable uses, for the good of her neighbours: she cures all disorders inci-

dental to men, women and children; in short, she has cured more people in and about Litchfield within ten years, than the doctors have killed in twenty, and that's a bold word.

Aim. Has the lady been any other way useful in her generation?

Bon. Yes, sir, she has a daughter by Sir Charles, the finest woman in all our country, and the greatest fortune: she has a son too by her first husband, 'Squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day; if you please, sir, we'll drink his health.

Aim. What sort of a man is he?

Bon. Why, sir, the man's well enough; says little, thinks less, and does—nothing at all, 'faith: but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

Aim. A sportsman, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, sir, he's a man of pleasure; he plays at whist, and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

Aim. A fine sportsman truly! and married, you say?

Bon. Ay, and to a curious woman, sir—but he's a—— He want's it here, sir.

[*Pointing to his Forehead.*

Aim. He has it there, you mean.

Bon. That's none of my business; he's my landlord, and so a man, you know, would not——but I'cod he's no better than—sir, my humble service to you. *Drinks.*] Though I value not a farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his rent at quarter day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her—but no matter for that.

Aim. You are very happy, Mr. Boniface; pray what other company have you in town?

Bon. A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French Officers.

Aim. O that's right, you have a good many of those gentlemen: pray how do you like their company?

Bon. So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of them; they are full of money, and pay double for every thing they have; they know, sir, that we paid good round taxes for the taking of them, and so they are willing to reimburse us a little; one of them lodges in my house.

Enter ARCHER.

Arch. Landlord, there are some French Gentlemen below, that ask for you.

Bon. I'll wait on them——Does your master stay long in town, as the saying is? [*To* ARCHER.

Arch. I can't tell, as the saying is.

Bon. Come from London?

Arch. No!

Bon. Going to London, mayhap?

Arch. No!

Bon. An odd fellow this; [*Bar Bell rings.*] I beg your worship's pardon, I'll wait on you in half a minute. [*Exit.*

Aim. The coast's clear, I see—Now, my dear Archer, welcome to Litchfield!

Arch. I thank thee, my dear brother in iniquity.

Aim. Iniquity! pr'ythee, leave canting; you need not change your style with your dress.

Arch. Don't mistake me, Aimwell, for 'tis still my maxim, that there's no scandal like rags, nor any crimes so shameful as poverty. Men must not be poor; idleness is the root of all evil; the world's wide enough, let them bustle; fortune has taken the weak under her protection, but men of sense are left to their industry.

Aim. Upon which topic we proceed, and, I think, luckily hitherto: would not any man swear now, that I am a man of quality, and you my servant, when, if our intrinsic value were known——

Arch. Come, come, we are the men of intrinsic value, who can strike our fortunes out of ourselves, whose worth is independent of accidents in life, or revolutions in government: we have heads to get money, and hearts to spend it.

Aim. As to our hearts, I grant ye, they are as willing tits as any within twenty degrees; but I can have no great opinion of our heads, from the service they have done us hitherto, unless it be that they brought us from London hither to Litchfield, made me a lord, and you my servant.

Arch. That's more than you could expect already, but what money have we left?

Aim. But two hundred pounds.

Arch. And our horses, clothes, rings, &c. Why we have very good fortunes now for moderate people; and let me tell you, that this two hundred pounds, with the experience that we are now masters of, is a better estate than the ten thousand we have spent ——Our friends indeed began to suspect that our pockets were low, but we came off with flying colours, showed no signs of want either in word or deed.

Aim. Ay, and our going to Brussels was a good pretence enough for our sudden disappearing; and, I warrant you, our friends imagine, that we are gone a volunteering.

Arch. Why 'faith if this project fails, it must e'en come to that. I am for venturing one of the hundreds, if you will, upon this knight errantry; but in the case it should fail, we'll reserve the other to carry us to some counterscarp, where we may die as we lived, in a blaze.

Aim. With all my heart, and we have lived justly, Archer; we can't say that we have spent our fortunes, but that we have enjoyed them.

Arch. Right; so much pleasure for so much money; we have had our pennyworths; and had I mil-

lions, I would go to the same market again. O London, London! well, we have had our share, and let us be thankful: past pleasures, for aught I know, are best; such we are sure of; those to come may disappoint us. but you command for the day, and so I submit:—At Nottingham, you know, I am to be master.

Aim. And at Lincoln, I again.

Arch. Then, at Norwich, I mount, which, I think, shall be our last stage; for, if we fail there, we'll embark for Holland, bid adieu to Venus, and welcome Mars.

Aim. A match—

Enter BONIFACE.

Mum.

Bon. What will your worship please to have for supper?

Aim. What have you got?

Bon. Sir, we have a delicate piece of beef in the pot, and a pig at the fire.

Aim. Good supper meat, I must confess——I can't eat beef, landlord.

Arch. And I hate pig.

Aim. Hold your prating, sirrah! do you know who you are? [*Aside.*

Bon. Please to bespeak something else; I have every thing in the house.

Aim. Have you any veal?

Bon. Veal, sir! we had a delicate loin of veal on Wednesday last.

Aim. Have you got any fish, or wild fowl?

Bon. As for fish, truly, sir, we are an inland town, and indifferently provided with fish, that's the truth on't; but then for wild fowl!—We have a delicate couple of rabbits.

Aim. Get me the rabbits fricasseed.

Bon. Fricasseed! Lard, sir, they'll eat much better smothered with' onions.

Arch. Pshaw! Rot your onions.

Aim. Again, sirrah;——Well, landlord, what you please; but hold, I have a small charge of money, and your house is so full of strangers, that I believe it may be safer in your custody than mine; for when this fellow of mine gets drunk, he minds nothing—Here, sirrah, reach me the strong box.

Arch. Yes, sir,——this will give us reputation.

[*Aside.—Brings the Box.*

Aim. Here, landlord, the locks are sealed down, both for your security and mine; it holds somewhat above two hundred pounds; if you doubt it, I'll count it to you after supper: But be sure you lay it where I may have it at a minute's warning: for my affairs are a little dubious at present; perhaps I may be gone in half an hour, perhaps I may be your guest till the best part of that be spent; and pray order your ostler to keep my horses ready saddled: But one thing above the rest I must beg, that you would let this fellow have none of your Anno Domini, as you call it;—for he's the most insufferable sot——Here, sirrah, light me to my chamber.

Arch. Yes, sir! [*Exit, lighted by* ARCHER.

Bon. Cherry, daughter Cherry.

Enter CHERRY.

Cher. D'ye call, father?

Bon. Ay, child, you must lay by this box for the gentleman, 'tis full of money.

Cher. Money! all that money! why sure, father, the gentleman comes to be chosen parliament man. Who is he?

Bon. I don't know what to make of him; he talks of keeping his horses ready saddled, and of going, perhaps, at a minute's warning; or of staying, perhaps, till the best part of this be spent.

Cher. Ay! ten to one, father, he's a highwayman.

Bon. A highwayman! upon my life, girl, you have hit it, and this box is some new purchased booty.—Now, could we find him out, the money were ours.

Cher. He don't belong to our gang.

Bon. What horses have they?

Cher. The master rides upon a black.

Bon. A black! ten to one the man upon the black mare: and since he don't belong to our fraternity, we may betray him with a safe conscience: I don't think it lawful to harbour any rogues but my own. Lookye, child, as the saying is, we must go cunningly to work; proofs we must have; the gentleman's servant loves drink; I'll ply him that way, and ten to one he loves a wench; you must work him t'other way.

Cher. Father, would you have me give my secret for his?

Bon. Consider, child, there's two hundred pound, to boot. [*Ringing without.*] Coming, coming—child, mind your business. [*Exit* BONIFACE.

Cher. What a rogue is my father! My father! I deny it——My mother was a good, generous, free-hearted woman, and I can't tell how far her goodnature might have extended for the good of her children. This landlord of mine, for I think I can call him no more, would betray his guest, and debauch his daughter into the bargain,——by a footman too!

Enter ARCHER.

Arch. What footman, pray, mistress, is so happy as to be the subject of your contemplation?

Cher. Whoever he is, friend, he'll be but little the better for't.

Arch. I hope so, for, I'm sure, you did not think of me.

Cher. Suppose I had?

Arch. Why then you're but even with me; for the

minute I came in, I was considering in what manner I should make love to you.

Cher. Love to me, friend!

Arch. Yes, child.

Cher. Child! manners; if you kept a little more distance, friend, it would become you much better.

Arch. Distance! good night, saucebox. [*Going.*

Cher. A pretty fellow; I like his pride.—Sir—pray, sir—you see, sir. [ARCHER *returns.*] I have the credit to be entrusted with your master's fortune here, which sets me a degree above his footman; I hope, sir, you an't affronted.

Arch. Let me look you full in the face, and I'll tell you whether you can affront me or no.——'Sdeath, child, you have a pair of delicate eyes, and you don't know what to do with them.

Cher. Why, sir, don't I see every body!

Arch. Ay, but if some women had them, they would kill every body.——Pr'ythee instruct me; I would fain make love to you, but I don't know what to say.

Cher. Why, did you never make love to any body before?

Arch. Never to a person of your figure, I can assure you, madam; my addresses have been always confined to people within my own sphere, I never aspired so high before. [ARCHER *sings.*

But you look so bright,
And are dress'd so tight,
That a man would swear you're right,
As arm was e'er laid over.

Cher. Will you give me that song, sir?

Arch. Ay, my dear, take it while it is warm. [*Kisses her.*] Death and fire! her lips are honeycombs.

Cher. And I wish there had been a swarm of bees too, to have stung you for your impudence.

Arch. There's a swarm of Cupids, my little Venus, that has done the business much better.

Cher. This fellow is misbegotten, as well as I. [*Aside.*] What's your name, sir?

Arch. Name! egad, I have forgot it. [*Aside.*] Oh, Martin.

Cher. Where were you born?

Arch. In St. Martin's parish.

Cher. What was your father?

Arch. Of—of—St. Martin's parish.

Cher. Then, friend, goodnight.

Arch. I hope not.

Cher. You may depend upon't.

Arch. Upon what?

Cher. That you're very impudent.

Arch. That you're very handsome.

Cher. That you're a footman.

Arch. That you're an angel.

Cher. I shall be rude.

Arch. So shall I.

Cher. Let go my hand.

Arch. Give me a kiss. [*Kisses her.*

Boniface. [*Calls without.*] Cherry, Cherry!

Cher. I'm——My father calls; you plaguy devil, how durst you stop my breath so?—Offer to follow me one step, if you dare. [*Exit.*

Arch. A fair challenge, by this light; this is a pretty fair opening of an adventure; but we are knight-errants, and so fortune be our guide! [*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Gallery in LADY BOUNTIFUL'S *House.*

MRS. SULLEN *and* DORINDA *meeting.*

Dor. 'Morrow, my dear sister; are you for church this morning?

Mrs. Sul. Any where to pray; for Heaven alone can help me: but I think, Dorinda, there's no form of prayer in the Liturgy against bad husbands.

Dor. But there's a form of law at Doctors' Commons; and I swear, sister Sullen, rather than see you thus continually discontented, I would advise you to apply to that: for besides the part that I bear in your vexatious broils, as being sister to the husband, and friend to the wife, your examples give me such an impression of matrimony, that I shall be apt to condemn my person to a long vacation all its life—But supposing, madam, that you brought it to a case of separation, what can you urge against your husband? my brother is, first, the most constant man alive.

Mrs. Sul. The most constant husband, I grant ye.

Dor. He never sleeps from you.

Mrs. Sul. No, he always sleeps with me.

Dor. He allows you a maintenance suitable to your quality.

Mrs. Sul. A maintenance! do you take me, madam, for an hospital child, that I must sit down and bless my benefactors, for meat, drink, and clothes?

As I take it, madam, I brought your brother ten thousand pounds, out of which I might expect some pretty things, called pleasures.

Dor. You share in all the pleasures that the country affords.

Mrs. Sul. Country pleasures! racks and torments! dost think, child, that my limbs were made for leaping of ditches, and clambering over stiles; or that my parents, wisely foreseeing my future happiness in country pleasures, had early instructed me in the rural accomplishments of drinking fat ale, playing at whist, and smoaking tobacco with my husband; and stilling rosemary water, with the good old gentlewoman my mother-in-law?

Dor. I'm sorry, madam, that it is not more in our power to divert you; I could wish, indeed, that our entertainments were a little more polite, or your taste a little less refined; but pray, madam, how came the poets and philosophers, that laboured so much in hunting after pleasure, to place it at last in a country life?

Mrs. Sul. Because they wanted money, child, to find out the pleasures of the town: Did you ever hear of a poet or philosopher worth ten thousand pounds? if you can show me such a man, I'll lay you fifty pounds you'll find him somewhere within the weekly bills. Not that I disapprove rural pleasures, as the poets have painted them in their landscapes; every Phyllis has her Corydon, every murmuring stream, and every flowery mead give fresh alarms to love—— Besides, you'll find, their couples were never married: ——But yonder, I see my Corydon, and a sweet swain it is, Heaven knows—Come, Dorinda, don't be angry, he's my husband, and your brother, and between both, is he not a sad brute?

Dor. I have nothing to say to your part of him; you're the best judge.

Mrs. Sul. O sister, sister! if ever you marry, be-

ware of a sullen, silent sot, one that's always musing, but never thinks—There's some diversion in a talking blockhead; and since a woman must wear chains, I would have the pleasure of hearing 'em rattle a little. —Now you shall see; but take this by the way; he came home this morning, at his usual hour of four, waked me out of a sweet dream of something else, by tumbling over the tea-table, which he broke all to pieces; after his man and he has rolled about the room like sick passengers in a storm, he comes flounce into bed, dead as a salmon into a fishmonger's basket; his feet cold as ice, his breath hot as a furnace, and his hands and his face as greasy as his flannel night-cap——Oh matrimony! matrimony!——He tosses up the clothes with a barbarous swing over his shoulders, disorders the whole economy of my bed, and my whole night's comfort is the tuneable serenade of that wakeful nightingale, his nose.——O the pleasure of counting the melancholy clock by a snoring husband!——But now, sister, you shall see how handsomely, being a well-bred man, he will beg my pardon.

Enter SULLEN.

Sul. My head aches consumedly.

Mrs. Sul. Will you be pleased, my dear, to drink tea with us this morning? it may do your head good.

Sul. No.

Dor. Coffee, brother?

Sul. Pshaw?

Mrs. Sul. Will you please to dress, and go to church with me? the air may help you.

Sul. Scrub!

Enter SCRUB.

Scrub. Sir!

Sul. What day o'the week is this?

Scrub. Sunday, an't please your worship.

Sul. Sunday! bring me a dram; and, dye hear, set out the venison pasty, and a tankard of strong beer upon the hall table, I'll go to breakfast.

[*Going.*

Dor. Stay, stay, brother, you shan't get off so; you were very naught last night, and must make your wife reparation: come, come, brother, won't you ask pardon?

Sul. For what?

Dor. For being drunk last night.

Sul. I can afford it, can't I?

Mrs. Sul. But I can't, sir.

Sul. Then you may let it alone.

Mrs. Sul. But I must tell you, sir, that this is not to be borne.

Sul. I'm glad on't.

Mrs. Sul. What is the reason, sir, that you use me thus inhumanly?

Sul. Scrub!

Scrub. Sir!

Sul. Get things ready to shave my head. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Sul. Have a care of coming near his temples, Scrub, for fear you meet something there that may turn the edge of your razor. [*Exit* SCRUB.] Inveterate stupidity! did you ever know so hard, so obstinate a spleen as his? O sister, sister! I shall never have good of the beast till I get him to town; London, dear London, is the place for managing and breaking a husband.

Dor. And has not a husband the same opportunities there for humbling a wife?

Mrs. Sul. No, no, child; 'tis a standing maxim in conjugal discipline, that when a man would enslave his wife, he hurries her into the country; and when a lady would be arbitrary with her husband, she wheedles her booby up to town——A man dare not play the tyrant in London, because there are so many

examples to encourage the subject to rebel, O Dorinda, Dorinda! a fine woman may do any thing in London: On my conscience, she may raise an army of forty thousand men.

Dor. I fancy, sister, you have a mind to be trying your power that way here in Litchfield; you have drawn the French Count to your colours already.

Mrs. Sul. The French are a people that can't live without their gallantries.

Dor. And some English that I know, sister, are not averse to such amusements.

Mrs. Sul. Well, sister, since the truth must out, it may do as well now as hereafter; I think, one way to rouse my lethargic, sottish, husband, is to give him a rival; security begets negligence in all people, and men must be alarmed to make them alert in their duty; women are like pictures, of no value in the hands of a fool, till he hears men of sense bid high for the purchase.

Dor. This might do, sister, if my brother's understanding were to be convinced into a passion for you; but, I believe, there's a natural aversion on his side; and I fancy, sister, that you don't come much behind him, if you dealt fairly.

Mrs. Sul. I own it; we are united contradictions, fire and water. But I could be contented, with a great many other wives, to humour the censorious vulgar, and give the world an appearance of living well with my husband, could I bring him but to dissemble a little kindness, to keep me in countenance.

Dor. But how do you know, sister, but that instead of rousing your husband by this artifice to a counterfeit kindness, he should awake in a real fury?

Mrs. Sul. Let him:—If I can't entice him to the one, I would provoke him to the other.

Dor. But how must I behave myself between ye?

Mrs. Sul. You must assist me.

Dor. What, against my own brother!

Mrs. Sul. He is but your half brother, and I'm your entire friend: If I go a step beyond the bounds of honour, leave me; till then, I expect you should go along with me in every thing; while I trust my honour in your hands, you may trust your brother's in mine—The Count is to dine her to-day.

Dor. 'Tis a strange thing, sister, that I can't like that man.

Mrs. Sul. You like nothing; your time is not come; love and death have their fatalities, and strike home one time or other:—You'll pay for all one day, I warrant ye—But come, my lady's tea is ready, and 'tis almost church time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Inn.

Enter AIMWELL, *dressed, and* ARCHER.

Aim. And was she the daughter of the house?

Arch. The Landlord is so blind as to think so; but, I dare swear, she has better blood in her veins.

Aim. Why dost think so?

Arch. Because the baggage has a pert *je-ne-sçai-quoi;* she reads plays, keeps a monkey, and is troubled with vapours.

Aim. By which discoveries, I guess that you know more of her.

Arch. Not yet, 'faith: the lady gives herself airs, forsooth; nothing under a gentleman.

Aim. Let me take her in hand.

Arch. Say one word more o'that, and I'll declare myself, spoil your sport there, and every where else: lookye, Aimwell, every man in his own sphere.

Aim. Right; and therefore you must pimp for your master.

Arch. In the usual forms, good sir, after I have served myself.—But to our business—You are so well dressed, Tom, and make so handsome a figure, that I fancy you may do execution in a country church; the exterior part strikes first, and you're in the right to make that impression favourable.

Aim. There's something in that which may turn to advantage: the appearance of a stranger in a country church draws as many gazers as a blazing star; no sooner he comes into the cathedral, but a train of whispers runs buzzing round the congregation in a moment:—Who is he? whence comes he? do you know him?—Then I, sir, tip the verger half a crown; he pockets the simony, and inducts me into the best pew in the church; I pull out my snuff-box, turn myself round, bow to the Bishop or the Dean, if he be the commanding officer; single out a beauty, rivet both my eyes to hers, set my nose a-bleeding by the strength of imagination, and show the whole church my concern, by my endeavouring to hide it: after the sermon, the whole town gives me to her for a lover; and, by persuading the lady that I am dying for her, the tables are turned, and she, in good earnest, falls in love with me.

Arch. There's nothing in this, Tom, without a precedent; but, instead of riveting your eyes to a beauty, try to fix them upon a fortune; that's our business at present.

Aim. Pshaw! no woman can be a beauty without a fortune.—Let me alone for a marksman.

Arch. Tom!

Aim. Ay!

Arch. When were you at church before, pray?

Aim. Um—I was there at the coronation.

Arch. And how can you expect a blessing by going to church now?

Aim. Blessing? nay, Frank, I ask but for a wife! [*Exit.*

Arch. Truly, the man is not very unreasonable in his demands. [*Exit, at the opposite Door.*

Enter BONIFACE *and* CHERRY.

Bon. Well, daughter, as the saying is, have you brought Martin to confess?

Cher. Pray, father, don't put me upon getting any thing out of a man; I'm but young, you know, father, and don't understand wheedling.

Bon. Young! why, you jade, as the saying is, can any woman wheedle that is not young? Your mother was useless at five and twenty! Would you make your mother a whore, and me a cuckold, as the saying is? I tell you, silence confesses it, and his master spends his money so freely, and is so much a gentleman every manner of way, that he must be a highwayman.

Enter GIBBET, *in a Cloak.*

Gib. Landlord! Landlord! is the coast clear?

Bon. O, Mr. Gibbet, what's the news?

Gib. No matter; ask no questions; all fair and honourable. Here, my dear Cherry. [*Gives her a Bag.*] Two hundred sterling pounds, as good as ever hanged or saved a rogue; lay them by with the rest. And here—three wedding, or mourning rings—'tis much the same, you know——Here, two silver hilted swords; I took those from fellows that never show any part of their swords but the hilts: here is a diamond necklace, which the lady hid in the privatest part in the coach, but I found it out: this gold watch I took from a pawnbroker's wife; it was left in her hands by a person of quality; there's the arms upon the case.

Cher. But who had you the money from?

Gib. Ah! poor woman! I pitied her—from a poor lady, just eloped from her husband; she had made up her cargo, and was bound for Ireland, as hard as she

could drive: she told me of her husband's barbarous usage, and so, faith, I left her half a crown. But I had almost forgot, my dear Cherry; I have a present for you.

Cher. What is't?

Gib. A pot of ceruse, my child, that I took out of a lady's under petticoat pocket.

Cher. What, Mr. Gibbet, do you think, that I paint?

Gib. Why, you jade, your betters do; I am sure, the lady that I took it from had a coronet upon her handkerchief.——Here, take my cloak, and go, secure the premises.

Cher. I will secure them. [*Exit.*

Bon. But, harkye, where's Hounslow and Bagshot?

Gib. They'll be here to-night.

Bon. D'ye know of any other gentlemen o'the pad on this road?

Gib. No.

Bon. I fancy, that I have two that lodge in the house just now.

Gib. The devil! how d'ye smoak them?

Bon. Why, the one is gone to church.

Gib. To church! that's suspicious, I must confess.

Bon. And the other is now in his master's chamber: he pretends to be a servant to the other; we'll call him out, and pump him a little.

Gib. With all my heart.

Bon. Mr. Martin! Mr. Martin!

Enter ARCHER, *brushing a Hat, and singing.*

Gib. The roads are consumed deep; I'm as dirty as Old Brentford at Christmas.——A good pretty fellow—Who's servant are you, friend?

Arch. My master's.

Gib. Really!

Arch. Really.

Gib. That's much—The fellow has been at the bar, by his evasions:—But pray, sir, what is your master's name?

Arch. *Tall, all, dall.* [Sings, and brushes the Hat.] This is the most obstinate spot——

Gib. I ask you his name?

Arch. Name, sir,—*Tall, all, dall*—I never asked him his name in my life. *Tall, all, dall.*

Bon. What think you now?

Gib. Plain, plain; he talks now as if he were before a judge: but pray, friend, which way does your master travel?

Arch. On horseback.

Gib. Very well again; an old offender—Right; but, I mean, does he go upwards or downwards?

Arch. Downwards, I fear, sir! *Tall, all.*

Gib. I'm afraid thy fate will be a contrary way.

Bon. Ha! ha! ha! Mr. Martin, you're very arch—This gentleman is only travelling towards Chester, and would be glad of your company, that's all—Come, Captain, you'll stay to-night, I suppose; I'll show you a chamber——Come, Captain.

Gib. Farewell, friend——

[*Exeunt* GIBBET *and* BONIFACE.

Arch. Captain, your servant——Captain! a pretty fellow! 'Sdeath, I wonder that the officers of the army don't conspire to beat all scoundrels in red but their own.

Enter CHERRY.

Cher. Gone, and Martin here! I hope he did not listen: I would have the merit of the discovery all my own, because I would oblige him to love me. [*Aside.*]—Mr. Martin, who was that man with my father?

Arch. Some recruiting sergeant, or whipped out trooper, I suppose.

Cher. All's safe, I find. [*Aside.*

Arch. Come, my dear, have you conned over the catechism I taught you last night?

Cher. Come, question me.

Arch. What is love?

Cher. Love is I know not what, it comes I know not how, and goes I know not when.

Arch. Very well, an apt scholar. [*Chucks her under the Chin.*] Where does love enter?

Cher. Into the eyes.

Arch. And where go out?

Cher. I won't tell you.

Arch. What are the objects of that passion?

Cher. Youth, beauty, and clean linen.

Arch. The reason?

Cher. The two first are fashionable in nature, and the third at court.

Arch. That's my dear—What are the signs and tokens of that passion?

Cher. A stealing look, a stammering tongue, words improbable, designs impossible, and actions impracticable.

Arch. That's my good child, kiss me.——What must a lover do to obtain his mistress?

Cher. He must adore the person that disdains him, he must bribe the chambermaid that betrays him, and court the footman that laughs at him!——He must, he must——

Arch. Nay, child, I must whip you if you don't mind your lesson; he must treat his——

Cher. O! ay, he must treat his enemies with respect, his friends with indifference, and all the world with contempt; he must suffer much, and fear more; he must desire much, and hope little; in short, he must embrace his ruin, and throw himself away.

Arch. Had ever man so hopeful a pupil as mine? Come, my dear, why is love called a riddle?

Cher. Because, being blind, he leads those that see; and, though a child, he governs a man.

Arch. Mighty well—And why is love pictured blind?

Cher. Because the painters, out of their weakness, or privilege of their art, chose to hide those eyes they could not draw.

Arch. That's my dear little scholar, kiss me again. —And why should love, that's a child, govern a man?

Cher. Because that a child is the end of love.

Arch. And so ends love's catechism——And now, my dear, we'll go in, and make my master's bed.

Cher. Hold, hold, Mr. Martin——You have taken a great deal of pains to instruct me, and what d'ye think I have learned by it?

Arch. What?

Cher. That your discourse and your habit are contradictions, and it would be nonsense in me to believe you a footman any longer.

Arch. 'Oons, what a witch it is!

Cher. Depend upon this, sir, nothing in that garb shall ever tempt me; for, though I was born to servitude, I hate it:—Own your condition, swear you love me, and then——

Arch. And then we shall go make my master's bed?

Cher. Yes.

Arch. You must know, then, that I am born a gentleman, my education was liberal; but I went to London a younger brother, fell into the hands of sharpers, who stripped me of my money; my friends disowned me, and now my necessity brings me to what you see.

Cher. Then take my hand—promise to marry me before you sleep, and I'll make you master of two thousand pounds.

Arch. How!

Cher. Two thousand pounds, that I have this mi-

nute in my own custody; so throw off your livery this instant, and I'll go find a parson.

Arch. What said you? A parson!

Cher. What! do you scruple?

Arch. Scruple! No, no, but—two thousand pounds, you say?

Cher. And better.

Arch. 'Sdeath, what shall I do?—But harkye, child, what need you make me master of yourself and money, when you may have the same pleasure out of me, and still keep your fortune in your own hands?

Cher. Then you won't marry me?

Arch. I would marry you, but——

Cher. O, sweet sir, I'm your humble servant; you're fairly caught: Would you persuade me that any gentleman, who could bear the scandal of wearing a livery, would refuse two thousand pounds, let the condition be what it would?—No, no, sir; but I hope you'll pardon the freedom I have taken, since it was only to inform myself of the respect that I ought to pay you. [*Going.*

Arch. Fairly bit, by Jupiter!—Hold, hold! And have you actually two thousand pounds?

Cher. Sir, I have my secrets as well as you—when you please to be more open, I shall be more free; and, be assured, that I have discoveries that will match yours, be they what they will.—In the mean while, be satisfied that no discovery I make shall ever hurt you; but beware of my father—— [*Exit.*

Arch. So—we're like to have as many adventures in our inn, as Don Quixotte had in his—Let me see—two thousand pounds! if the wench would promise to die when the money were spent, egad, one would marry her; but the fortune may go off in a year or two, and the wife may live—Lord knows how long! then an innkeeper's daughter; ay, that's the devil—there my pride brings me off.

For whatsoe'er the sages charge on pride,
The angels' fall, and twenty faults beside,
On earth, I'm sure, 'mong us of mortal calling,
Pride saves man oft, and woman too, from falling.
[*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

LADY BOUNTIFUL'S *House.*

Enter MRS. SULLEN *and* DORINDA.

Mrs. Sul. Ha! ha! ha! my dear sister, let me embrace thee: now we are friends indeed; for I shall have a secret of yours, as a pledge for mine.

Dor. But do you think that I am so weak as to fall in love with a fellow at first sight?

Mrs. Sul. Pshaw! now you spoil all; why should not we be as free in our friendships as the men? I warrant you, the gentleman has got to his confidant already, has avowed his passion, toasted your health, and called you ten thousand angels.

Dor. Your hand, sister, I an't well.

Mrs. Sul. So—come, child, up with it—hem a little—so—now, tell me, don't you like the gentleman that we saw at church just now?

Dor. The man's well enough.

Mrs. Sul. Well enough! Is he not a demigod, a Narcissus, a star, the man i'the moon?

Dor. O, sister, I'm extremely ill.

Mrs. Sul. Come, unbosom yourself—the man is perfectly a pretty fellow; I saw him when he first came into church.

Dor. I saw him too, sister, and with an air that shone, methought, like rays about his person.

Mrs. Sul. Well said, up with it.

Dor. No forward coquette behaviour, no airs to set himself off, no studied looks nor artful posture,—but nature did it all.

Mrs. Sul. Better and better——One touch more; come—

Dor. But, then his looks—Did you observe his eyes?

Mrs. Sul. Yes, yes, I did—his eyes; well, what of his eyes?

Dor. Sprightly, but not wandering; they seemed to view, but never gazed on any thing but me—and then his looks so humble were, and yet so noble, that they aimed to tell me, that he could with pride die at my feet, though he scorned slavery any where else.

Mrs. Sul. The physic works purely—How d'ye find yourself now, my dear?

Dor. Hem! much better, my dear.—O, here comes our Mercury.—

Enter SCRUB.

Well, Scrub, what news of the gentleman?

Scrub. Madam, I have brought you a whole packet of news.

Dor. Open it quickly; come.

Scrub. In the first place, I inquired who the gentleman was? They told me he was a stranger. Secondly, I asked, what the gentleman was? They answered and said, that they never saw him before. Thirdly, I inquired, what countryman he was? They replied, 'twas more than they knew. Fourthly, I demanded, whence he came? Their answer was, they could not tell. And, fifthly, I asked, whither he went? And they replied, they knew nothing of the matter.—And this is all I could learn.

Mrs. Sul. But what do the people say? can't they guess!

Scrub. Why, some think he's a spy; some guess he's a mountebank; some say one thing, some another;—but, for my own part, I believe he's a jesuit.

Dor. A jesuit! Why a jesuit?

Scrub. Because he keeps his horses always ready saddled, and his footman talks French!

Mrs. Sul. His footman!

Scrub. Ay; he and the Count's footman were jabbering French, like two intriguing ducks in a mill-pond: and, I believe, they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly.

Dor. What sort of livery has the footman?

Scrub. Livery! lord, madam, I took him for a captain, he's so bedizened with lace: and then he has a silver-headed cane dangling at his knuckles—he carries his hands in his pockets, and walks just so— [*Walks in a French Air.*] and has fine long hair, tied up in a bag.——Lord, madam, he's clear another sort of man than I.

Mrs. Sul. That may easily be—But what shall we do now, sister?

Dor. I have it——This fellow has a world of simplicity, and some cunning, the first hides the latter by abundance——Scrub.

Scrub. Madam.

Dor. We have a great mind to know who this gentleman is, only for our satisfaction.

Scrub. Yes, madam, it would be a satisfaction, no doubt.

Dor. You must go and get acquainted with his footman, and invite him hither to drink a bottle of your ale, because you are butler to-day.

Scrub. Yes, madam, I am butler every Sunday.

Mrs. Sul. O brave sister! o'my conscience, you understand the mathematics already—'Tis the best plot in the world;—your mother, you know, will be gone to church, my spouse will be got to the alehouse, with his scoundrels, and the house will be our own—

so we drop in by accident, and ask the fellow some questions ourselves. In the country, you know, any stranger is company, and we are glad to take up with the butler in a country dance, and happy if he'll do us the favour.

Scrub. Oh, mádam! you wrong me: I never refused your ladyship the favour in my life.

Enter GIPSEY.

Gip. Ladies, dinner's upon table.

Dor. Scrub, we'll excuse your waiting—Go where we ordered you.

Scrub. I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Inn.

Enter AIMWELL *and* ARCHER.

Arch. Well, Tom, I find you are a marksman.

Aim. A marksman! who so blind could be as not discern a swan among the ravens?

Arch. Well, but harkye, Aimwell——

Aim. Aimwell! call me Oroondates, Cesario, Amadis, all that romance can in a lover paint, and then I'll answer. O, Archer, I read her thousands in her looks! she looked like Ceres in her harvest; corn, wine, and oil, milk and honey; gardens, groves, and purling streams, played on her plenteous face.

Arch. Her face!—her pocket, you mean. The corn, wine, and oil, lies there. In short, she has twenty thousand pounds, that's the English on't.

Aim. Her eyes——

Arch. Are demicannons, to be sure; so I won't stand their battery. [*Going.*

Aim. Pray excuse me; my passion must have vent.

Arch. Passion! what a plague, d'ye think these romantic airs will do your business? Were my temper as extravagant as yours, my adventures have something more romantic by half.

Aim. Your adventures!

Arch. Yes—

The nymph, that with her twice ten hundred pounds,
With brazen engine hot, and coif clear starch'd,
Can fire the guest in warming of the bed—

There's a touch of sublime Milton for you, and the subject, but an innkeeper's daughter. I can play with a girl, as an angler does with his fish; he keeps it at the end of his line, runs it up the stream, and down the stream, till at last, he brings it to hand, tickles the trout, and so whips it into his basket.

Enter BONIFACE.

Bon. Mr. Martin, as the saying is—yonder's an honest fellow below, my Lady Bountiful's butler, who begs the honour, that you would go home with him, and see his cellar.

Arch. Do my *baissemains* to the gentleman, and tell him, I will do myself the honour to wait on him immediately, as the saying is.

Bon. I shall do your worship's commands, as the saying is. [*Exit, bowing obsequiously.*

Aim. What do I hear? soft Orpheus play, and fair Toftida sing.

Arch. Pshaw! damn your raptures; I tell you, here's a pump going to be put into the vessel, and the ship will get into harbour, my life on't. You say, there's another lady very handsome there?

Alon. Yes, faith.

Arch. I'm in love with her already.

Aim. Can't you give me a bill upon Cherry in the mean time.

Arch. No, no, friend; all her corn, wine, and oil, is ingrossed to my market—And, once more, I warn you, to keep your anchorage clear of mine; for if you fall foul on me, by this light, you shall go to the bottom.—What! make prize of my little frigate, while I am upon the cruize for you! [*Exit.*

Enter BONIFACE.

Aim. Well, well, I won't—Landlord, have you any tolerable company in the house? I don't care for dining alone.

Bon. Yes, sir, there's a captain below, as the saying is, that arrived about an hour ago.

Aim. Gentlemen of his coat are welcome every where;—will you make him a compliment from me, and tell him, I should be glad of his company.

Bon. Who shall I tell him, sir, would——

Aim. Ha! that stroke was well thrown in——I'm only a traveller, like himself, and would be glad of his company, that's all.

Bon. I obey your commands, as the saying is. [*Exit.*

Enter ARCHER.

Arch. 'Sdeath! I had forgot—what title will you give yourself?

Aim. My brother's, to be sure: he would never give me any thing else, so I'll make bold with his honour this bout. You know the rest of your cue.

Arch. Ay, ay. [*Exit.*

Enter GIBBET.

Gib. Sir, I'm yours.

Aim. 'Tis more than I deserve, sir; for I don't know you.

Gib. I don't wonder at that, sir, for you never saw me before——I hope. [*Aside.*

Aim. And pray, sir, how came I by the honour of seeing you now?

Gib. Sir, I scorn to intrude upon any gentleman—but my landlord—

Aim. O, sir, I ask your pardon; you are the captain he told me of?

Gib. At your service, sir.

Aim. What regiment, may I be so bold?

Gib. A marching regiment, sir; an old corps.

Aim. Very old, if your coat be regimental. [*Aside.* You have served abroad, sir?

Gib. Yes, sir, in the plantations; 'twas my lot to be sent into the worst service; I would have quitted it indeed, but a man of honour, you know——Besides, 'twas for the good of my country, that I should be abroad——Any thing for the good of one's country.—I'm a Roman for that.

Aim. One of the first, I'll lay my life. [*Aside.*] You found the West Indies very hot, sir?

Gib. Ay, sir, too hot for me.

Aim. Pray, sir, han't I seen your face at Will's coffeehouse?

Gib. Yes, sir, and at White's too.

Aim. And where is your company now, captain?

Gib. They a'nt come yet.

Aim. Why, d'ye expect them here?

Gib. They'll be here to-night, sir.

Aim. Which way do they march?

Gib. Across the country.——The devil's in't, if I

han't said enough to encourage him to declare—but I'm afraid he's not right—I must tack about.

[*Aside.*

Aim. Is your company to quarter at Litchfield?

Gib. In this house, sir.

Aim. What! all?

Gib. My company's but thin—Ha! ha! ha! we are but three;—ha! ha! ha!

Aim. You are merry, sir.

Gib. Ay, sir, you must excuse me, sir, I understand the world, especially the art of travelling: I don't care, sir, for answering questions directly upon the road—for I generally ride with a charge about me.

Aim. Three or four, I believe. [*Aside.*

Gib. I am credibly informed, that there are highwaymen upon this quarter—not, sir, that I could suspect a gentleman of your figure—But, truly, sir, I have got such a way of evasion upon the road, that I don't care for speaking truth to any man.

Aim. Your caution may be necessary—Then, I presume, you are no captain.

Gib. Not I, sir; captain is a good travelling name, and so I take it. It stops a great many foolish inquiries, that are generally made about gentlemen that travel;—it gives a man an air of something, and makes the drawers obedient.—And, thus far, I am a captain, and no farther.

Aim. And, pray, sir, what is your true profession?

Gib. O, sir, you must excuse me—upon my word, sir, I don't think it safe to tell ye.

Aim. Ha! ha! ha! upon my word, I commend you.—

Enter BONIFACE.

Well, Mr. Boniface, what's the news?

Bon. There's another gentleman below, as the saying is, that, hearing you were but two, would be glad to make the third man, if you'd give him leave.

Aim. What is he?

Bon. A clergyman, as the saying is.

Aim. A clergyman!—is he really a clergyman? or is it only his travelling name, as my friend the captain has it.

Bon. O, sir, he's a priest, and chaplain to the French officers in town.

Aim. Is he a Frenchman?

Bon. Yes, sir; born at Brussels.

Gib. A Frenchman, and a priest! I won't be seen in his company, sir;—I have a value for my reputation, sir.

Aim. Nay, but, captain, since we are by ourselves —Can he speak English, landlord?

Bon. Very well, sir; you may know him, as the saying is, to be a foreigner by his accent, and that's all.

Aim. Then he has been in England before?

Bon. Never, sir, but he's a master of languages, as the saying is—he talks Latin; it does me good to hear him talk Latin.

Aim. Then you understand Latin, Mr. Boniface?

Bon. Not I, sir, as the saying is;—but he talks it so very fast, that I'm sure it must be good.

Aim. Pray desire him to walk up.

Bon. Here he is, as the saying is.

Enter FOIGARD.

Foig. Save you, gentlemens bote.

Aim. A Frenchman!—Sir, your most humble servant.

Foig. Och, dear joy, I am your most faithful shervant; and yours alsho.

Gib. Doctor, you talk very good English, but you have a mighty twang of the foreigner.

Foig. My English is very well for the vords; but ve foreigners, you know, cannot bring our tongues about the pronunciation so soon.

Aim. A foreigner! A downright teague, by this light. [*Aside.*] Were you born in France, doctor?

Foig. I was educated in France, but I was borned at Brussels; I am a subject of the King of Spain, joy.

Gib. What King of Spain, sir? speak.

Foig. Upon my shoul, joy, I cannot tell you as yet.

Aim. Nay, captain, that was too hard upon the doctor; he's a stranger.

Foig. O, let him alone, dear joy, I am of a nation that is not easily put out of countenance.

Aim. Come, gentlemen, I'll end the dispute—— Here, landlord, is dinner ready?

Bon. Upon the table, as the saying is.

Aim. Gentlemen—pray—that door——

Foig. No, no, fait, the captain must lead.

Aim. No, doctor, the church is our guide.

Gib. Ay, ay, so it is.

[*Exeunt,* FOIGARD *foremost.*

SCENE III.

A Gallery in LADY BOUNTIFUL'S *House.*

Enter ARCHER *and* SCRUB, *singing, and hugging one another;* SCRUB *with a Tankard in his Hand*—GIPSEY *listening at a Distance.*

Scrub. *Tal, all, dal*——Come, my dear boy, let us have that song once more.

Arch. No, no, we shall disturb the family——But will you be sure to keep the secret?

Scrub. Pho! upon my honour, as I'm a gentleman.

Arch. 'Tis enough——You must know then, that my master is the Lord Viscount Aimwell: he fought a duel t'other day in London, wounded his man so dangerously, that he thinks fit to withdraw, till he

hears whether the gentleman's wounds be mortal or not. He never was in this part of England before, so he chose to retire to this place, that's all.

Gip. And, that's enough for me. [*Exit.*

Scrub. And where were you, when your master fought?

Arch. We never know of our master's quarrels.

Scrub. No! if our masters in the country here receive a challenge, the first thing they do, is to tell their wives; the wife tells the servants, the servants alarm the tenants, and in half an hour, you shall have the whole country up in arms.

Arch. To hinder two men from doing what they have no mind for.—But, if you should chance to talk now of this business——

Scrub. Talk! Ah, sir, had I not learned the knack of holding my tongue, I had never lived so long in a great family.

Arch. Ay, ay, to be sure, there are secrets in all families.

Scrub. Secrets, O lud!——But I'll say no more—Come, sit down, we'll make an end of our tankard:—Here——

Arch. With all my heart; who knows but you and I may come to be better acquainted, eh?——Here's your ladies' health—You have three, I think, and to be sure there must be secrets among them?

Scrub. Secrets! ah, friend, friend! I wish I had a friend.

Arch. Am not I your friend? Come, you and I will be sworn brothers.

Scrub. Shall we?

Arch. From this minute—Give me a kiss——and now, brother Scrub——

Scrub. And now, brother Martin, I will tell you a secret, that will make your hair stand an end.—You must know, that I am consumedly in love.

Arch That's a terrible secret, that's the truth on't.

Scrub. That jade, Gipsey, that was with us just now in the cellar, is the arrantest whore that ever wore a petticoat, and I'm dying for love of her.

Arch. Ha! ha! ha!—are you in love with her person or her virtue, brother Scrub?

Scrub. I should like virtue best, because it is more durable than beauty; for virtue holds good with some women long and many a day after they have lost it.

Arch. In the country, I grant ye, where no woman's virtue is lost, till a bastard be found.

Scrub. Ay, could I bring her to a bastard, I should have her all to myself; but I dare not put it upon that lay, for fear of being sent for a soldier.—Pray, brother, how do you gentlemen in London like that same pressing act?

Arch. Very ill, brother Scrub;——'Tis the worst that ever was made for us;—formerly I remembered the good days when we could dun our masters for our wages, and if they refused to pay us, we could have a warrant to carry them before a justice: but now if we talk of eating, they have a warrant for us and carry us before three justices.

Scrub. And to be sure we go, if we talk of eating; for the justices won't give their own servants a bad example. Now this is my misfortune—I dare not speak in the house, while that jade, Gipsey, dings about like a fury——once I had the better end of the staff.

Arch. And how comes the change now?

Scrub. Why, the mother of all this mischief is a priest.

Arch. A priest!

Scrub. Ay, a damn'd son of a whore of Babylon, that came over hither to say grace to the French officers, and eat up our provisions—There's not a day goes over his head without a dinner or supper in this house.

Arch. How came he so familiar in the family?

Scrub. Because he speaks English as if he had lived here all his life, and tells lies as if he had been a traveller from his cradle.

Arch. And this priest, I'm afraid, has converted the affection of your Gipsey.

Scrub. Converted! ay, and perverted, my dear friend—for, I'm afraid he has made her a whore, and a papist—but this is not all; there's the French count and Mrs. Sullen, they're in the confederacy, and for some private ends of their own too, to be sure.

Arch. A very hopeful family yours, brother Scrub; I suppose the maiden lady has her lover too?

Scrub. Not that I know—She's the best of them, that's the truth on't: but they take care to prevent my curiosity, by giving me so much business, that I'm a perfect slave—What d'ye think is my place in this family?

Arch. Butler, I suppose.

Scrub. Ah, lord help you—I'll tell you—Of a Monday I drive the coach, of a Tuesday I drive the plough, on Wednesday I follow the hounds, a Thursday I dun the tenants, on Friday I go to market, on Saturday I draw warrants, and a Sunday I draw beer.

Arch. Ha! ha! ha! if variety be a pleasure in life, you have enough on't, my dear brother——but what ladies are those?

Scrub. Ours, ours; that upon the right hand is Mrs. Sullen, and the other Mrs. Dorinda——don't mind them, sit still, man——

Enter MRS. SULLEN *and* DORINDA.

Mrs. Sul. I have heard my brother talk of Lord Aimwell, but they say that his brother is the finer gentleman.

Dor. That's impossible, sister.

Mrs. Sul. He's vastly rich, and very close, they say.

Dor. No matter for that; if I can creep into his heart, I'll open his breast, I warrant him; I have heard say, that people may be guessed at by the behaviour of their servants; I could wish we might talk to that fellow.

Mrs. Sul. So do I; for I think he's a very pretty fellow; come this way, I'll throw out a lure for him presently.

[*They walk towards the opposite Side of the Stage;* MRS. SULLEN *drops her Fan,* ARCHER *runs, takes it up, and gives it to her.*

Arch. Corn, wine, and oil, indeed——but, I think the wife has the greatest plenty of flesh and blood; she should be my choice—Ay, ay, say you so—madam—your ladyship's fan.

Mrs. Sul. O, sir, I thank you—What a handsome bow the fellow made!

Dor. Bow! why I have known several footmen come down from London, set up here for dancing masters, and carry off the best fortunes in the country.

Arch. [*Aside.*] That project, for aught I know, had been better than ours——Brother Scrub, why don't you introduce me?

Scrub. Ladies, this is the strange gentleman's servant, that you saw at church to-day: I understood he came from London, and so I invited him to the cellar, that he might show me the newest flourish in whetting my knives.

Dor. And I hope you have made much of him.

Arch. Oh, yes, madam, but the strength of your ladyship's liquor is a little too potent for the constitution of your humble servant.

Mrs. Sul. What, then you don't usually drink ale?

Arch. No, madam, my constant drink is tea, or a little wine and water; 'tis prescribed me by the physician, for a remedy against the spleen—

Scrub. O la! O la!—A footman have the spleen!

Mrs. Sul. I thought that distemper had been only proper to people of quality.

Arch. Madam, like all other fashions, it wears out, and so descends to their servants; though in a great many of us, I believe it proceeds from some melancholy particles in the blood, occasioned by the stagnation of wages.

Dor. How affectedly the fellow talks——How long, pray, have you served your present master?

Arch. Not long; my life has been mostly spent in the service of the ladies.

Mrs. Sul. And pray, which service do you like best?

Arch. Madam, the ladies pay best; the honour of serving them is sufficient wages; there is a charm in their looks, that delivers a pleasure with their commands, and gives our duty the wings of inclination.

Mrs. Sul. That flight was above the pitch of a livery; and, sir, would not you be satisfied to serve a lady again?

Arch. As groom of the chambers, madam, but not as a footman.

Mrs. Sul. I suppose you served as footman before?

Arch. For that reason I would not serve in that post again; for my memory is too weak for the load of messages that the ladies lay upon their servants in London: my Lady Howd'ye, the last mistress I served, called me up one morning, and told me, Martin, go to my Lady Allnight, with my humble service; tell her, I was to wait on her ladyship yesterday, and left word with Mrs. Rebecca, that the preliminaries of the affair she knows of, are stopped till we know the concurrence of the person that I know of; for which

there are circumstances wanting which we shall accommodate at the old place; but that in the mean time there is a person about her ladyship, that, from several hints and surmises, was accessary at a certain time to the disappointments that naturally attend things, that to her knowledge are of more importance——

Mrs. Sul. } Ha! ha! where are you going, sir?
Dor. }

Arch. Why, I han't half done——The whole howd'ye was about half an hour long; so I happened to misplace two syllables, and was turned off, and rendered incapable——

Dor. The pleasantest fellow, sister, I ever saw.—But, friend, if your master be married,——I presume you still serve a lady.

Arch. No, madam, I take care never to come into a married family; the commands of the master and mistress are always so contrary, that 'tis impossible to please both.

Dor. There's a main point gained——My lord is not married, I find. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Sul. But I wonder, friend, that in so many good services, you had not a better provision made for you.

Arch. I don't know how, madam——I am very well as I am——

Mrs. Sul. Something for a pair of gloves.

[*Offering him Money.*

Arch. I humbly beg leave to be excused; my master, madam, pays me, nor dare I take money from any other hand, without injuring his honour, and disobeying his commands.

Scrub. Brother Martin, brother Martin.

Arch. What do you say, brother Scrub?

Scrub. Take the money, and give it to me.

[*Exeunt* ARCHER *and* SCRUB.

Dor. This is surprising: did you ever see so pretty a well-bred fellow?

Mrs. Sul. The devil take him, for wearing that livery.

Dor. I fancy, sister, he may be some gentleman, a friend of my lord's, that his lordship has pitched upon for his courage, fidelity, and discretion, to bear him company in this dress, and who, ten to one, was his second.

Mrs. Sul. It is so, it must be so, and it shall be so—for I like him.

Dor. What! better than the count?

Mrs. Sul. The count happened to be the most agreeable man upon the place; and so I chose him to serve me in my design upon my husband——But I should like this fellow better in a design upon myself.

Dor. But now, sister, for an interview with this lord and this gentleman; how shall we bring that about?

Mrs. Sul. Patience! you country ladies give no quarter.—Lookye, Dorinda, if my Lord Aimwell loves you or deserves you, he'll find a way to see you, and there we must leave it——My business comes now upon the tapis,——Have you prepared your brother?

Dor. Yes, yes.

Mrs. Sul. And how did he relish it?

Dor. He said little, mumbled something to himself, and promised to be guided by me: but here he comes.—

Enter SULLEN.

Sul. What singing was that I heard just now?

Mrs. Sul. The singing in your head, my dear, you complained of it all day.

Sul. You're impertinent.

Mrs. Sul. I was ever so, since I became one flesh with you.

Sul. One flesh! rather two carcases joined unnaturally together.

Mrs. Sul. Or rather a living soul coupled to a dead body.

Dor. So, this is fine encouragement for me!

Sul. Yes, my wife shows you what you must do!

Mrs. Sul. And my husband shows you what you must suffer.

Sul. 'Sdeath, why can't you be silent?

Mrs. Sul. 'Sdeath, why can't you talk?

Sul. Do you talk to any purpose?

Mrs. Sul. Do you think to any purpose?

Sul. Sister, harkye—[*Whispers.*] I shan't be home till it be late. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Sul. What did he whisper to ye?

Dor. That he would go round the back way, come into the closet, and listen, as I directed him.—But let me beg once more, dear sister, to drop this project; for, as I told you before, instead of awaking him to kindness, you may provoke him to rage; and then who knows how far his brutality may carry him?

Mrs. Sul. I'm provided to receive him, I warrant you; away! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Gallery in LADY BOUNTIFUL'S *House.*

Enter LADY BOUNTIFUL *and* MRS. SULLEN, DORINDA *meeting them.*

Dor. News, dear sister, news, news!

Enter ARCHER, *running.*

Arch. Where, where is my Lady Bountiful?—— Pray which is the old lady of you three?

Lady B. I am.

Arch. O madam, the fame of your ladyship's charity, goodness, benevolence, skill, and ability, have drawn me hither, to implore your ladyship's help in behalf of my unfortunate master, who is at this moment breathing his last.

Lady B. Your master! where is he?

Arch. At your gate, madam: drawn by the appearance of your handsome house, to view it nearer, and walking up the avenue, within five paces of the courtyard, he was taken ill of a sudden, with a sort of I know not what: but down he fell, and there he lies.

Lady B. Here, Scrub, Gipsey.

Enter SCRUB *and* GIPSEY.

All run, get my easy-chair down stairs, put the gentleman in it, and bring him in quickly, quickly.

Arch. Heaven will reward your ladyship for this charitable act.

Lady B. Is your master used to these fits?

Arch. O yes, madam, frequently—I have known him have five or six of a night.

Lady B. What's his name?

Arch. Lord, madam, he's dying; a minute's care or neglect may save or destroy his life.

Lady B. Ah, poor gentleman! come, friend, show me the way; I'll see him brought in myself.

[*Exit with* ARCHER.

Dor. Oh, sister, my heart flutters about strangely; I can hardly forbear running to his assistance.

Mrs. Sul. And I'll lay my life he deserves your assistance more than he wants it: did not I tell you that my lord would find a way to come at you? Love's

his distemper, and you must be the physician; put on all your charms, summon all your fire into your eyes, plant the whole artillery of your looks against his breast, and down with him.

Dor. O, sister, I'm but a young gunner, I shall be afraid to shoot, for fear the piece should recoil, and hurt myself.

Mrs. Sul. Never fear, you shall see me shoot before you, if you will.

Dor. No, no, dear sister, you have missed your mark so unfortunately, that I shan't care for being instructed by you.

Enter AIMWELL, *in a Chair, carried by* ARCHER *and* SCRUB; LADY BOUNTIFUL, GIPSEY. AIMWELL *counterfeiting a Swoon.*

Lady B. Here, here, let's see—the hartshorn drops—Gipsey, a glass of fair water, his fit's very strong.—Bless me, how his hands are clenched!

Arch. For shame, ladies, what d'ye do? why don't you help us?—Pray, madam, [*To* DORINDA.] take his hand, and open it, if you can, whilst I hold his head. [DORINDA *takes his Hand.*

Dor. Poor gentleman—Oh—he has got my hand within his, and squeezes it unmercifully——

Lady B. 'Tis the violence of his convulsion, child.

Arch. Oh, madam, he's perfectly possessed in these cases—he'll bite you, if you don't have a care.

Dor. Oh, my hand, my hand!

Lady B. What's the matter with the foolish girl? I have got this hand open you see with a great deal of ease.

Arch. Ay, but, madam, your daughter's hand is somewhat warmer than your ladyship's, and the heat of it draws the force of the spirits that way.

Mrs. Sul. I find, friend, you are very learned in these sort of fits.

Arch. 'Tis no wonder, madam, for I'm often trou-

bled with them myself; I find myself extremely ill at this minute. [*Looking hard at* MRS. SULLEN.

Mrs. Sul. [*Aside.*] I fancy I could find a way to cure you.

Lady B. His fit holds him very long.

Arch. Longer than usual, madam.——

Lady B. Where did his illness take him first, pray!

Arch. To-day, at church, madam.

Lady B. In what manner was he taken?

Arch. Very strangely, my lady. He was of a sudden touched with something in his eyes, which at the first he only felt, but could not tell whether 'twas pain or pleasure.

Lady B. Wind, nothing but wind.——Your master should never go without a bottle to smell to——Oh!——he recovers——the lavender water——some feathers to burn under his nose—Hungary water to rub his temples——Oh, he comes to himself. Hem a little, sir, hem——Gipsey, bring the cordial water.

[AIMWELL *seems to awake in amaze.*

Dor. How do you, sir?

Aim. Where am I? [*Rising.*

Sure I have passed the gulf of silent death,
And now am landed on the Elysian shore.
Behold the goddess of those happy plains,
Fair Proserpine—let me adore thy bright divinity.

[*Kneels to* DORINDA, *and kisses her Hand.*

Mrs. Sul. So, so, so; I knew where the fit would end.

Aim. Eurydice, perhaps——
How could thy Orpheus keep his word,
And not look back upon thee;
No treasure but thyself could sure have brib'd him
To look one minute off thee.

Lady B. Delirious, poor gentleman.

Arch. Very delirious, madam, very delirious.

Aim. Martin's voice, I think.

Arch. Yes, my lord—How does your lordship?

Lady B. Lord! did you mind that, girls?

Aim. Where am I?

Arch. In very good hands, sir—You were taken just now with one of your old fits, under the trees, just by this good lady's house; her ladyship had you taken in, and has miraculously brought you to yourself, as you see——

Aim. I am so confounded with shame, madam, that I can now only beg pardon——And refer my acknowledgments for your ladyship's care till an opportunity offers of making some amends—I dare be no longer troublesome—Martin, give two guineas to the servants. [*Going.*

Dor. Sir, you may catch cold by going so soon into the air; you don't look, sir, as if you were perfectly recovered.

[ARCHER *talks to* LADY BOUNTIFUL *in dumb Show.*

Aim. That I shall never be, madam: my present illness is so rooted, that I must expect to carry it to my grave.

Lady B. Come, sir, your servant has been telling me that you are apt to relapse, if you go into the air—Your good manners shan't get the better of ours—You shall sit down again, sir:—Come, sir, we don't mind ceremonies in the country—Here, Gipsey, bring the cordial water.—Here, sir, my service t'ye——You shall taste my water; 'tis a cordial, I can assure you, and of my own making.

Scrub. Yes, my lady makes very good water.

Lady B. Drink it off, sir: [AIMWELL *drinks.*] And how d'ye find yourself now, sir?

Aim. Somewhat better——though very faint still.

Lady B. Ay, ay, people are always faint after these fits. Come, girls, you shall show the gentleman the house; 'tis but an old family building, sir; but you had better walk about, and cool by degrees, than venture immediately into the air——You'll find some to-

lerable pictures—Dorinda, show the gentleman the way. I must go to the poor woman below. [*Exit.*

Dor. This way, sir.

Aim. Ladies, shall I beg leave for my servant to wait on you, for he understands pictures very well.

Mrs. Sul. Sir, we understand originals, as well as he does pictures, so he may come along.

[*Exeunt* DORINDA *and* AIMWELL, MRS. SULLEN *and* ARCHER—SCRUB *sits down.*

Enter FOIGARD.

Foig. 'Save you, master Scrub.

Scrub. Sir, I won't be saved your way——I hate a priest, I abhor the French, and I defy the devil—Sir, I'm a bold Briton, and will spill the last drop of my blood to keep out popery and slavery.

Foig. Master Scrub, you would put me down in politics, and so I would be speaking with Mrs. Gipsey.

Scrub. Good Mr. Priest, you can't speak with her; she's sick, sir; she's gone abroad, sir; she's—dead two months ago, sir.

Enter GIPSEY.

Gip. How now, impudence! How dare you talk so saucily to the doctor? Pray, sir, don't take it ill; for the common people of England are not so civil to strangers, as——

Scrub. You lie, you lie:—'tis the common people, such as you are, that are civilest to strangers.

Gip. Sirrah, I have a good mind to—Get you out, I say!

Scrub. I won't!

Gip. You won't, sauce-box!—Pray, doctor, what is the captain's name that came to your inn last night?

Scrub. The captain! ah, the devil, there she hampers me again;—the captain has me on one side, and

the priest on t'other:—So between the gown and the sword, I have a fine time on't.

Gip. What, sirrah, won't you march?

Scrub. No, my dear, I won't march—but I'll walk:—And I'll make bold to listen a little too.

[*Goes behind the Side Scene, and listens.*

Gip. Indeed, doctor, the count has been barbarously treated, that's the truth on't.

Foig. Ah, Mrs. Gipsey, upon my shoul, now, gra, his complainings would mollify the marrow in your bones, and move the bowels of your commiseration; he veeps, and he dances, and he fistles, and he swears, and he laughs, and he stamps, and he sings: in conclusion, joy, he's afflicted, *à la François*, and a stranger, would not know whider to cry or to laugh with him.

Gip. What would you have me do, doctor?

Foig. Nothing, joy, but only hide the count in Mrs. Sullen's closet, when it is dark.

Gip. Nothing! Is that nothing? it would be both a sin and a shame, doctor.

Foig. Here is twenty Louis d'ors, joy, for your shame; and I will give you an absolution for the shin.

Gip. But won't that money look like a bribe?

Foig. Dat is according as you shall take it—If you receive the money before hand, 'twill be *logicè*, a bribe; but if you stay till afterwards, 'twill be only a gratification.

Gip. Well, doctor, I'll take it *logicè*——But what must I do with my conscience, sir?

Foig. Leave dat wid me, joy; I am your priest, gra; and your conscience is under my hands.

Gip. But should I put the count into the closet—

Foig. Vell, is dere any shin for a man's being in a closhet? one may go to prayers in a closhet.

Gip. But if the lady should come into her chamber and go to bed?

Foig. Vel, and is dere any shin in going to bed, joy?

Gip. Ah, but if the parties should meet, doctor?

Foig. Vel den——the parties must be responsible.—Do you begone after putting the count in the closhet; and leave the shins wid themselves—I will come with the count to instruct you in your chamber.

Gip. Well, doctor, your religion is so pure, that I'm resolved to die a martyr to't——Here's the key of the garden door; come in the back way, when 'tis late—I'll be ready to receive you; but don't so much as whisper, only take hold of my hand; I'll lead you, and do you lead the count, and follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SCRUB.

Scrub. What witchcraft now have these two imps of the devil been a-hatching here?—There's twenty Louis d'ors! I heard that, and saw the purse: but I must give room to my betters. [*Exit.*

Enter AIMWELL, *leading* DORINDA, *and making love in dumb Show;* MRS. SULLEN, *and* ARCHER.

Mrs. Sul. Pray, sir, [*To* ARCHER.] how d'ye like that piece?

Arch. O, 'tis Leda—You find, madam, how Jupiter came disguised to make love—

Mrs. Sul. Pray, sir, what head is that in the corner, there?

Arch. O, madam, 'tis poor Ovid in his exile.

Mrs. Sul. What was he banished for?

Arch. His ambitious love, madam. [*Bowing.*] His misfortune touches me.

Mrs. Sul. Was he successful in his amours?

Arch. There he has left us in the dark—He was too much a gentleman to tell.

Mrs. Sul. If he were secret, I pity him.

Arch. And if he were successful I envy him.

Mrs. Sul. How d'ye like that Venus over the chimney?

Arch. Venus! I protest, madam, I took it for your picture: but now I look again, 'tis not handsome enough.

Mrs. Sul. Oh, what a charm is flattery! if you would see my picture, there it is, over that cabinet—How d'ye like it?

Arch. I must admire any thing, madam, that has the least resemblance of you——But methinks, madam,—[*He looks at the Picture and* MRS. SULLEN *Three or Four Times, by Turns.*] Pray, madam, who drew it?

Mrs. Sul. A famous hand, sir.

[*Exeunt* AIMWELL *and* DORINDA.

Arch. A famous hand, madam! Your eyes, indeed, are featured there; but where's the sparkling moisture, shining fluid, in which they swim? The picture, indeed, has your dimples, but where's the swarm of killing Cupids, that should ambush there? The lips too are figured out; but where's the carnation dew, the pouting ripeness that tempts the taste in the original?

Mrs. Sul. Had it been my lot to have matched with such a man! [*Aside.*

Arch. Your breasts too; presumptuous man! what! paint heaven! Apropos, madam, in the very next picture is Salmoneus, that was struck dead with lightning, for offering to imitate Jove's thunder; I hope you served the painter so, madam.

Mrs. Sul. Had my eyes the power of thunder, they should employ their lightning better.

Arch. There's the finest bed in that room, madam; I suppose 'tis your ladyship's bedchamber?

Mrs. Sul. And what then, sir?

Arch. I think the quilt is the richest that ever I saw——I can't at this distance, madam, distinguish the figures of the embroidery: will you give me leave, madam?

Mrs. Sul. The devil take his impudence—Sure, if I gave him an opportunity, he durst not offer it—I have a great mind to try.—[*Going.—Returns.*] 'Sdeath, what am I doing?—And alone too;——Sister, sister! [*Exit.*

Arch. I'll follow her close——
For where a Frenchman durst attempt to storm,
A Briton, sure may well the work perform.
[*Going.*

Enter SCRUB.

Scrub. Martin, brother Martin!

Arch. O brother Scrub, I beg your pardon, I was not a-going: here's a guinea my master ordered you.

Scrub. A guinea! hi, hi, hi, a guinea! eh——by this light it is a guinea; but I suppose you expect one and twenty shillings in change.

Arch. Not at all; I have another for Gipsey.

Scrub. A guinea for her! Fire and faggot for the witch.——Sir, give me that guinea, and I'll discover a plot.

Arch. A plot?

Scrub. Ay, sir, a plot, a horrid plot—First, it must be a plot, because there's a woman in't: secondly, it must be a plot, because there's a priest in't: thirdly, it must be a plot, because there's French gold in't: and fourthly, it must be a plot, because I don't know what to make on't.

Arch. Nor any body else, I'm afraid, brother Scrub.

Scrub. Truly I'm afraid so too; for where there's a priest and a woman, there's always a mystery and a riddle—This, I know, that here has been the doctor with a temptation in one hand, and an absolution in the other, and Gipsey has sold herself to the devil; I saw the price paid down, my eyes shall take their oath on't.

Arch. And is all this bustle about Gipsey?

Scrub. That's not all; I could hear but a word here and there; but I remember they mentioned a count, a closet, a back door, and a key.

Arch. The count! did you hear nothing of Mrs. Sullen?

Scrub. I did hear some word that sounded that way: but whether it was Sullen or Dorinda I could not distinguish.

Arch. You have told this matter to nobody, brother?

Scrub. Told! no, sir, I thank you for that; I'm resolved never to speak one word, *pro* nor *con*, till we have a peace.

Arch. You are i'the right, brother Scrub; here's a treaty a-foot between the count and the lady.—The priest and the chambermaid are plenipotentiaries—— It shall go hard, but I'll find a way to be included in the treaty. Where's the doctor now?

Scrub. He and Gipsey are this moment devouring my lady's marmalade in the closet.

Aim. [*From without.*] Martin, Martin!

Arch. I come, sir, I come.

Scrub. But you forget the other guinea, brother Martin.

Arch. Here, I give it with all my heart.

[*Exit* ARCHER.

Scrub. And I take it with all my soul. I'cod, I'll spoil your plotting, Mrs. Gipsey; and if you should set the captain upon me, these two guineas will buy me off. [*Exit* SCRUB.

Enter MRS. SULLEN *and* DORINDA, *meeting.*

Mrs. Sul. Well, sister.

Dor. And well, sister.

Mrs. Sul. What's become of my lord?

Dor. What's become of his servant?

Mrs. Sul. Servant! he's a prettier fellow and a finer gentleman by fifty degrees than his master.

Dor. O' my conscience, I fancy you could beg that fellow at the gallows' foot.

Mrs. Sul. O' my conscience, I could, provided I could put a friend of yours in his room.

Dor. You desired me, sister, to leave you, when you transgressed the bounds of honour.

Mrs. Sul. Thou dear censorious country girl—What dost mean? You can't think of the man without the bedfellow, I find.

Dor. I don't find any thing unnatural in that thought.

Mrs. Sul. How a little love and conversation improve a woman!—Why, child, you begin to live—you never spoke before.

Dor. Because I was never spoke to before: my lord has told me, that I have more wit and beauty than any of my sex; and truly I begin to think the man is sincere.

Mrs. Sul. You are in the right, Dorinda; pride is the life of a woman, and flattery is our daily bread—But I'll lay you a guinea that I had finer things said to me than you had.

Dor. Done——What did your fellow say to ye?

Mrs. Sul. My fellow took the picture of Venus for mine.

Dor. But my lover took me for Venus herself.

Mrs. Sul. Common cant! had my spark called me a Venus directly, I should have believed him a footman in good earnest.

Dor. But my lover was upon his knees to me.

Mrs. Sul. And mine was upon his tiptoes to me.

Dor. Mine vowed to die for me.

Mrs. Sul. Mine swore to die with me.

Dor. Mine kissed my hand ten thousand times.

Mrs. Sul. Mine has all that pleasure to come.

Dor. Mine spoke the softest moving things.

Mrs. Sul. Ay, ay, mine had his moving things too.

Dor. Mine offered marriage.

Mrs. Sul. O lard! d'ye call that a moving thing?

Dor. The sharpest arrow in his quiver, my dear sister; Why, my twenty thousand pounds may lie brooding here this seven years, and hatch nothing at last but some illnatured clown, like yours;—Whereas, if I marry my Lord Aimwell, there will be title, place, and precedence, the park, the play, and the drawing-room, splendour, equipage, noise, and flambeaux—Hey, my Lady Aimwell's servants there—lights, lights to the stairs—My Lady Aimwell's coach, put forward—stand by; make room for her ladyship——Are not these things moving? What! melancholy of a sudden?

Mrs. Sul. Happy, happy sister! your angel has been watchful for your happiness, whilst mine has slept, regardless of his charge——Long smiling years of circling joys for you, but not one hour for me!

[*Weeps.*

Dor. Come, my dear, we'll talk of something else.

Mrs. Sul. O, Dorinda, I own myself a woman, full of my sex, a gentle, generous soul—easy and yielding to soft desires; a spacious heart, where love and all his train might lodge; and must the fair apartment of my breast be made a stable for a brute to lie in?

Dor. Meaning your husband, I suppose.

Mrs. Sul. Husband!—Even husband is too soft a name for him.—But, come, I expect my brother here to-night or to-morrow; he was abroad when my father married me: perhaps he'll find a way to make me easy.

Dor. Will you promise not to make yourself uneasy in the mean time with my lord's friend?

Mrs. Sul. You mistake me, sister—It happens with us as among the men, the greatest talkers are the greatest cowards; and there's a reason for it; those spirits evaporate in prattle, which might do more mischief if they took another course——Though, to confess

the truth, I do love that fellow;—and if I met him dressed as he should be,——Lookye, sister, I have no supernatural gifts;——I can't swear I could resist the temptation——though I can safely promise to avoid it; and that's as much as the best of us can do. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Inn.

Enter AIMWELL *and* ARCHER *laughing.*

Arch. And the awkward kindness of the good motherly old gentlewoman——

Aim. And the coming easiness of the young one—'Sdeath, 'tis pity to deceive her.

Arch. Nay, if you adhere to those principles, stop where you are.

Aim. I can't stop; for I love her to distraction.

Arch. 'Sdeath, if you love her a hair's breadth beyond discretion, you must go no farther.

Aim. Well, well, any thing to deliver us from sauntering away our idle evenings at White's, Tom's, or Will's—But now——

Arch. Ay, now is the time to prevent all this—Strike while the iron is hot—The priest is the luckiest part of our adventure; he shall marry you, and pimp for me. But here comes the doctor; I shall be ready. [*Exit.*

Enter FOIGARD.

Foig. Shave you, noble friend.

Aim. O sir, your servant; Pray, doctor, may I crave your name?

Foig. Fat naam is upon me? My naam is Foigard, joy.

Aim. Foigard! a very good name for a clergyman; Pray, Doctor Foigard, were you ever in Ireland?

Foig. Ireland! No, joy:—Fat sort of plaace is dat shame Ireland? Dey say de people are catched dere when dey are young.

Aim. And some of them here, when they are old;—as for example—[*Takes* FOIGARD *by the Shoulder.*] Sir, I arrest you as a traitor against the government; you are a subject of England, and this morning showed me a commision, by which you served as chaplain in the French army: This is death by our law, and your reverence must hang for't.

Foig. Upon my shoul, noble friend, dis is strange news you tell me, Fader Foigard a subject of England—de son of a Burgomaster of Brussels a subject of England, Ubooboo—

Aim. The son of a bog trotter in Ireland: sir, your tongue will condemn you before any bench in the kingdom.

Foig. And is my tongue all your evidensh, joy?

Aim. That's enough.

Foig. No, no, joy, for I will never spaake de English no more.

Aim. Sir, I have other evidence.—Here, Martin, you know this fellow.

Enter ARCHER.

Aim. [*In a Brogue.*] Shave you, my dear cussen, how does your health?

Foig. Ah! upon my shoul dere is my countryman and his brogue will hang mine. [*Aside.*] *Mynheer,*

ick wet neat wat hey zacht, ick univirston ewe, neat, sacrament.

Aim. Altering your language won't do, sir, this fellow knows your person, and will swear to your face.

Foig. Faash ! fey, is dere brogue upon my faash too ?

Arch. Upon my shalvation dere ish, joy,——But, Cussen Mackshane, vill you not put a remembrance upon me ?

Foig. Mackshane ! by St. Patrick, dat is my naam shure enough. [*Aside.*

Aim. I fancy, Archer, you have it.

Foig. The devil hang you, joy——By fat acquaintance are you my cussen ?

Arch. O, de devil hang your shelf, joy ; you know we were little boys togeder upon de school, and your foster moder's son was married upon my nurse's chister, joy, and so we are Irish cussens.

Foig. De devil taake de relation! Vel, joy, and fat school was it?

Arch. I think it vas—aay—'Twas Tipperary.

Foig. Now, upon my shoul, joy, it was Kilkenny.

Aim. That's enough for us—self confession—Come, sir, we must deliver you into the hands of the next magistrate.

Arch. He sends you to gaol, you are tried next assizes, and away you go swing into purgatory.

Foig. And is it sho wid you cussen ?

Arch. It will be sho wid you, cussen, if you don't immediately confess the secret between you and Mrs. Gipsey—Lookye, sir, the gallows or the secret, take your choice.

Foig. The gallows ! upon my shoul I hate that shame gallows, for it is a discash dat is fatal to our family.—Vel den, there is nothing, shentlemens, but Mrs. Sullen would spaak wid the count in her cham-

ber at midnight, and dere is no harm, joy, for I am to conduct the count to the plaash myself.

Arch. As I guessed.——Have you communicated the matter to the count?

Foig. I have not sheen him since.

Arch. Right again; why then, doctor;—you shall conduct me to the lady instead of the count.

Foig. Fat, my cussen to the lady! upon my shoul, gra, dat's too much upon the brogue.

Arch. Come, come, doctor, consider we have got a rope about your neck, and if you offer to squeak, we'll stop your windpipe, most certainly; we shall have another job for you in a day or two, I hope.

Aim. Here's company coming this way; let's into my chamber, and there concert our affairs further.

Arch. Come, my dear cussen, come along.

Foig. Arra, the devil taake our relashion. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BONIFACE, HOUNSLOW, *and* BAGSHOT, *at one Door*, GIBBET *at the opposite.*

Gib. Well, gentlemen, 'tis a fine night for our enterprize.

Houns. Dark as hell.

Bag. And blows like the devil: our landlord here has shown us the window where we must break in, and tells us the plate stands in the wainscot cupboard in the parlour.

Bon. Ay, ay, Mr. Bagshot, as the saying is, knives and forks, cups and cans, tumblers and tankards.—There's one tankard, as the saying is, that's near upon as big as me: it was a present to the 'squire from his godmother, and smells of nutmeg and toast, like an East India ship.

Houns. Then you say we must divide at the stair-head.

Bon. Yes, Mr. Hounslow, as the saying is——at one end of the gallery lies my Lady Bountiful and her daughter, and at the other, Mrs. Sullen—as for the 'squire.——

Gib. He's safe enough; I have fairly entered him, and he's more than half seas over already—But such a parcel of scoundrels are got about him there, that, egad, I was ashamed to be seen in their company.

Bon. 'Tis now twelve, as the saying is—gentlemen, you must set out at one.

Gib. Hounslow, do you and Bagshot see our arms fixed, and I'll come to you presently.

Houns. and Bag. We will.

[*Exeunt* HOUNSLOW *and* BAGSHOT.

Gib. Well, my dear Bonny, you assure me that Scrub is a coward.

Bon. A chicken, as the saying is—you'll have no creature to deal with but the ladies.

Gib. And I can assure you, friend, there's a great deal of address and good manners in robbing a lady: I am the most a gentleman that way that ever travelled the road.—But, my dear Bonny, this prize will be a galleon, a Vigo business——I warrant you, we shall bring off three or four thousand pounds.

Bon. In plate, jewels, and money, as the saying is, you may.

Gib. Why, then, Tyburn, I defy thee: I'll get up to town, sell off my horse and arms, buy myself some pretty employment in the law, and be as snug and as honest as e'er a long gown of them all.

Bon. And what think you, then, of my daughter Cherry for a wife?

Gib. Lookye, my dear Bonny, *Cherry is the goddess I adore*, as the song goes; but it is a maxim, that man and wife should never have it in their power to hang one another; for, if they should, the Lord have mercy upon them both. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Inn.

Knocking without.

Enter BONIFACE.

Bon. Coming, coming—a coach and six foaming horses at this time o'night! some great man, as the saying is, for he scorns to travel with other people.

Enter SIR CHARLES FREEMAN.

Sir C. What, fellow! a public house, and abed when other people sleep?

Bon. Sir, I an't abed, as the saying is.

Sir C. I see that, as the saying is! Is Mr. Sullen's family abed, think ye?

Bon. All but the 'squire himself, sir, as the saying is; he's in the house.

Sir C. What company has he?

Bon. Why, sir, there's the constable, Mr. Gage, the exciseman, the hunch-backed barber, and two or three other gentlemen.

Sir C. I find my sister's letters gave me the true picture of her spouse.

Enter SULLEN, *drunk.*

Bon. Sir, here's the 'squire.

Sul. The puppies left me asleep——sir.

Sir C. Well, sir.

Sul. Sir, I am an unfortunate man—I have three thousand pounds a year, and I can't get a man to drink a cup of ale with me.

Sir C. That's very hard.

Sul. Ay, sir,—and unless you have pity upon me, and smoke one pipe with me, I must e'en go home to my wife, and I had rather go to the devil by half.

Sir C. But I presume, sir, you won't see your wife to-night, she'll be gone to bed——you don't use to lie with your wife in that pickle.

Sul. What! not lie with my wife! Why, sir, do you take me for an atheist, or a rake?

Sir C. If you hate her, sir, I think you had better lie from her.

Sul. I think so too, friend——but I am a justice of peace, and must do nothing against the law.

Sir C. Law! as I take it, Mr. Justice, nobody observes law for law's sake, only for the good of those for whom it was made.

Sul. But if the law orders me to send you to gaol, you must lie there, my friend.

Sir C. Not unless I commit a crime to deserve it.

Sul. A crime! oons, an't I married?

Sir C. Nay, sir, if you call marriage a crime, you must disown it for a law.

Sul. Eh!—I must be acquainted with you, sir,—but, sir, I should be very glad to know the truth of this matter.

Sir C. Truth, sir, is a profound sea, and few there be that dare wade deep enough to find out the bottom on't. Besides, sir, I am afraid the line of your understanding mayn't be long enough.

Sul. Lookye, sir, I have nothing to say to your sea of truth; but if a good parcel of land can entitle a man to a little truth, I have as much as any he in the county.

Bon. I never heard your worship, as the saying is, talk so much before.

Sul. Because I never met with a man that I liked before.

Bon. Pray, sir, as the saying is, let me ask you one question: are not man and wife one flesh?

Sir C. You and your wife, Mr. Guts, may be one flesh, because you are nothing else——but rational creatures have minds that must be united.

Sul. Minds!

Sir C. Ay, minds, sir; don't you think that the mind takes place of the body?

Sul. In some people.

Sir C. Then the interest of the master must be consulted before that of his servant.

Sul. Sir, you shall dine with me to-morrow—— Oons, I always thought that we were naturally one.

Sir C. Sir, I know that my two hands are naturally one, because they love one another, kiss one another, help one another in all the actions of life; but I could not say so much if they were always at cuffs.

Sul. Then 'tis plain that we are two.

Sir C. Why don't you part with her, sir?

Sul. Will you take her, sir?

Sir C. With all my heart.

Sul. You shall have her to-morrow morning, and a venison pasty into the bargain.

Sir C. You'll let me have her fortune too?

Sul. Fortune! why, sir, I have no quarrel to her fortune——I only hate the woman, sir, and none but the woman shall go.

Sir C. But her fortune, sir——

Sul. Can you play at whist, sir?

Sir C. No, truly, sir.

Sul. Not at all-fours?

Sir C. Neither.

Sul. Oons! where was this man bred? [*Aside.*] Burn me, sir, I can't go home; 'tis but two o'clock.

Sir C. For half an hour, sir, if you please—but you must consider 'tis late.

Sul. Late! that is the reason I can't go to bed—Come, sir—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHERRY; *she runs across the Stage, and knocks at* AIMWELL'S *Chamber Door. Enter* AIMWELL.

Aim. What's the matter? you tremble, child; you are frighted!

Cher. No wonder, sir—but, in short, sir, this very minute a gang of rogues are gone to rob my Lady Bountiful's house.

Aim. How!

Cher. I dogged them to the very door, and left them breaking in.

Aim. Have you alarmed any body else with the news?

Cher. No, no, sir; I wanted to have discovered the whole plot, and twenty other things, to your man, Martin; but I have searched the whole house, and can't find him; where is he?

Aim. No matter, child; will you guide me immediately to the house?

Cher. With all my heart, sir: my Lady Bountiful is my godmother, and I love Mrs. Dorinda so well—

Aim. Dorinda! the name inspires me! the glory and the danger shall be all my own——Come, my life, let me but get my sword. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber in LADY BOUNTIFUL'S *House.*

MRS. SULLEN *and* DORINDA *discovered; a Table and Lights.*

Dor. 'Tis very late, sister; no news of your spouse yet?

Mrs. Sul. No; I'm condemned to be alone till towards four, and then, perhaps, I may be executed with his company.

Dor. Well, my dear, I'll leave you to your rest; you'll go directly to bed, I suppose.

Mrs. Sul. I don't know what to do; heigho!

Dor. That's a desiring sigh, sister.

Mrs. Sul. This is a languishing hour, sister.

Dor. And might prove a critical minute, if the pretty fellow were here.

Mrs. Sul. Here? what, in my bedchamber, at two o'clock i'th' morning, I undressed, the family asleep, my hated husband abroad, and my lovely fellow at my feet!——O, gad, sister!

Dor. Thoughts are free, sister, and them I allow you—So, my dear, good night. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Sul. A good rest to my dear Dorinda—— Thoughts free! are they so? why, then, suppose him here, dressed like a youthful, gay, and burning bridegroom, [ARCHER *steals out of the Closet.*] with tongue enchanting, eyes bewitching, knees imploring [*Turns a little on one Side, and sees* ARCHER *in the Posture she describes.*]—Ah! [*Shrieks, and runs to the other Side of the Stage.*]. Have my thoughts raised a spirit? What are you, sir? a man, or a devil?

Arch. A man, a man, madam. [*Rising.*

Mrs. Sul. How shall I be sure of it?

Arch. Madam, I'll give you demonstration this minute. [*Takes her Hand.*

Mrs. Sul. What, sir! do you intend to be rude?

Arch. Yes, madam, if you please.

Mrs. Sul. In the name of wonder, whence came ye?

Arch. From the skies, madam—I'm a Jupiter in love, and you shall be my Alcmena.

Mrs. Sul. How came you in?

Arch. I flew in at the window, madam; your cou-

sin Cupid lent me his wings, and your sister Venus opened the casement.

Mrs. Sul. I'm struck dumb with admiration.

Arch. And I with wonder.

[*Looks passionately at her.*

Mrs. Sul. What will become of me?

Arch. How beautiful she looks!——the teeming jolly spring smiles in her blooming face, and when she was conceived, her mother smelt to roses, looked on lilies——

Lilies unfold their white, their fragrant charms,
When the warm sun thus darts into their arms.

[*Runs to her.*

Mrs. Sul. Ah! [*Shrieks.*

Arch. Oons, madam, what do you mean? you'll raise the house.

Mrs. Sul. Sir, I'll wake the dead, before I bear this. What! approach me with the freedoms of a keeper! I'm glad on't; your impudence has cured me.

Arch. If this be impudence, [*Kneels.*] I leave to your partial self; no panting pilgrim, after a tedious, painful, voyage, e'er bowed before his saint with more devotion.

Mrs. Sul. Now, now, I'm ruined if he kneels. [*Aside.*] Rise, thou prostrate engineer; not all thy undermining skill shall reach my heart. Rise, and know that I am a woman, without my sex; I can love to all the tenderness of wishes, sighs, and tears—But go no farther—Still, to convince you that I'm more than woman, I can speak my frailty, confess my weakness even for——But——

Arch. For me! [*Going to lay hold on her.*

Mrs. Sul. Hold, sir; build not upon that—for my most mortal hatred follows, if you disobey what I

command you now—leave me this minute—If he denies, I'm lost. [*Aside.*

Arch. Then you'll promise——

Mrs. Sul. Any thing another time.

Arch. When shall I come?

Mrs. Sul. To-morrow—when you will.

Arch. Your lips must seal the promise.

Mrs. Sul. Pshaw!

Arch. They must, they must. [*Kisses her.*] Raptures and paradise! and why not now, my angel? The time, the place, silence, and secrecy, all conspire—And the now conscious stars have pre-ordained this moment for my happiness.

[*Takes her in his Arms.*

Mrs. Sul. You will not, cannot, sure.

Arch. If the sun rides fast, and disappoints not mortals of to-morrow's dawn, this night shall crown my joys.

Mrs. Sul. My sex's pride assist me.

Arch. My sex's strength help me.

Mrs. Sul. You shall kill me first.

Arch. I'll die with you. [*Carrying her off.*

Mrs. Sul. Thieves! thieves! murder!——

Enter SCRUB, *in his Breeches, and one Shoe.*

Scrub. Thieves! thieves! murder! popery!

Arch. Ha! [*Draws, and offers to stab* SCRUB.

Scrub. [*Kneeling.*] O pray, sir, spare all I have, and take my life.

Mrs. Sul. [*Holding* ARCHER'S *Hand.*] What does the fellow mean?

Scrub. O, madam, down upon your knees, your marrowbones——he's one of them.

Arch. Of whom?

Scrub. One of the rogues——I beg your pardon, one of the honest gentlemen, that just now are broke into the house.

Arch. How!

Mrs. Sul. I hope you did not come to rob me?

Arch. Indeed I did, madam, but I would have taken nothing but what you might very well have spared; but your crying, Thieves, has waked this dreaming fool, and so he takes them for granted.

Scrub. Granted! 'tis granted, sir; take all we have.

Mrs. Sul. The fellow looks as if he were broke out of Bedlam.

Scrub. Oons, madam, they're broke into the house with fire and sword; I saw them, heard them, they'll be here this minute.

Arch. What! thieves!

Scrub. Under favour, sir, I think so.

Mrs. Sul. What shall we do, sir?

Arch. Madam, I wish your ladyship a good night.

Mrs. Sul. Will you leave me?

Arch. Leave you! lord, madam, did not you command me to begone just now, upon pain of your immortal hatred.

Mrs. Sul. Nay, but pray, sir——

[*Takes hold of him.*

Arch. Ha! ha! ha! now comes my turn to be avished—You see now, madam, you must use men one way or other; but take this by the way, good madam, that none but a fool will give you the benefit of his courage, unless you'll take his love along with it—How are they armed, friend?

Scrub. With sword and pistol, sir.

[*He gets under the Table.*

Arch. Hush!——I see a dark lanthorn coming through the gallery——Madam, be assured I will protect you, or lose my life.

Mrs. Sul. Your life! no, sir, they can rob me of nothing that I value half so much; therefore now, sir let me entreat you to begone.

Arch. No, madam, I'll consult my own safety, for the sake of yours; I'll work by stratagem: have you courage enough to stand the appearance of them?

Mrs. Sul. Yes, yes; since I have escaped your hands, I can face any thing.

Arch. Come hither, brother Scrub; don't you know me?

Scrub. Eh! my dear brother, let me kiss thee!

[*Kisses* ARCHER.

Arch. This way—— Here——

[ARCHER *and* SCRUB *hide.*

Enter GIBBET, *with a dark Lanthorn in one Hand, and a Pistol in the other.*

Gib. Ay, ay, this is the chamber, and the lady alone.

Mrs. Sul. Who are you, sir? What would you have? D'ye come to rob me?

Gib. Rob you! alack a day, madam, I'm only a younger brother, madam; and so, madam, if you make a noise, I'll shoot you through the head: but don't be afraid, madam. [*Laying his Lanthorn and Pistol upon the Table.*] These rings, madam; don't be concerned, madam; I have a profound respect for you, madam; your keys, madam; don't be frighted, madam; I'm the most of a gentleman. [*Searching her Pockets.*] This necklace, madam; I never was rude to any lady! I have a veneration—for this necklace.

[*Here* ARCHER, *having come round, and seized the Pistol, takes* GIBBET *by the Collar, trips up his Heels, and claps the Pistol to his Breast.*

Arch. Hold, profane villain, and take the reward of thy sacrilege.

Gib. Oh! pray, sir, don't kill me; I an't prepared.

Arch. How many is there of them, Scrub?

Scrub. Five and forty, sir.

Arch. Then I must kill the villain, to have him out of the way.

Gib. Hold! hold! sir; we are but three, upon my honour.

Arch. Scrub, will you undertake to secure him?

Scrub. Not I, sir; kill him, kill him!

Arch. Run to Gipsey's chamber; there you'll find the doctor; bring him hither presently. [*Exit* SCRUB, *running.*] Come, rogue, if you have a short prayer, say it.

Gib. Sir, I have no prayer at all; the government has provided a chaplain to say prayers for us on these occasions.

Mrs. Sul. Pray, sir, don't kill him: You fright me as much as him.

Arch. The dog shall die, madam, for being the occasion of my disappointment.—Sirrah, this moment is your last.

Gib. Sir, I'll give you two hundred pounds to spare my life.

Arch. Have you no more, rascal?

Gib. Yes, sir, I can command four hundred; but I must reserve two of them to save my life at the sessions.

Enter SCRUB *and* FOIGARD.

Arch. Here, doctor: I suppose Scrub and you, between you, may manage him:——Lay hold of him.

[FOIGARD *lays hold of* GIBBET.

Gib. What! turned over to the priest already——Lookye, doctor, you come before your time; I an't condemned yet, I thank ye.

Foig. Come, my dear joy, I vil secure your body and your shoul too; I will make you a good catholic, and give you an absolution.

Gib. Absolution! Can you procure me a pardon, doctor?

Foig. No, joy.——

Gib. Then you and your absolution may go to the devil.

Arch. Convey him into the cellar, there bind him: —Take the pistol, and if he offers to resist, shoot him through the head,—and come back to us with all the speed you can.

Scrub. Ay, ay; come, doctor, do you hold him fast, and I'll guard him.

[*Exeunt* SCRUB, GIBBET; *and* FOIGARD.

Mrs. Sul. But how came the doctor?

Arch. In short, madam——[*Shrieking without.*] 'Sdeath! the rogues are at work with the other ladies: —I'm vexed I parted with the pistol; but I must fly to their assistance—Will you stay here, madam, or venture yourself with me?

Mrs. Sul. Oh, with you, dear sir, with you.

[*Takes him by the Arm, and exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Apartment.

Enter HOUNSLOW *and* BAGSHOT, *with Swords drawn, dragging in* LADY BOUNTIFUL *and* DORINDA.

Houns. Come, come, your jewels, mistress.

Bag. Your keys, your keys, old gentlewoman.

Enter AIMWELL.

Aim. Turn this way, villains; I durst engage an army in such a cause. [*He engages them both.*

Enter ARCHER *and* MRS. SULLEN.

Arch. Hold! hold! my lord; every man his bird, pray.

[*They engage Man to Man; the Rogues are thrown down, and disarmed.*

Arch. Shall we kill the rogues?

Aim. No, no; we'll bind them.

Arch. Ay, ay; here, madam, lend me your garter.

[*To* MRS. SULLEN, *who stands by him.*

Mrs. Sul. The devil's in this fellow; he fights, loves, and banters all in a breath: here's a rope, that the rogues brought with them, I suppose.

Arch. Right, right, the rogue's destiny, a rope to hang himself——Come, my lord,——this is but a scandalous sort of an office, [*Binding the* ROGUES *together.*] if our adventure should end in this sort of hangmanwork; but I hope there is something in prospect that—

Enter SCRUB.

Well, Scrub, have you secured your Tartar?

Scrub. Yes, sir, I left the priest and him disputing about religion.

Aim. And pray carry these gentlemen to reap the benefit of the controversy.

[*Delivers the* PRISONERS *to* SCRUB, *who leads them out.*

Mrs. Sul. Pray, sister, how came my lord here?

Dor. And pray, how came the gentleman here?

Mrs. Sul. I'll tell you the greatest piece of villainy— [*They talk in dumb Show.*

Aim. I fancy, Archer, you have been more successful in your adventure than the housebreakers.

Arch. No matter for my adventure, yours is the principal——Press her this minute to marry you,—now while she's hurried between the palpitation of

her fear, and the joy of her deliverance, now while the tide of her spirits are at high-flood:——throw yourself at her feet, speak some romantic nonsense or other;—confound her senses, bear down her reason, and away with her:—The priest is now in the cellar, and dare not refuse to do the work.

Aim. But how shall I get off without being observed?

Arch. You a lover, and not find a way to get off!—Let me see.

Aim. You bleed, Archer.

Arch. 'Sdeath, I'm glad on't; this wound will do the business—I'll amuse the old lady and Mrs. Sullen about dressing my wound, while you carry off Dorinda.

Lady B. Gentlemen, could we understand how you would be gratified for the services——

Arch. Come, come, my lady, this is no time for compliments; I'm wounded, madam.

Lady B. and Mrs. Sul. How! wounded!

Dor. I hope, sir, you have received no hurt?

Aim. None but what you may cure——

[*Makes love in dumb Show.*

Lady B. Let me see your arm, sir—I must have some powder sugar, to stop the blood——O me! an ugly gash; upon my word, sir, you must go into bed.

Arch. Ay, my lady, a bed would do very well——Madam, [*To* MRS. SULLEN.] will you do me the favour to conduct me to a chamber?

Lady B. Do, do, daughter,——while I get the lint, and the probe, and plaister ready.

[*Runs out one Way;* AIMWELL *carries off* DORINDA *another.*

Arch. Come, madam, why don't you obey your mother's commands?

Mrs. Sul. How can you, after what is past, have the confidence to ask me?

Arch. And if you go to that, how can you, after

what is past, have the confidence to deny me?—— Was not this blood shed in your defence, and my life exposed for your protection?—Lookye, madam, I'm none of your romantic fools, that fight giants and monsters for nothing; my valour is downright Swiss; I am a soldier of fortune, and must be paid.

Mrs. Sul. 'Tis ungenerous in you, sir, to upbraid me with your services.

Arch. 'Tis ungenerous in you, madam, not to reward them.

Mrs. Sul. How! at the expense of my honour!

Arch. Honour! Can honour consist with ingratitude? If you would deal like a woman of honour, do like a man of honour: d'ye think I would deny you in such a case?

Enter GIPSEY.

Gip. Madam, my lady ordered me to tell you, that your brother is below at the gate.

Mrs. Sul. My brother! Heavens be praised:—Sir, he shall thank you for your services; he has it in his power.

Arch. Who is your brother, madam?

Mrs. Sul. Sir Charles Freeman:——You'll excuse me, sir; I must go and receive him. [*Exit.*

Arch. Sir Charles Freeman! 'Sdeath and hell! ——My old acquaintance. Now, unless Aimwell has made good use of his time, all our fair machine goes souse into the sea, like an Eddistone. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Gallery in the same House.

Enter AIMWELL *and* DORINDA.

Dor. Well, well, my lord, you have conquered:—your late generous action will, I hope, plead for my easy yielding; though, I must own, your lordship had a friend in the fort before.

Aim. The sweets of Hybla dwell upon her tongue—Here, doctor!——

Enter FOIGARD, *with a Book.*

Foig. Are you prepared bote?

Dor. I'm ready. But first, my lord, one word—I have a frightful example of a hasty marriage in my own family; when I reflect upon't, it shocks me.—Pray, my lord, consider a little———

Aim. Consider! Do you doubt my honour, or my love?

Dor. Neither—I do believe you equally just as brave; and were your whole sex drawn out for me to chuse, I should not cast a look upon the multitude, if you were absent.—But, my lord, I'm a woman; colours, concealments, may hide a thousand faults in me—therefore, know me better first; I hardly dare affirm, I know myself in any thing, except my love.

Aim. Such goodness who could injure! I find myself unequal to the task of villain; she has gained my soul, and made it honest like her own—I cannot hurt her. [*Aside.*] Doctor, retire. [*Exit* FOIGARD.] Ma-

dam, behold your lover, and your proselyte, and judge of my passion by my conversion.—I'm all a lie, nor dare I give a fiction to your arms;—I am all a counterfeit, except my passion.

Dor. Forbid it, Heaven!—A counterfeit!

Aim. I am no lord, but a poor, needy man, come with a mean, a scandalous design, to prey upon your fortune:—But the beauties of your mind and person, have so won me from myself, that, like a trusty servant, I prefer the interest of my mistress to my own.

Dor. Pray, sir, who are you?

Aim. Brother to the man, whose title I usurped; but stranger to his honour or his fortune.

Dor. Matchless honesty!—Once I was proud, sir, of your wealth and title, but now am prouder that you want it: now I can show, that my love was justly levelled, and had no aim but love.—Doctor, come in.

Enter FOIGARD, *at one Door,* GIPSEY *at another, who whispers* DORINDA.

Your pardon, sir; we shan't want you now, sir. You must excuse me—I'll wait on you presently.

[*Exit with* GIPSEY.

Foig. Upon my shoul, now, dis is foolish. [*Exit.*

Aim. Gone! and bid the priest depart—It has an ominous look!

Enter ARCHER.

Arch. Courage, Tom——Shall I wish you joy?

Aim. No.

Arch. Oons, man! what ha' you been doing?

Aim. O Archer, my honesty, I fear, has ruined me.

Arch. How!

Aim. I have discovered myself.

Arch. Discovered! and without my consent?—

What! have I embarked my small remains in the same bottom with yours, and you dispose of all without my partnership?

Aim. O, Archer, I own my fault.

Arch. After conviction—'tis then too late for pardon.—You may remember, Mr. Aimwell, that you proposed this folly—As you begun, so end it—Henceforth, I'll hunt my fortune single—so farewell.

Aim. Stay, my dear Archer, but a minute.

Arch. Stay! What, to be despised, exposed, and laughed at?—No, I would sooner change conditions with the worst of the rogues we just now bound, than bear one scornful smile from the proud knight, that once I treated as my equal.

Aim. What knight?

Arch. Sir Charles Freeman, brother to the lady that I had almost——But, no matter for that, 'tis a cursed night's work, and so I leave you to make the best on't.

Aim. Freeman!—One word, Archer—Still I have hopes; methought, she received my confession with pleasure.

Arch. 'Sdeath! who doubts it?

Aim. She consented after to the match; and still I dare believe she will be just.

Arch. To herself, I warrant her; as you should have been.

Aim. By all my hopes, she comes! and smiling comes.

Enter DORINDA, *gaily.*

Dor. Come, my dear lord, I fly with impatience to your arms.—The minutes of my absence was a tedious year.—Where's this priest?

Enter FOIGARD.

Arch. Oons! a brave girl!

Dor. I suppose, my lord, this gentleman is privy to our affairs?

Arch. Yes, yes, madam, I'm to be your father.

Dor. Come, priest, do your office.

Arch. Make haste, make haste! couple them any way. [*Takes* AIMWELL'S *Hand.*] Come, madam, I'm to give you———

Dor. My mind's altered—I won't.

Arch. Eh!

Aim. I'm confounded!

Foig. Upon my shoul, and so is myshelf!

Arch. What's the matter now, madam?

Dor. Lookye, sir, one generous action deserves another.—This gentleman's honour obliged him to hide nothing from me; my justice engages me to conceal nothing from him. In short, sir, you are the person that you thought you counterfeited; you are the true Lord Viscount Aimwell, and I wish your lordship joy. —Now, priest, you may begone;—if my lord is now pleased with the match, let his lordship marry me in the face of the world.

Aim. Archer, what does she mean?

Dor. Here's a witness for my truth.

Enter SIR CHARLES, *and* MRS. SULLEN.

Sir C. My dear Lord Aimwell, I wish you joy!

Aim. Of what?

Sir C. Of your honour and estate. Your brother died the day before I left London; and all your friends have writ after you to Brussels: among the rest, I did myself the honour.

Arch. Harkye, sir knight, don't you banter now?

Sir C. 'Tis truth, upon my honour.

Aim. Thanks to the pregnant stars, that formed this accident.

Arch. Thanks to the womb of time, that brought it forth—away with it.

Aim. Thanks to my guardian angel, that led me to the prize. [*Taking* DORINDA's *Hand.*

Arch. And double thanks to the noble Sir Charles Freeman.—My lord, I wish you joy. My lady, I wish you joy.—Egad, Sir Charles, you're the honestest fellow living.—'Sdeath! I'm grown strangely airy upon this matter.——My lord, how d'ye?——A word, my lord: Don't you remember something of a previous agreement, that entitles me to the moiety of this lady's fortune, which, I think, will amount to ten thousand pounds?

Aim. Not a penny, Archer: you would have cut my throat just now, because I would not deceive this lady.

Arch. Ay, and I'll cut your throat still, if you should deceive her now.

Aim. That's what I expect; and to end the dispute, the lady's fortune is twenty thousand pounds, we'll divide stakes; take the twenty thousand pounds, or the lady.

Dor. How! is your lordship so indifferent?

Arch. No, no, no, madam! his lordship knows very well, that I'll take the money; I leave you to his lordship, and so we are both provided for.

Enter FOIGARD.

Foig. Arra fait, de people do say, you be all robbed, joy.

Aim. The ladies have been in some danger, sir, as you saw.

Foig. Upon my shoul, our inn be rob too.

Aim. Our inn! By whom?

Foig. Upon my shalvation, our landlord has robbed himself, and run away wid da money.

Arch. Robbed himself!

Foig. Ay, fait! and me too, of a hundred pounds.

Arch. Robbed you of a hundred pounds!

Foig. Yes, fait, honey, that I did owe to him.

Aim. Our money's gone, Frank!

Arch. Rot the money! my wench is gone.

Sir C. This good company meets opportunely in favour of a design I have in behalf of my unfortunate sister: I intend to part her from her husband. Gentlemen, will you assist me?

Arch. Assist you!—'Sdeath! who would not?

Foig. Ay, upon my shoul, we'll all ashist.

Enter SULLEN.

Sul. What's all this?——They tell me, spouse, that you had like to have been robbed.

Mrs. Sul. Truly, spouse, I was pretty near it—had not these two gentlemen interposed.

Sul. How came these gentlemen here?

Mrs. Sul. That's his way of returning thanks, you must know.

Foig. Ay, but upon my conshience, de question be apropos, for all dat.

Sir C. You promised, last night, sir, that you would deliver your lady to me this morning.

Sul. Humph!

Arch. Humph! what do you mean by humph?—Sir, you shall deliver her——In short, sir, we have saved you and your family, and if you are not civil, we'll unbind the rogues, join with them, and set fire to your house.—What does the man mean? Not part with his wife!

Foig. Arra, not part wid your wife! Upon my shoul, de man dosh not understand common shivility.

Mrs. Sul. Hold, gentlemen, all things here must move by consent: compulsion would spoil us. Let my dear and I talk the matter over, and you shall judge it between us.

Sul. Let me know, first, who are to be our judges. —Pray, sir, who are you?

Sir C. I am Sir Charles Freeman, come to take away your wife.

Sul. And you, good sir?

Aim. Thomas, Viscount Aimwell, come to take away your sister.

Sul. And you, pray, sir?

Arch. Francis Archer, Esq. come——

Sul. To take away my mother, I hope.—Gentlemen, you are heartily welcome: I never met with three more obliging people since I was born.—And now, my dear, if you please, you shall have the first word.

Arch. And the last, for five pounds. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Sul. Spouse.

Sul. Rib.

Mrs. Sul. How long have you been married?

Sul. By the almanack, fourteen months—but, by my account, fourteen years.

Mrs. Sul. 'Tis thereabout, by my reckoning.

Foig. Upon my conshience, dere accounts vil agree.

Sir C. What are the bars to your mutual contentment?

Mrs. Sul. In the first place, I can't drink ale with him.

Sul. Nor can I drink tea with her.

Mrs. Sul. I can't hunt with you.

Sul. Nor can I dance with you.

Mrs. Sul. I hate cocking and racing.

Sul. And I abhor ombre and picquet.

Mrs. Sul. Your silence is intolerable.

Sul. Your prating is worse.

Mrs. Sul. Is there, on earth, a thing we can agree in?

Sul. Yes—to part.

Mrs. Sul. With all my heart.

Sul. Your hand.

Mrs. Sul. Here.

Sul. These hands joined us; these shall part us—Away!

Mrs. Sul. East.

Sul. West.

Mrs. Sul. North.

Sul. South: as far as the poles asunder.

Foig. Upon my shoul, a very pretty sheremony!

Sir C. Now, Mr. Sullen, there wants only my sister's fortune to make us easy.

Sul. Sir Charles, you love your sister, and I love her fortune; every one to his fancy.

Arch. Then you won't refund?

Sul. Not a stiver.

Arch. What is her portion?

Sir C. Ten thousand pounds, sir.

Arch. I'll pay it: my lord, I thank him, has enabled me; and, if the lady pleases, she shall go home with me. This night's adventure has proved strangely lucky to us all—For Captain Gibbet, in his walk, has made bold, Mr. Sullen, with your study and scrutoire, and has taken out all the writings of your estate, all the articles of marriage with your lady, bills, bonds, leases, receipts, to an infinite value; I took them from him, and will deliver them to Sir Charles.

Sul. How! my writings! my head aches consumedly.—Well, gentlemen, you shall have her fortune, but I can't talk. If you have a mind, Sir Charles, to be merry, and celebrate my sister's wedding and my divorce, you may command my house. But my head aches consumedly;—Scrub, bring me a dram.

Foig. And put a sup in the top for myself.

[*Exeunt* FOIGARD *and* SULLEN.

Arch. 'Twould be hard to guess which of these parties is the better pleased, the couple joined, or the couple parted; the one rejoicing in hopes of an untasted hap-

piness, and the other in their deliverance from an experienced misery.

Both happy in their several states, we find:
Those parted by consent, and those conjoin'd.
Consent, if mutual, saves the lawyer's fee;
Consent is law enough to set you free.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

THE END.

CATO
JUBA.— SEE, MARCIA, SEE
THE HAPPY JUBA LIVES!
PAINTED BY COPE. PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO. ENGRAVED BY

CATO;

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

WILLIAM SAVAGE, PRINTER,
LONDON.

REMARKS.

The author of this tragedy, to whose vigorous mind the English are indebted for their choicest moral works, came into the world with a frame so weak, that he was christened immediately on his birth, in consequence of the symptoms he gave of a speedy dissolution. The hand, which reared him, did a more than ordinary service to the age in which he lived, and to succeeding generations. Addison's pious writings, untainted by the rigour of superstition, have softened the harsh spirit of ancient religion, whilst they have confirmed all its principles.

He was the son of the Reverend Launcelot Addison, Rector of Milston, in the county of Wilts, at which place he was born, on the 6th of May, 1672.

After passing through some inferior schools, he was placed at the Charter House; where he contracted that intimacy with Steele, which grew to a friendship honourable to them both, from its duration, and the instructions which their joint labour bestowed on mankind.

At the age of fifteen, young Addison was entered at Queen's College, Oxford, where he applied himself so closely to study, that, in a few years, his Latin poetry gained him high reputation in both Universities; and at the age of twenty-two, he became known to the nation at large, by his English compositions.

He was now pressed by his father to take holy orders; which, notwithstanding his sedate turn of mind, and his habits of piety, he positively refused. Mr. Tickell has alleged, that it was Addison's extreme modesty, a constitutional timidity, which made him resolve against being in the church—but he became a statesman; and, surely, that is a character which requires as much courage as a clergyman's, when the church is not under persecution.

The first dramatic work from the pen of Addison, was an opera, called, "Rosamond," which having but indifferent success, he next assisted Steele in his play of "The Tender Husband;" for which the author surprised him by a dedication, openly to avow the obligation.

These two friends now united their efforts in that well known periodical work, "The Spectator;" by which they reformed the manners, as well as the morals, of their readers, and established their own literary fame. But, as the talents of Addison were superior to those of Steele, so are the papers in this work, which were written by him, esteemed above the rest;—and, as a mark of distinction, he had the laudable, or his friend Steele the honest, pride, to affix a letter

at the end of every such paper, by which it should be known for his. The Muse Clio furnished the four letters which have been thus used in "The Spectator," as Addison's honourable stamp of authorship.

In the periodical work of "The Guardian" he had likewise some share—and, in 1713, he produced, what Dr. Johnson has called, "the noblest work of Addison's genius"—"Cato."

Notwithstanding the merit of this play, it is certain, that it was indebted to the political circumstances of the times, for that enthusiastic applause with which it was received by the town.

The joy or sorrow, which an author is certain to experience upon every new production, is far more powerful in the heart of a dramatist, than in that of any other writer. The sound of clamorous plaudits raises his spirits to a kind of ecstacy; whilst hisses and groans, from a dissatisfied audience, strike on the ear like a personal insult, avowing loud and public contempt for that, in which he has been labouring to show his skill.

Addison, with his timid nature, felt all the excruciating tortures of an ambitious, yet a fearful, dramatist.—He could not stay at home on the first night of "Cato:" for to be told, at once, that his tragedy was driven from the stage with derision, had been to his tremulous nerves, like the dart of death. Not less peril might have befallen him as an auditor—he therefore was neither present on the first performance,

nor absent from the theatre:—but, placing himself on a bench in the greenroom, his body motionless, his soul in tumult, he kept by his side a friend, whom he despatched every minute towards the stage, to bring him news of what was passing there. He thus secured, he conceived, progressive information of his fate, without the risk of hearing it from an enraged multitude. But, such was the vehemence of applause, that shouts of admiration forced their way through the walls of the greenroom, before his messenger could return with the gladsome tidings.—Yet, not till the last sentence was spoken, and the curtain fairly dropped upon Cato and his weeping friends, did the author venture to move from the inanimate position in which he was fixed.—This acute dread of failure, now heightened the joy of success; and never was success more complete.

"Cato," says Pope, in a letter to one of his friends, written at the time, "was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours."

The most fortunate of all occurrences took place, from the skill with which Addison drew this illustrious Roman—he gave him so much virtue, that both Whigs and Tories declared him of their party; and instead of any one, on either side, opposing his sentences in the cause of freedom, all strove—which should the most honour them.

Both auditors and readers, since that noted period, much as they may praise this tragedy, complain, that it wants the very first requisite of a dramatic

work—power to affect the passions. This criticism shows, to the full extent, how men were impassioned, at that time, by their political sentiments. They brought their passions with them to the playhouse fired on the subject of the play; and all the poet had to do, was to extend the flame.

It is a charge against this drama, that the love scenes are all insipid; but it should be considered, that neither Cato, nor his family, with strict propriety, could love any thing but their country.—As this is a love, which women feel in a much less degree than men, and, as bondage, not liberty, is woman's wish, "Cato," with all his patriotism, must ever be a dull entertainment to the female sex; and men of course receive but little pleasure from elegant amusements, of which women do not partake.

The language and sentiments, contained here, are worthy of the great Addison and the great Cato; and if, as it is objected, the characters are too elevated to be natural, yet, they accord with that idea of nature, which imagination conceives of such remarkable personages.

The author of "Cato" had planned other tragedies and celebrated works, which the subsequent part of his days did not give him leisure to execute; for, on the death of Queen Anne, the Lords Justices made him their Secretary:—he was soon after appointed principal Secretary of State: these, and other public employments, prevented his completing farther literary designs.—Or, it may be thought, that the loss of

his domestic tranquillity, at this time, by his marriage with the Countess Dowager of Warwick, might possibly impede every future attempt for the favour of the muses, to whom this, his wife, had not the slightest affinity. It is supposed, she embittered, by arrogance and discontent, the remainder of this good man's life, which terminated on the 17th of June, 1719, in the 47th year of his age. He died at Holland House, near Kensington, and left an only child, a daughter, by the Countess.

Lady Warwick had also a son by her former husband, a very fine, spirited, and accomplished youth, for whose welfare the dying Addison showed peculiar concern: for, in the extremity of his disorder, having dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of recovery, he desired, that the young Lord Warwick might be called to his bed side. He came—but life was now fast departing from his revered father-in-law, and he uttered not a word. After an afflicting pause, the young man said, "Dear sir, you sent for me; I believe, and I hope, that you have some commands; I shall hold them most sacred." Grasping his hand, Addison softly replied, "I sent for you, that you might see, in what peace a christian can die." He spoke with difficulty, and instantly expired.

It is to this circumstance, Mr. Tickell refers in his lines on Addison's death, where he has this passage:

"He taught us how to live; and, oh! too high
A price for knowledge, taught us how to die."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CATO	*Mr. Cooke.*
PORTIUS	*Mr. Siddons.*
MARCUS	*Mr. H. Johnston.*
SEMPRONIUS	*Mr. Cory.*
JUBA	*Mr. Brunton.*
SYPHAX	*Mr. Murray.*
LUCIUS	*Mr. Claremont.*
DECIUS	*Mr. Williams.*
LUCIA	*Miss Marriott.*
MARCIA	*Mrs. Litchfield.*

MUTINEERS, GUARDS, &c.

SCENE,—The Governor's Palace in Utica.

CATO.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Hall.

Enter PORTIUS *and* MARCUS.

Por. The dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome——our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go farther, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye, gods, what havoc does ambition make
Among your works!

Marc. Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
I'm tortur'd, ev'n to madness, when I think
On the proud victor—ev'ry time he's nam'd

Pharsalia rises to my view !—I see
Th' insulting tyrant, prancing o'er the field,
Strew'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in slaughter;
His horse's hoofs wet with patrician blood !
Oh, Portius ! is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of Heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man,
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin ?

Por. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envy'd :
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness !
His suff'rings shine, and spread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His sword ne'er fell, but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and pow'r usurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon them.

Marc. Who knows not this ? But what can Cato do
Against a world, a base, degen'rate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar ?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By Heav'n, such virtue, join'd with such success,
Distracts my very soul ! our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

Por. Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors,
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;

Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.
Marc. These are suggestions of a mind at ease :—
Oh, Portius, didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou could'st not talk thus coldly.
Passion unpity'd, and successless love,
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs.—Were but my Lucia kind——
Por. Thou seest not, that thy brother is thy rival;
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aside.*
Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince,
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper,
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her;
His eyes, his looks, his actions, all betray it;
But still the smother'd fondness burns within him;
When most it swells, and labours for a vent,
The sense of honour, and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir
Reproach great Cato's son, and show the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul?
Marc. Portius, no more! your words leave stings behind them.
Whene'er did Juba, or did Portius, show
A virtue, that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?
Por. Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well;
Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.
Marc. A brother's suff'rings, claim a brother's pity.
Por. Heav'n knows, I pity thee——Behold my eyes,
Ev'n whilst I speak—Do they not swim in tears?

Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.
Marc. Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow?
Por. Oh, Marcus! did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.
Marc. Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends!
Pardon a weak, distemper'd soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions. But Sempronius comes:
He must not find this softness hanging on me.
[*Exit* MARCUS.

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

Sem. Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart. [*Aside.*
Good-morrow, Portius; let us once embrace,
Once more embrace, while yet we both are free.
To-morrow, should we thus express our friendship,
Each might receive a slave into his arms.
This sun, perhaps, this morning sun's the last,
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.
Por. My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall, his little Roman senate,
(The leavings of Pharsalia) to consult
If he can yet oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome, and all her gods before it,
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.
Sem. Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence.
His virtues render our assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious fear,

And make even Cæsar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conquest. Oh, my Portius!
Could I but call that wondrous man my father,
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows, I might be blest indeed!

Por. Alas, Sempronius! would'st thou talk of love
To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger;
Thou might'st as well court the pale, trembling vestal,
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

Sem. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my Portius;
The world has all its eyes on Cato's son;
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shows thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.

Por. Well dost thou seem to check my ling'ring here
On this important hour—I'll straight away,
And while the fathers of the senate meet
In close debate, to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the soldiers' drooping courage
With love of freedom, and contempt of life;
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in them.
'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.
[*Exit.*

Sem. Curse on the stripling! how he apes his sire!
Ambitiously sententious—But I wonder
Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius
Is well dispos'd to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,
And every moment quicken'd to the course.
Cato has us'd me ill; he has refus'd
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms, and ruin'd cause,
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,

That show'rs down greatness on his friends, will raise me
To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim, in my reward, his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes——

Enter SYPHAX.

Syph. Sempronius, all is ready;
I've sounded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.
Sem. Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste;
Ev'n while we speak, our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us every moment.
Alas! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war. In vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all;
One day more
Will set the victor thund'ring at our gates.
But, tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
And challenge better terms.
Syph. Alas! he's lost!
He's lost, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues—But I'll try once more
(For every instant I expect him here,)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith and honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck th' infection into all his soul.
Sem. Be sure to press upon him every motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.

Syph. But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate
Is call'd together! Gods! thou must be cautious;
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.
Sem. Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion, ('tis the surest way;)
I'll bellow out for Rome, and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar, till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn out trick: would'st thou be thought in earnest,
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!
Syph. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit.
Sem. Once more be sure to try thy skill on Juba.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste;
Oh, think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods!
Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
On every thought, till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design. [*Exit.*
Syph. I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason
This headstrong youth, and make him spurn at Cato.
The time is short; Cæsar comes rushing on us—
But hold! young Juba sees me, and approaches!

Enter JUBA.

Jub. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent;
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?
Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart:

I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous terms
Against the lords and sov'reigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

Syph. Gods! where's the worth that sets these people up
Above her own Numidia's tawny sons?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant
Laden with war? These, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

Jub. These all are virtues of a meaner rank:
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
Turn up thy eyes to Cato;
There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man,
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises those boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase;
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst;
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night,

On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.
Jub. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
Where shall we find the man, that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!
Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;
I think the Romans call it stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand inglorious.
Jub. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.
Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!
Jub. What would'st thou have me do?
Syph. Abandon Cato.
Jub. Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan,
By such a loss.
Syph. Ay, there's the tie that binds you?
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.
Jub. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.
Syph. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows,

And repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
The good old king, at parting, wrung my hand,
(His eyes brimful of tears,) then sighing cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my son!——His grief
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.
Jub. Alas! thy story melts away my soul!
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty that I owe him?
Syph. By laying up his counsels in your heart.
Jub. His counsels bade me yield to thy direction:
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.
Syph. Alas! my prince, I'd guide you to your safety.
Jub. I do believe thou would'st; but tell me how?
Syph. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.
Jub. My father scorn'd to do it.
Syph. And therefore dy'd.
Jub. Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.
Syph. Rather say, your love.
Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper.
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?
Syph. Believe me, prince, though hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force.
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the north.
Jub. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire:

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex:
True, she is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms,
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners; Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles,
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace,
Soften the rigour of her father's virtue.

Syph. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!
But on my knees, I beg you would consider—

Jub. Ha! Syphax, is't not she?—She moves this way;
And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I pr'ythee, Syphax, leave me.

Syph. Ten thousand curses fasten on them both!
Now will the woman, with a single glance,
Undo, what I've been lab'ring all this while.

[*Exit* SYPHAX.

Enter MARCIA *and* LUCIA.

Jub. Hail, charming maid! How does thy beauty smooth
The face of war, and make even horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' approach of Cæsar.

Mar. I should be griev'd, young prince, to think my presence
Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd them to arms,
While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe,
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

Jub. Oh, Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,

And strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.
Marcia. My pray'rs and wishes always shall attend
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.
Jub. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting one by one, into my life,
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.
Marcia. My father never, at a time like this,
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.
Jub. Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid; I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,
And dreadful pomp; then will I think on thee;
Oh, lovely maid! then will I think on thee;
And in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds should grace the man, who hopes
For Marcia's love. [*Exit* JUBA.
Lucia. Marcia, you're too severe;
How could you chide the young goodnatur'd prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an air,
A prince that loves, and dotes on you to death?
Marcia. 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him from me:
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul,
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.
Lucia. Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
And steel your heart to such a world of charms?
Marcia. How, Lucia! would'st thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When ev'ry moment Cato's life's at stake?
Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,

And aims his thunder at my father's head.
Should not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares?
Lucia. Why have I not this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me ev'n below my own weak sex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.
Marcia. Lucia, disburden all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retir'd distress.
Tell me, who raises up this conflict in thee?
Lucia. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.
Marcia. They both behold thee with their sister's eyes,
And often have reveal'd their passion to me.
But tell me, which of them is Lucia's choice?
Lucia. Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my choice?—
Oh, Portius, thou hast stol'n away my soul!
Marcus is over warm, his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.
Marcia. Alas, poor youth!
How will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence.
Lucia. You seem to plead
Against your brother Portius.
Marcia. Heav'n forbid!
Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fall'n on him.
Lucia. Was ever virgin love distress'd like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success;

Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor show which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effect that it will have on Marcus.

Marcia. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods submit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours.

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines,
Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shows.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The Senate sitting.

Flourish.

Enter CATO.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council;
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?

Success still follows him, and backs his crimes;
Pharsalia gave him Rome, Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Lybia's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they still fix'd
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought,
By time and ill success, to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

Sem. Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to chuse, slav'ry or death!
No; let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate!——
To battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow;
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us.

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason;
True fortitude is seen in great exploits,
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is tow'ring phrensy and distraction.
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Luc. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows, and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions

Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.
Already have we shown our love to Rome,
Now let us show submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no further use. Our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
Unprofitably shed. What men could do,
Is done already: Heav'n and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident;
Immod'rate valour swells into a fault;
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desp'rate: we have bulwarks round us;
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heat, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;
But wait, at least, till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one day's liberty:
And let me perish, but, in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter MARCUS,

Marc. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gate,
Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arriv'd

From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.
Cato. By your permission, fathers—bid him enter.
[*Exit* MARCUS.
Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
His message may determine our resolves.

Enter DECIUS.

Dec. Cæsar sends health to Cato—
Cato. Could he send it
To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate?
Dec. My business is with Cato; Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.
Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Would he save Cato, bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this; and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life, which he has power to offer.
Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her gen'rals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and deny'd his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?
Cato. These very reasons, thou hast urg'd, forbid it.
Dec. Cato, I've orders to expostulate
And reason with you, as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm, that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar,
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.
Cato. No more;
I must not think of life on such conditions.
Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life.

Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.
Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.
Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom——
Cato. Nay, more, though Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.
Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.
Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.
Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?
Cato. Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.
Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate:
You do not thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.
Cato. Let him consider that, who drives us hither.
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Did'st thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes,
That strike my soul with horror but to name them.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.
Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his gen'rous cares, and proffer'd friendship?
Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.

Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill gotten pow'r,
By sheltering men much better than himself.
Dec. Your high, unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man. You rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears. [*Exit* DECIUS.
Sem. Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice; thy soul breathes liberty.
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.
Luc. The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.
Sem. Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun;
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid.
Cato. Come; no more, Sempronius,
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side
By our divisions.
Sem. Cato, my resentments
Are sacrific'd to Rome—I stand reprov'd.
Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.
Luc. Cato, we all go in to your opinion;
Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate,
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.
Sem. We ought to hold it out till death; but, Cato,
My private voice is drown'd amidst the senate's.
Cato. Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful),

With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That Heav'n may say, it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewell—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels.
[*Exeunt* SENATORS.

Enter JUBA.

Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd,
Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæsar.
Jub. The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when, some days before his death,
He order'd me to march for Utica,
(Alas! I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, press'd me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, "My son, said he,
Whatever fortune shall befal thy father,
Be Cato's friend; he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds; do but observe him well,
Thoul't shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear them."
Cato. Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But Heav'n thought otherwise.
Jub. My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face, in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.
Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.
Jub. My father drew respect from foreign climes:
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on t'other side the sun;

Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.
Cato. I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.
Jub. I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out new alliances to Cato.
Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.
Cato. And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar!
Reduc'd, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down
A vagabond in Afric?
Jub. Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious; but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.
Cato. Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On Heav'n's first fav'rites, and the best of men.
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues, which shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.
Jub. I'm charm'd, whene'er thou talk'st; I pant for virtue;
And all my soul endeavours at perfection.
Cato. Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? Learn them from Cato:

Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.
Jub. The best good fortune, that can fall on Juba,
The whole success at which my heart aspires,
Depends on Cato.
Cato. What does Juba say?
Thy words confound me.
Jub. I would fain retract them.
Give them me back again: they aim'd at nothing.
Cato. Tell me thy wish, young prince; make not my ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
Jub. Oh! they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.
Cato. What can Juba ask,
That Cato will refuse?
Jub. I fear to name it.
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.
Cato. What would'st thou say?
Jub. Cato, thou hast a daughter.
Cato. Adieu, young prince; I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem. Remember,
The hand of fate is over us, and Heav'n
Exacts severity from all our thoughts.
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conquest; liberty, or death. [*Exit.*

Enter SYPHAX.

Syph. How's this, my prince? What, cover'd with confusion?
You look as if yon stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.
Jub. Syphax, I'm undone!
Syph. I know it well.
Jub. Cato thinks meanly of me.
Syph. And so will all mankind.
Jub. I've open'd to him
The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.

Syph. Cato's a proper person to intrust
A love tale with!
Jub. Oh, I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart!
Syph. Alas, my prince, how are you chang'd of late!
I've known young Juba rise before the sun,
To beat the thicket, where the tiger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts.
I've seen you,
Ev'n in the Lybian dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him close,
And, stooping from your horse,
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.
Jub. Pr'ythee, no more.
Syph. How would the old king smile,
To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!
Jub. Syphax, this old man's talk, though honey flow'd
In ev'ry word, would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia lost for ever.
Syph. Young prince, I yet could give you good advice;
Marcia might still be yours.
Jub. As how, dear Syphax?
Syph. Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds unus'd to the restraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleeter than the winds:
Give but the word, we snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.
Jub. Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man? Would'st thou seduce my youth
To do an act, that would destroy mine honour?
Syph. Gods, I could tear my hair to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and inexperienc'd men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

Jub. Would'st thou degrade thy Prince into a ruffian?

Syph. The boasted ancestors of these great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under Heav'n, was founded on a rape;
Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Catos,
(The gods on earth) are all the spurious blood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

Jub. Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

Syph. Indeed, my prince, you want to know the world.

Jub. If knowledge of the world makes men perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!

Syph. Go, go; you're young.

Jub. Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance, unanswer'd! thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.

Syph. I have gone too far. [*Aside.*

Jub. Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

Syph. I must appease this storm, or perish in it. [*Aside*

Young prince, behold these locks, that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

Jub. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

Syph. Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!
Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me! [*Aside.*

Jub. Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

Syph. Not hear me talk, what, when my faith to Juba,
My royal master's son, is call'd in question?

My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb;
But whil'st I live I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.
Jub. Thou know'st the way too well into my heart.
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.
Syph. What greater instance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an action, which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love, at any price.
Jub. Was this thy motive? I have been too hasty.
Syph. And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me traitor.
Jub. Sure thou mistak'st; I did not call thee so.
Syph. You did, indeed, my prince, you call'd me traitor.
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.
Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?
That Syphax, loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay more, his honour, in your service?
Jub. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me; but indeed
Thy zeal for Juba carry'd thee too far.
Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue, where it meets her,
And imitates her actions, where she is not;
It ought not to be sported with.
Syph. Believe, me prince, you make old Syphax weep
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.
Jub. Syphax, thy hand; we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age:
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.
If e'er the sceptre come into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.
Syph. Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?

My joys grow burdensome, I shan't support it.
Jub. Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion, that may set me right
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.
[*Exit.*
Syph. Young men soon give, and soon forget, affronts;
Old age is slow in both—A false old traitor!—
These words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee,
But hence, 'tis gone! I give it to the winds:
Cæsar, I'm wholy thine.—

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

All hail, Sempronius!
Well, Cato's senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege, before it yields.
Sem. Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate;
Lucius declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd
To Cato, by a messenger from Cæsar.
Should they submit, ere our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in the general, undistinguish'd ruin.
Syph. But how stands Cato?
Sem. Thou hast seen mount Atlas:
Whilst storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height;
Such is that haughty man; his tow'ring soul,
'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.
Syph. But what's this messenger?
Sem. I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know,
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn;
Is Juba fix'd?

Syph. Yes—but it is to Cato.
I've try'd the force of ev'ry reason on him,
Sooth'd and caress'd; been angry, sooth'd again;
Laid safety, life, and int'rest in his sight.
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.
Sem. Come, 'tis no matter; we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope, thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.
Syph. May she be thine as fast as thou would'st have her.
Sem. Syphax, I love that woman; though I curse
Her and myself, yet, spite of me, I love her.
Syph. Make Cato sure, and give up Utica,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among the ranks?
Sem. All, all is ready;
The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers;
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,
Unusual fastings, and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.
Within an hour they'll storm the senate house.
Syph. Meanwhile I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh, to see how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.
So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.

The helpless traveller, with wild surprise
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind dies.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Chamber.

Enter MARCUS *and* PORTIUS.

Marc. Thanks to my stars, I have not rang'd about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her secret force,
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit,
Till what was instinct, grew up into friendship.
Por. Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft
Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.
Marc. Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness;
Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender side;
Indulge me but in love, my other passions

Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.
Por. When love's well tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love.
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.
Marc. Alas, thou talk'st like one, that never felt
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul,
That pants, and reaches after distant good!
A lover does not live by vulgar time;
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone; while hope and fear,
And grief and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.
Por. What can thy Portius do to give thee help?
Marc. Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's presence,
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her,
With all the strength and heat of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her, thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loathes his food,
That youth, and health, and war are joyless to him;
Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.
Por. Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office,
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.
Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes,
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?
Por. Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse;
But here, believe me, I've a thousand reasons——
Marc. I know thou'lt say, my passion's out of season,
That Cato's great example and misfortunes

Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts.
But what's all this to one, that loves like me?
O Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish
Thou did'st but know thyself what 'tis to love!
Then would'st thou pity and assist thy brother.
Por. What should I do? If I disclose my passion,
Our friendship's at an end: If I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and brother.
[*Aside.*
Marc. But see, where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon day breeze! Observe her, Portius;
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heav'n of beauty!
Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.
Por. She sees us, and advances——
Marc. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue. [*Exit.*

Enter LUCIA.

Lucia. Did not I see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?
Por. Oh, Lucia, language is too faint to show
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies!
Lucia. How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock
Of love and friendship! Think betimes, my Portius,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.
Por. Alas, poor youth! What dost thou think, my Lucia?
His gen'rous, open, undesigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him!
Then do not strike him dead with a denial.

Lucia. No, Portius, no; I see thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves;
And, Portius, here I swear; to Heav'n I swear,
To Heav'n, and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While such a cloud of mischief hangs upon us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts—as far as I am able.
Por. What hast thou said? I'm thunderstruck—recall
Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.
Lucia. Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?
The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in heav'n.
May all the vengeance, that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!
Por. Fix'd in astonishment, I gaze upon thee,
Like one just blasted by a stroke from Heav'n,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks, a monument of wrath!
Lucia. Think, Portius, think thou seest thy dying brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,
Storming at Heav'n and thee! Thy awful sire
Sternly demands the cause, th' accursed cause,
That robs him of his son; poor Marcia trembles,
Then tears her hair, and, frantic in her griefs,
Calls out on Lucia. What could Lucia answer,
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow?
Por. To my confusion and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.
Lucia. Portius, no more; thy words shoot through my heart,
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? Why swells thy soul with sorrow?
It softens me too much—farewell, my Portius!

Farewell, though death is in the word,—for ever!
Por. Stay, Lucia, stay! What dost thou say? For ever?
Thou must not go; my soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose.
Lucia. If the firm Portius shake
To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!
Por. 'Tis true, unruffled and serene, I've met
The common accidents of life, but here
Such an unlook'd for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength, I cannot bear it.
We must not part.
Lucia. What dost thou say? Not part!
Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made:
Are not there heav'ns, and gods, that thunder o'er us?
—But see, thy brother Marcus bends this way;
I sicken at the sight. Once more farewell,
Farewell, and know, thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st,
Ever was love, or ever grief like mine.
[*Exit* LUCIA.

Enter MARCUS.

Marc. Portius, what hopes? How stands she? am I doom'd
To life or death?
Por. What would'st thou have me say?
Marc. What means this pensive posture? Thou appear'st
Like one amaz'd and terrify'd.
Por. I've reason.
Marc. Thy downcast looks, and thy disorder'd thoughts,
Tell me my fate. I ask not the success
My cause has found.
Por. I'm griev'd I undertook it.
Marc. What, does the barbarous maid insult my heart,
My aching heart, and triumph in my pains?

That I could cast her from my thoughts for ever!
Por. Away! you're too suspicious in your griefs;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.
Marc. Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion, when 'tis void of love,
Fool that I was, to chuse so cold a friend,
To urge my cause?—Compassionates my pains!
Pr'ythee what art, what rhet'ric didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon?—She pities me!
To one that asks the warm returns of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death——
Por. Marcus, no more; have I deserv'd this treatment?
Marc. What have I said? Oh! Portius, Oh forgive me!
A soul, exasperated in ills, falls out
With ev'ry thing—its friend, itself—but hah! [*Shout.*
What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?
What new alarm?
Por. A second, louder yet,
Swells in the wind, and comes more full upon us.
Marc. Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou hast undone me: thy disdain
Has broke my heart; 'tis death must give me ease.
Por. Quick let us hence. Who knows if Cato's life
Stands sure? Oh, Marcus, I am warm'd; my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Part of the Senate House.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *with the* LEADERS *of the Mutiny.*

Sem. At length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows high,
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In all its fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.
Meanwhile, I'll herd among his friends, and seem
One of the number, that, whate'er arrive,
My friends, and fellow soldiers, may be safe. [*Exit.*

1 *Lead.* We are all safe; Sempronius is our friend.
Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato.
But, hark, he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast;
This day will end our toils.
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *with* CATO, LUCIUS, PORTIUS, *and* MARCUS.

Cato. Where are those bold, intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?

Sem. Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd! [*Aside.*

Cato. Perfidious men! And will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?

Why could not Cato fall
Without your guilt ! Behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man, that's injur'd, strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd ?
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato ?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares ?
Painful preeminence ! a bit like Milton's Satan!
Sem. Confusion to the villains ! all is lost ! [*Aside.*
Cato. Have you forgotten Lybia's burning waste,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison ?
Who was the first to explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in ev'ry step ?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When, on the banks of an unlook'd for stream,
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last of all your host who thirsted ?
Sem. Did not his temples glow
In the same sultry winds, and scorching heats ?
Cato. Hence, worthless men ! hence ! and complain to Cæsar,
You could not undergo the toil of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.
Luc. See, Cato, see the unhappy men ; they weep !
Fear, and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in ev'ry look, and plead for mercy.
Cato. Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.
Sem. Cato, commit these wretches to my care;
First let them each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impal'd, and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake,
There let them hang, and taint the southern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience.

Cato. Forbear, Sempronius !—see they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men;
Strain not the laws, to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base, degen'rate age requires
Severity.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold the punishment with pleasure.
And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aside.

Sem. Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.

Cato. Meanwhile we'll sacrifice to liberty.
Remember, O my friends! the laws, the rights,
The gen'rous plan of pow'r deliver'd down
From age to age by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood:)
Oh, let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

[*Exeunt* CATO, *&c.*

1 *Lead.* Sempronius, you have acted like yourself.
One would have thought you had been half in earnest.

Sem. Villain, stand off; base, grov'ling, worthless wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!

1 *Lead.* Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius!

Sem. Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by; but, if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag them forth
To sudden death.

1 *Lead.* Nay, since it comes to this—

Sem. Despatch them quick, but first pluck out their tongues,

Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.
[*Exeunt* GUARDS, *with their* LEADERS.

Enter SYPHAX.

Syph. Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive:
Still there remains an after game to play;
My troops are mounted;
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate, where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.
Sem. Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose:
Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind!
Syph. How! will Sempronius turn a woman's slave?
Sem. Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.
Syph. Well said! that's spoken like thyself, Sempronius!
What hinders, then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?
Sem. But how to gain admission? For access
Is given to none but Juba, and her brothers.
Syph. Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's guards,
The doors will open, when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.
Sem. Heav'ns what a thought is there! Marcia's my own!
How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty, and disorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!

So Pluto seiz'd off Proserpine, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor envy'd Jove, his sunshine, and his skies.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Chamber.

Enter LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

Lucia. Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul,
If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?
Marcia. Oh, Lucia, Lucia, might my big swol'n heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow,
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.
Lucia. I know thou'rt doom'd alike to be belov'd
By Juba, and thy father's friend, Sempronius:
But which of these has power to charm like Portius?
Marcia. Still, I must beg thee not to name Sempronius.
Lucia, I like not that loud, boist'rous man

Juba, to all the brav'ry of a hero,
Adds softest love, and more than female sweetness;
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of woman kind, but Marcia, happy.

Lucia. And why not Marcia? Come, you strive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one, who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.

Marcia. While Cato lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

Lucia. But should this father give you to Sempronius?

Marcia. I dare not think he will; but if he should—
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! They march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger:
When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
In spite of all the virtue, we can boast,
The woman, that deliberates, is lost. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *dressed like* JUBA, *with* NUMIDIAN GUARDS.

Sem. The deer is lodg'd, I've track'd her to her covert.
How will the young Numidian rave to see
His mistress lost! If aught could glad my soul,
Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young, gay, barbarian.
—But, hark! what noise! Death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left——

Enter JUBA.

Jub. What do I see? Who's this, that dares usurp
The guards and habits of Numidia's prince?

Sem. One, that was born to scourge thy arrogance
Presumptuous youth!

Jub. What can this mean? Sempronius!

Sem. My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.

Jub. Nay, then, beware thy own, proud, barbarous, man. [SEMPRONIUS *falls.*

Sem. Curse on my stars! Am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand, disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
Gods, I'm distracted! this my close of life!
Oh, for a peal of thunder, that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and Heav'n, and Cato tremble!
[*Dies.*

Jub. I'll hence to Cato,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate. [*Exit* JUBA.

Enter LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

Lucia. Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and aches at ev'ry sound.
Oh, Marcia, should thy brothers, for my sake—
I die away with horror at the thought!

Marcia. See, Lucia, see! here's blood! here's blood and murder!
Ha! a Numidian! Heav'n preserve the prince!
The face lies muffled up within the garment,
But ah! death to my sight! a diadem,
And royal robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
Juba lies dead before us!

Lucia. Now, Marcia now, call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind,
Thou canst not put it to a greater trial.

Marcia. Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience;
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?

Lucia. What can I think, or say, to give thee comfort?

Marcia. Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills:
Behold a sight, that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter JUBA, *listening.*

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair;
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.

Jub. What do I hear? and was the false Sempronius
That best of men? Oh, had I fall'n like him,
And could have been thus mourn'd, I had been happy.

Marcia. 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast.
Oh, he was all made up of love and charms!
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:
Delight of every eye; when he appear'd,
A secret pleasure gladen'd all that saw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.
Oh, Juba! Juba!

Jub. What means that voice? Did she not call on Juba?

Marcia. Why do I think on what he was? he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him!
Lucia, who knows but his poor, bleeding heart,
Amidst its agonies, remember'd Marcia,
And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel!
Alas! he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba!

Jub. Where am I? Do I live: or am indeed
What Marcia thinks? All is Elysium round me!

Marcia. Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men,
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid
A last embrace, while thus——

Jub. See, Marcia, see, [*Throwing himself before her.*
The happy Juba lives! he lives to catch

That dear embrace, and to return it too,
With mutual warmth, and eagerness of love.
Marcia. With pleasure and amaze I stand transported!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?
Jub. A wretch,
Disguis'd like Juba on a curs'd design.
I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee;
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am rapt with joy, to see my Marcia's tears.
Marcia. I've been surpris'd in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back; the love, that lay
Half smother'd in my breast, has broke through all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre.
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.
Jub. My joy, my best belov'd, my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!
Marcia. Lucia, thy arm. Lead to my apartment.
Oh, prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour.
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee.
And make the gods propitious to our love.
[*Exeunt* MARCIA *and* LUCIA.
Jub. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness: I absolve my stars.
What though Numidia add her conquer'd towns
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph,
Juba will never at his fate repine:
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

A March at a Distance.

Enter CATO *and* LUCIUS.

Luc. I stand astonish'd! What, the bold Sempronius,
That still broke foremost through the crowd of patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous even to madness—
Cato. Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil discords have produc'd such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surpris'd at nothing.
—Oh Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!
The daylight and the sun grow painful to me.

Enter PORTIUS.

But see, where Portius comes: what means this haste?
Why are thy looks thus chang'd?
Por. My heart is griev'd,
I bring such news as will afflict my father.
Cato. Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?
Por. Not so.
The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercis'd his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
To the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch;
I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain:
He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,

He would not stay, and perish, like Sempronius.

Cato. Perfidious man! But haste, my son, and see
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part.

[*Exit* PORTIUS.

—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
Is Cæsar's! Cato has no business in it.

Luc. While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her Cato's presence.
In pity to mankind submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

Cato. Would Lucius have me live to swell the number
Of Cæsar's slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?

Luc. The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.

Cato. Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treason——
But see young Juba; the good youth appears,
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects!

Luc. Alas, poor prince! his fate deserves compassion.

Enter JUBA.

Jub. I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.

Cato. What's thy crime?

Jub. I'm a Numidian.

Cato. And a brave one, too. Thou hast a Roman soul.

Jub. Hast thou not heard of my false countrymen?

Cato. Alas, young prince!
Falsehood and fraud shoot up in ev'ry soil,
The product of all climes—Rome has its Cæsars.

Jub. 'Tis generous thus to comfort the distress'd.

Cato. 'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserv'd:
Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

Jub. What shall I answer thee?
I'd rather gain
Thy praise, O Cato! than Numidia's empire.

Enter PORTIUS.

Por. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus——

Cato. Ha! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? Has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let them pass?

Por. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds,
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes,
Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppress'd with multitudes, he greatly fell.

Cato. I'm satisfy'd.

Por. Nor did he fall, before
His sword had pierc'd through the false heart of Syphax.
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

Cato. Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty.
—Portius, when I am dead, be sure you place
His urn near mine.

Por. Long may they keep asunder!

Luc. Oh, Cato, arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corpse of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

CATO *meeting the Corpse.*—SENATORS *attending.*

Cato. Welcome, my son! Here lay him down, my friends,

Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? What pity is it,
That we can die but once to serve our country!
—Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blush'd, if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.
Portius, behold thy brother, and remember,
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

Jub. Was ever man like this!

Cato. Alas, my friends,
Why mourn you thus? let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears,
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free; Rome is no more.
Oh, liberty! Oh, virtue! Oh, my country!

Jub. Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dear son. [*Aside.*

Cato. Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdu'd,
The sun's whole course, the day and year, are Cæsar's:
For him the self-devoted Decii dy'd,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd:
Ev'n Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh, my friends,
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire, fall'n! Oh, curs'd ambition!
Fall'n into Cæsar's hands! Our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer, but his country.

Jub. While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslav'd, and be asham'd of empire.

Cato. Cæsar asham'd! Has he not seen Phrasalia?

Luc. 'Tis time thou save thyself and us.

Cato. Lose not a thought on me; I'm out of danger;
Heav'n will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar shall never say, he conquer'd Cato.

But oh, my friends! your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts; a thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul. How shall I save my friends?
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee!
Luc. Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.
Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you; let him know,
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,—
That I myself, with tears, request it of him,—
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?—
Jub. If I forsake thee
Whilst I have life, may Heav'n abandon Juba!
Cato. Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great; at Rome, hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
Portius, draw near: my son, thou oft hast seen
Thy sire engag'd in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou seest me
Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success;
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field;
Where the great Censor toil'd with his own hands,
And all our frugal ancestors were bless'd
In humble virtues, and a rural life;
There live retir'd, pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.
Por. I hope my father does not recommend
A life to Portius that he scorns himself.
Cato. Farewell, my friends! If there be any of you,
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know there are ships prepar'd, by my command,
That shall convey you to the wish'd for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?

The conqueror draws near. Once more, farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
[*Pointing to his dead Son.*
There, the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Though still by faction, vice, and fortune crost,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Chamber.

CATO *solus, sitting in a thoughtful Posture: in his Hand, Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn Sword on the Table, by him.*

Cato. It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,

And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, the unbounded, prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that, which he delights in, must be happy.
But when, or where?—this world was made for Cæsar:
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.
[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*
Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness, that hangs upon me?
This lethargy, that creeps through all my senses?
Nature, oppress'd and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An off'ring fit for Heav'n. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of them,
Indiff'rent in his choice to sleep or die.

Enter PORTIUS.

But, hah! who's this? my son! Why this intrusion?

Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobey'd?
Por. Alas, my father!
What means this sword, this instrument of death?
Let me convey it hence.
Cato. Rash youth, forbear!
Por. Oh, let the pray'rs, th' entreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you!
Cato. Would'st thou betray me? Would'st thou give me up
A slave, a captive, into Cæsar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!—
Por. Look not thus sternly on me;
You know, I'd rather die than disobey you.
Cato. 'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue; thy gath'ring fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up ev'ry port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes.——
Por. Oh, sir! forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him. Oh, my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so? Be not displeas'd,
Oh, be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!
Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.
[*Embracing him.*
Weep not, my son, all will be well again;
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.
Por. Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.
Cato. Portius, thou may'st rely upon my conduct:

Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; see them embark'd,
And tell me, if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.

Por. My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives— [*Exit* CATO.

Enter MARCIA.

Oh, Marcia! Oh, my sister, still there's hope
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace.—He has despatch'd me hence
With orders, that bespeak a mind compos'd,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care, that none disturb his slumbers.
[*Exit.*

Marcia. Oh, ye immortal powers! that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues,
And show mankind, that goodness is your care!

Enter LUCIA.

Lucia. Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato?

Marcia. Lucia, speak low, he is retir'd to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gentle dawning hope
Rise in my soul—We shall be happy still.

Lucia. Alas, I tremble when I think on Cato!
In every view, in every thought, I tremble!

Cato is stern and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness, that he never felt.
Marcia. Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild;
Compassionate and gentle to his friends:
Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father; I have ever found him,
Easy and good, and bounteous to my wishes.
Lucia. 'Tis his consent alone, can make us blest.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
In the same intricate, perplex'd distress.
The cruel hand of fate, that has destroy'd
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament——
Marcia. And ever shall lament; unhappy youth!
Lucia. Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determin'd of thyself?
Marcia. Let him but live, commit the rest to Heav'n.

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
Oh, Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father!
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind, refreshing sleep is fall'n upon him:
I saw him stretch'd at ease; his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He smil'd, and cry'd, "Cæsar, thou canst not hurt me."
Marcia. His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.

Enter JUBA.

Jub. Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from viewing
The number, strength, and posture, of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march;
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar, the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.
Luc. Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father.
Cæsar is still dispos'd to give us terms,
And waits at distance, till he hears from Cato.

Enter PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
What tidings dost thou bring? Methinks, I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.
Por. As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arriv'd
From Pompey's son, who, through the realms of Spain,
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But, hark! what means that groan!——Oh, give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence! [*Exit.*
Luc. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And, in the wild disorder of his soul,
Mourns o'er his country.—Ah, a second groan——
Heav'n guard us all!
Marcia. Alas, 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps; 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound——

Enter PORTIUS.

Por. Oh, sight of woe!
Oh, Marcia, what we fear'd, is come to pass!—
Cato is fall'n upon his sword!——
Luc. Oh, Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.
Por. I've rais'd him up,
And plac'd him in his chair; where, pale and faint,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends. His servants, weeping,
Obsequious to his order, bear him hither.
Marcia. Oh, Heav'n! assist me in this dreadful hour,
To pay the last sad duties to my father!——

CATO *brought on, in a Chair.*

Cato. Here set me down——
Portius, come near me—Are my friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain——
Oh, Lucius! art thou here?—Thou art too good——
Let this our friendship live between our children—
Make Portia happy, in thy daughter Lucia——
Marcia, my daughter——
Oh, bend me forward——Juba loves thee, Marcia—
A senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a king—
But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction—
I'm sick to death——Oh, when shall I get loose
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow!
And yet, methinks, a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul——Alas, I fear
I've been too hasty!——Oh, ye powers, that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not——
The best may err, but you are good, and——Oh!—

[*Dies.*

Por. There fled the greatest soul, that ever warm'd
A Roman breast:—

From hence, let fierce contending nations know,
What dire effects from civil discord flow:
'Tis this, that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms;
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

THE END.

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